THE

Beauties

OF THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

Evangelical magazine and missionary chronicle.

THE

BEAUTIES

OF THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

A Work

PRINTING IN ENGLAND IN NUMBERS.

NOW COMPRISING

TEN OCTAVO VOLUMES.

CAREFULLY SELECTED

BY THE PUBLISHER.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A few interesting pieces, selected from the manuscripts of some late pious Ministers of the Gospel in the city of PHILADELPHIA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO THE

PATRONS

OF THE

PUBLICATION.

IT is with pleasure I now present the first volume of a publication often contemplated, and often solicited by my friends to publish. I shall not pretend to say any thing respecting the utility or entertainment of the following pages, but only observe, that this selection is made from a work publishing in London, by a society of thirty Ministers of the Gospel, of different denominations; and that the profits arising from the publication of the work, are for the support of poor widows of Gospel Ministers. Ten thousand copies are monthly disposed of through the British empire, and other parts of the world. About 2600 *pounds sterling have been distributed. The publication is conducted in a catholic spirit, and calculated to be entertaining and instructive to pious characters of various professions in the Christian church.*

May the feeble effort of the compiler prove acceptable to his patrons, and the publication serve to enlighten the ignorant, animate the pious, and convince the obstinate that there is a GOD— MERCIFUL—*yet* JUST.

EDITOR.

The Editor of the American selection knows of nothing more suitable for a dedication to these volumes than a copy from the original, taken from the 1st number printed in the year 1793, with a few alterations.

THE DEDICATION.

THOU triune GOD! from whoſe rich ſtores of grace
All good proceeds, I now approach thy throne,
To lay myſelf, and this my weak attempt,
Beneath the ſmile of PATRONAGE SUPREME.
My eye keep ſingle, and my aim direct;
That all my efforts, in concurrence ſweet,
May ſpread thy praiſe, and edify thy flock
In things divine. O let this ſelect Work
Stand up a faithful witneſs for thy truth;
Againſt the floods of error may it ſtand
A brazen bulwark, durable and firm.
FATHER OMNIPOTENT! thy love doth ſound
Along each line. Far as thy word reveals
Thy plans and counſels, I with joy have mark'd
The brilliant footſteps of eternal grace
Tow'rds guilty man. JESUS! thy charming name,
Bright as the noon-day ſun, hath gilt each page.
The glories of thy bleeding love is now
My darling theme. Thy influence benign,
Thou ſacred COMFORTER! ſhed on my heart.
Teach me to print the thunders of thy word
With ſacred care; and point, with ſteady hand,
The dread artillery of the flaming mount
Againſt the conſcience of thy rebel foes.
When ſinners, wounded by thy terrors, fall;
And, rack'd with guilty pains, begin to lift

Towards thy mercy-ſeat a tearful eye,
Or breathe a wiſh for peace; O for that balm,
So fam'd in ſacred ſtory for its power
To heal! O for the gracious words of pardon!
Free pardon promis'd through atoning blood,
To draw the ſting of guilt, and pour that health
O'er all the ſoul, that health divine which none
But *pardon'd* ſinners ere can know or feel!
Th' exhauſtleſs wells of thy ſalvation, fed
By ſprings perennial, teach me to diſcloſe,
That, hither led, thy lambs with joy may drink
Of living waters; and, with gentle hand,
Their ſteps to guide, where richeſt paſtures riſe,
With endleſs verdure crown'd, there to partake
Of angels' food, and grow prepared for heaven,
Where partial knowledge meets the blaze of day,
And means, ſo bleſt on earth, ſhall all be done away.

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BEAUTIES

OF THE

Evangelical Magazine.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Rev. ANDREW KINSMAN, late Minister of the Gospel at Plymouth-Dock, in the County of Devon.

AS an exhibition of well-executed portraits is greatly enriched, not only by marking the moſt prominent features in each picture, but by diſpoſing of the whole in ſuch a direction, as to form the moſt ſtriking contraſt; ſo it is with a ſeries of biographical deſcription. The general trait of all good men muſt needs bear ſome ſimilarity to each other, like the grand outlines of the human body, while their talents may be as evidently different as their reſpective features. Though there be ſome particulars in the character of the late Mr. *Berridge*, given in a former number of this work, and of Mr. *Kinsman* in the preſent, very diſtinguiſhable from each other, yet we ſhall perceive that both poſſeſſed a great portion of excellence, and were active in the exerciſe of thoſe peculiar gifts, with which the great Head of the Church had entruſted them.

Mr. Andrew Kinſman, the ſon of John and Mary Kinſman, of Taviſtock in the county of Devon, was born Nov. 17, 1724. His childhood and youth were marked by a diſpoſition and manners, mild and engaging, together with a behavior to his parents peculiarly dutiful. He was, however, unacquainted with the religion of the Goſpel, until he had attained his ſeventeenth year, when providentially meeting with a volume of Mr. Whitefield's Sermons, one of theſe, on the new-birth, was greatly bleſſed as a mean of informing his judgment, and alarming his conſcience. Ha-

ving but few ſpiritual perſons to converſe with, he continued for ſome time in a ſtate of ſuſpence, relative to his intereſt in divine things, and was uncertain, whether he was actually renewed in the ſpirit of his mind. But God, who heareth the ſorrowful ſighing of the priſoner, at length gave him the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praiſe for the ſpirit of heavineſs. While he was one day peruſing the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, his attention was particularly arreſted by the following paſſage: "The godly conſideration of predeſtination, and our election in Chriſt, is full of ſweet, pleaſant, and unſpeakable comfort to godly perſons, and ſuch as feel in themſelves the working of the Spirit of Chriſt, mortifying the works of the fleſh, and their earthly members, and drawing up their minds to high and heavenly things." Art. 17.

Having diſpaſſionately examined this ſentence, and comparing the ardent aſpirations of his ſoul with that lively deſcription of God's choſen people, he could not but perceive a ſtriking analogy between them, and from this inſtant a dawn of hope aroſe in his boſom. It was ſuggeſted to his thoughts, Surely you muſt be a child of God; for you pant after him as your all-ſufficient good; neither have you any in heaven but him, nor on earth that you deſire in compariſon of him. Theſe reflections were ſucceeded by an inward tranquility, and pleaſure, more eaſily felt than expreſſed; for he now rejoiced with joy unſpeakable and full of glory.

His gloomy and tormenting fears being happily diſſipated, and his heart exulting in the grace of God his Saviour, he was ſoon impreſſed with an ardent concern, to intereſt the attention of his relations to theſe important objects. Their great indifference, even to the form of godlineſs, gave frequent occaſion to many ſtrong cries and tears to God in ſecret, that Chriſt might be formed in their hearts, the hope of glory. But being unable to ſuppreſs his feelings any longer, he one evening exclaimed with an affectionate emotion, as they were retiring to their chambers, "What, ſhall we go to bed without prayer? How do we know but ſome of us may wake in hell before morning?" By this unexpected addreſs, the family were ſeized with a ſolemn awe, and while they looked on each other with conſcious ſhame, for the neglect of ſo obvious a duty, he fell upon his knees, and prayed with that readineſs and fervor, which greatly excited their aſtoniſhment.

Nor was his anxiety confined to *their* ſpiritual welfare, for his heart's deſire was, that his *neighbors* might alſo participate of the unſearchable riches of Chriſt. He therefore ſhortly began to read Mr. Whitefield's Sermons, to as ma-

ny as would attend; and ſuppoſed with *Melancthon*, that what had proved ſo ſingular a bleſſing to *his* ſoul, would not fail to produce ſimilar effects *on them*, as ſoon as they were heard. Continuing to read the works of eminent divines for ſome time, the ſmall company who attended theſe exerciſes, perceiving him to be a youth of promiſing abilities, encouraged him to cultivate them, by the ſtudy and delivery of *his own* diſcourſes. After repeated ſolicitations he was prevailed upon, and his firſt eſſay of this nature was from Ezekiel, xxxvii. 3. "Son of man, can theſe bones live? and I anſwered, O Lord God, thou knoweſt." He uſed to ſpeak of this as a ſeaſon peculiarly ſolemn and affecting. The Lord encouraged theſe his early efforts, by giving him many ſeals to his miniſtry, among whom were his father, mother, and three ſiſters.

About this period Mr. Whitefield, in one of his voyages to America, was obliged by an unexpected occurrence to repair to Plymouth (where he had never been before,) to ſecure himſelf a paſſage in a ſhip about to ſail from that port. Here, according to his uſual cuſtom, he embraced the firſt opportunity of preaching to the inhabitants. He had not delivered many diſcourſes before a gracious Providence preſerved him from being aſſaſſinated, and at the ſame time over-ruled the horrid attempt of his enemies, to the furtherance of the Goſpel: For the odd adventure, as he calls it, brought thouſands more to ſee and hear the man, who had been marked out as a victim to the rage of perſecutors; and God gave ſuch teſtimony to the word of his grace, that remarkable ſucceſs attended his miniſtry. Intelligence of theſe circumſtances being circulated around the adjacent country, Mr. Kinſman fled with great eagerneſs to hear him. Being introduced, after ſermon, to his company, he prevailed on him to viſit *Tavistock*. But the oppoſition he here met with was ſo violent, as to excite ſuch a deep-rooted antipathy in the mind of Mr. Kinſman to his native town, that he reſolved to reſide in it no longer. Having removed to Plymouth, he, at the age of about twenty-one, commenced an acquaintance with Miſs *Ann Tiley*, with whom he was united in marriage in the year 1745. She was a very ſpiritual and zealous Chriſtian, and, with many others, had been converted under Mr. Whitefield's miniſtry, while he was detained there through the delays of the convoy. By her he had four children, Ann, Andrew, John and George, the two former of whom ſtill ſurvive, and are members of the religious community over which he preſided.

Near five years had elapſed, ſince Mr. Whitefield preached laſt at Plymouth. In this interval Mr. and Mrs. Kinſ-

man had devoted the piece of ground to the ſervice of God, on which the Tabernacle now ſtands, and toward the erection of which they had generouſly contributed. This place was chiefly ſupplied by Mr. Whitefield's colleagues, Cennick, Adams, Middleton, &c. who were kindly entertained under Mr. Kinſman's roof free of any expence to themſelves or the infant cauſe. Though his preaching at Taviſtock had been attended with very pleaſing effects, while reſident there, on his removing to Plymouth, he was ſo far from intruding his ſervices upon that ſociety, that the utmoſt he could be prevailed upon to do for ſome time, was to read a ſermon to the people when a vacancy occurred: Nor was it till the year 1750, that he entered fully into a regular courſe of preaching.

Early in the year 1749, Mr. Whitefield taking the tour of the Weſt, arrived at Plymouth, where he was received by his late converts as an angel of God; and by none more cordially than Mr. Kinſman; at whoſe houſe he reſided during the preſent, and every ſubſequent viſit. From this time he became intimately acquainted and cloſely connected with Mr. Whitefield; for whom he retained the moſt filial affection to his dying day, frequently travelled with, and conſulted him as a father upon all his religious concerns.

As *Plymouth-Dock*, about two miles from *Plymouth*, became increaſingly populous, and as there was no place of worſhip in all the town to accommodate the inhabitants, except the little chapel in the King's yard; Mr. Kinſman conſidered this circumſtance as a fit occaſion to diffuſe among them the ſavor of the knowledge of Chriſt. He began to preach out of doors, and continued for ſome time amidſt the moſt violent perſecutions; was frequently obliged to fly for his life; and expected, that before the enſuing morning his dwelling houſe at Plymouth would be demoliſhed. He has ſometimes been ſurrounded by eight or nine drums from the military to drown his voice.

But amidſt this formidable oppoſition, his ſtrength was equal to his day. *Now* Providence would ſoften his adverſaries into pity, and thereby divert them from their evil purpoſes; *then* would fortify him with courage to withſtand the united efforts of an outrageous mob. Once in particular at Dock, a perſon of conſiderable fortune hired a number of men to interrupt his preaching. On arriving at the ſpot, they were ſo moved by his engaging addreſs, that they not only deſiſted from their deſign; but directed their vengeance againſt their miſchievous employer, who with difficulty eſcaped with his life; and ſo exemplified the words of David, "His miſchief ſhall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing ſhall come down upon his own pate."

At another time, when the congregation was aſſembled in Plymouth Tabernacle, it was diſturbed by a lieutenant of the navy, who came with a part of his crew, armed for a deſperate aſſault. Having broken the windows, they entered the place in a body. Their firſt attempt was to extinguiſh the lights, and then to fall upon the people. But a perſon, perceiving their deſign, drew up the chandelier to the ceiling of the building. Baffled in this project, they fell upon the people, without regard either to age or ſex, and beat them with their bludgeons in a mercileſs manner.

The worſhip being interrupted, a general alarm and outcry of murder enſued. At this inſtant Mr. Kinſman, by an extraordinary effort, throwing himſelf into the midſt of the throng, ſeized the lieutenant, the ringleader of the rioters, and as he was drawing his ſword upon him, he wreſted it from his hand. No exertion on the ſide of the rioters could force Mr. Kinſman to quit his hold of the lieutenant, and by main ſtrength, in the heat of the rencounter, he drew him out of the Tabernacle into the yard, where the ſame ſcene of confuſion was continued. Here the lieutenant made many violent ſtruggles to diſengage himſelf; loſt his laced hat; and had his clothes conſiderably torn in the attempt. But Mr. Kinſman preſerved his hold, and dragging him into his dwelling-houſe, carried him off through the front door to the magiſtrate. Both parties were now at a loſs, to diſcover what was become of their champions. Mr. Kinſman's friends were almoſt diſtracted, ſuppoſing he had been carried off by the rioters, and torn piece-meal. But they were ſoon agreeably diſappointed. The lieutenant conducted himſelf with great inſolence before the magiſtrate, who committed him to the watch-houſe, where he lay all night. Being brought before him again the next morning, he acknowledged his offences, engaged to repair all damages, and make ſuch other conceſſions as the injured party might require. Mr. Kinſman, having obtained his object, and being unwilling to injure the cauſe of religion, in the eſteem of the world, by a ſpirit of inexorable reſentment, acceded to his propoſals, and he was accordingly diſmiſſed; nor was he ever after called upon by Mr. Kinſman or his friends, to fulfil his engagements.

Having procured a private houſe in Dock, he preached the firſt time to about ſixteen perſons; but the congregation rapidly increaſed, and God gave teſtimony to the word of his grace. Here his animated exertions, his profuſe perſpirations, and his inattention to his bodily health, ſoon injured the fineſt of conſtitutions, and laid the foundation of that aſthmatic diſorder, which proved ſo ſevere a trial to him for

more than forty years. At length his amiable manners, and exemplary life, ſilenced the clamours of the populace ; and, though many hated the cauſe, *he* became reſpected and revered ; and the *congregation* not only increaſed, but " the Lord added to the *church* daily ſuch as ſhould be ſaved."

Mr. Whitefield, returning from America, landed at Plymouth, and intending to preach on the Lord's-day morning, multitudes came from all parts of the country to hear him, ſo that the place could not contain them. Juſt as it was time to begin the ſervice, he became ſo much indiſpoſed as to be unable to preach ; ſo that Mr. Kinſman was obliged to engage though unprepared. This circumſtance diſtreſſed him ſo much, that he wept exceedingly. He ſpoke from the following words : *What hath God wrought ?* This diſcourſe was made ſo eminently uſeful, that it never was forgotten by multitudes, and to this day many ſpeak of it as the beſt opportunity they ever enjoyed. O the depths of divine wiſdom !

In the year 1752 a meeting-houſe was erected at Dock ; which, by the bleſſing of God upon his miniſtry, was obliged to be enlarged ſix or ſeven times, and now meaſures ſixty-four by ſixty feet.

He was now called out to itinerate frequently in many counties in the kingdom, and his peculiar abilities attracted general attention, which, together with the affability of his manners, the uncommon cheerfulneſs of his diſpoſition, and his great uſefulneſs, raiſed him to a high degree of eſteem wherever he went. Nor was he leſs reſpected, nor his miniſtry attended with leſs general good, at Briſtol and London, cities to which he was invited by Mr. Whitefield ; who was uſed to call Briſtol, Mr. Kinſman's *America*, alluding to his own popularity and ſucceſs in that quarter of the world. The frame of his mind, on entering upon this new ſcene, may be learned from ſome hints found among his papers. Nov. 21, 1754. " Having received many preſſing invitations, I once more attempt to go forth in the name of Chriſt, to preach his Goſpel. The weakneſs, and continual diſorders of my body, have been urged as powerful diſſuaſive by my anxious friends, againſt the undertaking. *But none of these things move me*, for I find the God of *grace*, is the God of *nature* alſo. After committing my dear friends and family to the Lord in prayer, I left them, though not without inward throes on their behalf, and eſpecially for my little ones, who became continually more and more engaging. Through the good hand of my God upon me, I find my journey more agreeable than I expected, and the Lord continues to aſſiſt me in my labours, though at intervals I have ſome ſevere fits of the aſthma."

Mr. Whitefield being about to ſail for America, ſent for him to London. On his arrival he was introduced, and dined with him at the Tabernacle-houſe, in company with a young clergyman. After dinner there was a moſt tremendous ſtorm of thunder and lightning. As they ſtood at the window beholding the raging elements, Mr. Kinſman, ſuppoſing the clergyman, from his being a viſitant to Mr. Whitefield, to be a ſerious perſon, familiarly put his hand upon his ſhoulder; and, with great cheerfulneſs and energy, repeated the words of Dr. *Watts*,

"The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he pleaſe;
That rides upon the ſtorm[illegible] ſky,
And manages the ſeas:

And then with peculiar pathos and confidence added,

"This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love."

The words ſo appoſitely introduced, ſo ſolemnly and ſo emphatically delivered, made a deep impreſſion on the mind of the young clergyman, and began a converſation, which, by the bleſſing of God, ended in his ſaving converſion.

Here his miniſtry was greatly owned, and he thought himſelf highly honored, in preaching the firſt ſermon that ever was delivered from the pulpit of the preſent Tabernacle. His harmonious voice, his ſprightly and pathetic manner of addreſs, brought no ſmall number of all ranks to hear him; among whom was Mr. *Shuter* the celebrated comedian, who having been excited by curioſity to hear Mr. Whitefield, was ſo affected with his preaching, that at one time there were hopes of his being under ſerious impreſſions. Having alſo heard Mr. Kinſman, he was ſo delighted with him, that he frequently viſited him. But the lamentable immorality that pervades the ſtage, the ſcoffs of ridicule from men of conſiderable influence, and the contemptuous inſinuations of the profane (that moſt dangerous and deſtructive method of attack, to which Mr. Shuter was, by his profeſſion, particularly expoſed, ſoon operated as a foil to thoſe riſing hopes that were entertained concerning him, and as blaſts, ſwept away thoſe promiſing and blooming flowers.

Some years after, having forgot where he lived, accidendently meeting Mr. Kinſman at Plymouth, he embraced him with rapture, and inquired "if that was the place of his reſidence." He replied, "Yes, but I am juſt returned from London, where I have preached ſo often, and to ſuch large

auditories, and have been ſo indiſpoſed, that Doctor *Fothergill* adviſed my immediate return to the country for change of air."—"And *I*," ſaid Mr. Shuter, "have been acting *Sir John Falſtaff* ſo often, that I thought I ſhould have died, and the phyſicians adviſed *me* to come into the country for the benefit of the air. Had *you* died, it would have been ſerving the beſt of Maſters; but had *I*, it would have been in the ſervice of the Devil. Oh, Sir, do you think I ſhall ever be called again? I certainly was when I was ſtudying my part in the Park; and if Mr. Whitefield had let me come to the Lord's table with him, I never ſhould have gone back again. But the careſſes of the Great are exceedingly enſnaring. My Lord E—— ſent for me to-day, and I was glad I could not go. Poor things! They are unhappy, and they want *Shuter* to make them laugh. But, O Sir,—ſuch a life as yours!—As ſoon as I leave you, I ſhall be *King Richard*. This is what they call a good play; as good as ſome ſermons. I acknowledge there are ſome ſtriking and moral things in it. But after it, I ſhall come in again with my Farce of *A Diſh of all Sorts*, and knock all that on the head. Fine reformers are we!" The inhabitants afterwards taking notice that he viſited Mr. Kinſman, were aſtoniſhed; and one gentleman in particular aſked him if he were a Methodiſt. "Mine is a fine method, is it not? No, I wiſh I was. If any are right, they are."

Mr. Kinſman has now and then amuſed his friends, by ſaying, "that his popularity in the metropolis originated entirely in miſtake." On his arriving in town, Mr. Whitefield publiſhed Mr. Kinſman, a promiſing young man, to preach; and the people running away with the idea that he ſaid, "*my* Kinſman is to preach," flocked together to hear Mr. Whitefield's relation.

When he was once preaching in London on the Lord's-day, a heavy and unexpected ſhower of rain coming on, ſeveral ſabbath-breakers paſſing by at that inſtant, fled into the Tabernacle for ſhelter. Among theſe was a young man who was perſonally acquainted with Mr. Kinſman, at Plymouth. Seeing him in the pulpit, he immediately reſolved to wait the concluſion of the ſervice, and inquire after the welfare of his relations. This he accordingly did; to whom Mr. Kinſman replied with his uſual affability, "Your good aunt and religious mother are both lately gone to heaven; but which way are you going? what will your pious mother ſay, if ſhe ſhould miſs her *William* there?" Though the ſermon had not the leaſt effect, this ſentence ſtruck him to the heart, and God made it the means of his converſion. He afterwards became a very valuable member of the church at

Dock, and died an Iſraelite indeed. Some years after, his youngeſt ſon, a wild young man, marrying, and having a child, applied to Mr. Kinſman to baptize it. He having ſome knowledge of his character, told him he would baptize his child for its grandfather's ſake; and then began to relate the ſtriking circumſtance of his father's converſion. This ſo affected the young man, that from that time he became ſerious, and is now a member of the ſame church at Dock.

As the mariner, when he puts to ſea, does not expect to reach the deſired haven unaſſailed by the inauſpicious gale; neither ſhould Chriſtians expect to baſk in the ſun-beams of proſperity without the intervention of a lowering cloud. About this time, while on a viſit at London, Mr. Kinſman was exerciſed by a providence exceedingly afflictive. His dear child, about three years of age, was drowned by falling into a well! The following extract from a letter to Mrs. Kinſman, which he penned upon this very mournful occaſion, while it gives us ſome idea of his pathetic manner of addreſs, and the ſtrength of parental affection, will be particularly acceptable to his intimate acquaintance:

"My DEAR LOVE, *London, July* 26, 1757.

"SINCE my coming to this place, I have had repeated returns of my diſorder, but the good Lord hath carried me comfortably through the work I have been engaged in. Laſt night I was appointed to read letters, when five thouſand were gathered to hear. If I am in my element in any one part of my work, it is in that. The Lord was pleaſed to give me ſtrength of body to ſtand near three hours, and that liberty of ſpeech which filled my own ſoul with wonder. O Grace, Grace! But this was, I ſoon found, as a preparative for the ſevereſt trial I ever felt. I find a conſtituted aſthma is not enough for ſuch a ſtupid heart as mine. Juſt now, my friends began diſtantly to open to me the melancholy news; and the manner in which the Eternal has been pleaſed to take away my once moſt lovely babe, was in ſome meaſure anticipated. And here, did I think over the ſcene which thy dear eyes muſt behold, and the throbs which this awful providence muſt occaſion in your diſtreſſed breaſt. I muſt drop my pen, and give vent to thoſe tender paſſions which none but parents know, and which I never before ſo fully felt. Theſe words came on my mind, *Aaron held his peace.* The laſt ſermon I preached was from Romans, viii. 32. *He that ſpared not his own Son*, &c. O the heights, the depths of the love of God! How can we murmer, or how dare we repine?

To the honor of his grace, I muſt tell you, that I never felt ſorrow like to this, and yet have not found one rebellious thought. My concern is increaſed, that I am not with you to bear a part, and aſſiſt you in the midſt of that anguiſh, which I fear your ſpirit has felt. But the Lord orders all things well. In pity to my poor weak nerves, God hath called me to a diſtance, and I doubt not he hath been and will be better to you than ſeven huſbands. I can only drop a tear. I think on my poor children, Nancy and Andrew. O that their dear little hearts may be duly impreſſed! I long I long to hear from you. But I don't know how to aſk you to write particulars: 'Twill be like opening that wound afreſh, which I pray God to heal ſpeedily in your dear, dear heart, &c. &c."

At Plymouth and Dock his preaching was ſtill attended with remarkable ſucceſs, particularly among young perſons; nor was any period of his miniſtry accompanied with a greater out-pouring of the Spirit, than while he was going through the Epiſtle to the Epheſians. At length the repeated ſolicitations of the people induced him to limit the ſphere of his operations, and except his viſits to London and Briſtol, his labours were chiefly confined to the above places.

In the year 1763, the ſociety at Dock becoming very numerous, wiſhed to be formed into a regular church. They therefore gave Mr. Kinſman an unanimous call to take the overſight of them; and he, having accepted it, was ſet apart to the paſtoral office at Broadmead in Briſtol, Auguſt 4th, by the Rev. Benjamin Fawcett, of Kidderminſter—the Rev. George Powell, of Weathersfield—the Rev. Jeremiah Field, of Wellington, Somerſet—the Rev. Hugh Evans, and the Rev. John Thomas, of Briſtol. In the year 1771, having reſigned buſineſs to his ſon, he went to reſide wholly at Dock; until which period (if our memory be correct) he never received any pecuniary conſideration for his ſervices; nor did he in the whole courſe of his miniſtry at Plymouth, never having required any.

Mrs. Kinſman was continued a valuable bleſſing to her huſband and the church, till July 1774. It is but juſtice to her memory to ſay, that ſhe was a great ornament to her Chriſtian profeſſion, and a mother in Iſrael. The Lord was very gracious to her during her long illneſs, and indulged her with a very cheerful and happy frame in her laſt moments. Mr. Kinſman continued a widower till October 1776, when he married Mrs. Joanna Webber of London, now his mournful relict.

After his ſettlement in the paſtoral office, Providence raiſed up ſeveral of the members of the church to aſſiſt in preaching (particularly the Rev. Robert Heath now of Rodborough). But theſe being frequently called to labour in the adjacent towns and villages, and the ſtate of Mr. Kinſman's health, for many years, not admitting of his preaching three times on the Lord's-day, both places were obliged to be provided with regular aſſiſtants; the moſt diſtinguiſhed of whom were, at Plymouth, the Rev. Meſſrs. Dunn and Padden; at Dock, the Rev. Meſſrs. Jones and Lake; each of whom continued for ſome time in the exerciſe of his talents, with ſucceſs, until invited to the paſtoral office at other places. After the removal of Mr. Lake from Dock, there came a perſon from Walſall, who, in the ſhort term of a few months, drew off many very ſerious members, the ſpiritual children of Mr. Kinſman; a circumſtance which proved like a poignard in his breaſt, during the ſucceeding years of his life.

After this event a ſucceſſion of miniſters from the metropolis, and other parts of the kingdom, regularly ſupplied the congregation, much upon the ſame plan with the London and Briſtol Tabernacles. In January 1792, dropſical ſymtoms began firſt to make their appearance in his legs, and left little hopes to his friends of a long continuance among them. For the laſt twelve months he could do little more than preach two or three ſermons, and it was with great difficulty he continued to adminiſter the Lord's Supper.

As he approached to the cloſe of life, he would frequently look out of his chamber window, and on ſeeing multitudes flocking to the meeting, would ſay, "Thither I once led up the tribes of the Lord to worſhip." At other times, when he has heard perſons paſſing his houſe with oaths and imprecations in their mouths—"How wonderful are thy ways, O Lord! *I* only want breath to praiſe and preach to others, and cannot, but *these* have lungs to ſwear, and breath to blaſpheme thy holy name." He would often repeat a converſation he once held with the late celebrated Mr. Hervey, relative to the divinity of Jeſus Chriſt. "I now feel this doctrine," ſaid he to his family, "to be a ſolid ground of hope in my declining days. I am going rapidly, but I muſt not talk of death *to you*, as you cannot bear it."

A few weeks previous to his death, a pretended phyſician being introduced by a friend, without the knowledge of Mr. Kinſman, and perceiving that his end was approaching, after ſome converſation, expreſſed his aſtoniſhment at his uncommon cheerfulneſs. "I have great reaſon to be ſo," ſaid

he "for I am one day nearer Heaven." After ſome facetious ſallies upon quack practitioners, he entered into ſerious diſcourſe with him, and the doctor left him with a degree of ſurpriſe.—When anticipating his approaching diſſolution, he would frequently adopt the confidential language of the pious Watts,

"My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlaſting all;
I've none but Thee in Heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball—"

and that other well-known verſe in the ſeventeenth Pſalm:

"O glorious hour! O bleſs'd abode!
I ſhall be near and like my God!
And Fleſh and Sin no more controul
The ſacred pleaſures of the ſoul."

He was alſo exceedingly fond of, and would frequently repeat, with a great degree of emphaſis, the dying expreſſions of Mr. *Charles Wesley*.

"In age and feebleneſs extreme,
Who ſhall an helpleſs worm redeem?
Jeſus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing fleſh and heart,
O could I catch one ſmile from thee,
And drop into eternity!"

Not many days before his death, he ſaid, "Call in the family to prayer." And on being told that he was too weak, he replied, "I cannot go up ſtairs without it. After calling upon God ſo many years, I know not how to leave it now. I can offer up but a few broken petitions; but God looks at the heart, and if prayer is, what I always took it to be, the aſpiration of the ſoul to God, I am praying all night long." A few days before he died he ſaid, "I begin to think I have the dropſy; but, thank God, it is not formidable to me." After having had a very bad night he ſaid, "I have no cauſe to complain, many are in a much worſe condition than I am, and when I conſider how many mercies I am ſurrounded with, I have every reaſon to be thankful; but," ſaid he, "Death has ſeized my vitals, it has attacked the ſeat of life, and it cannot be long. I am going rapidly." On the Saturday night before his diſſolution he appeared to be in a very thankful frame, and gave vent to the feelings of his mind in the following words:

" What have I done, or how behav'd,
That I am thus belov'd and fav'd ?"

On the Lord's day he ſaid, " When will my eternal ſabbath begin ?" On Monday in the evening he called the family to prayer, but was ſo exceedingly weak and low, that they could ſcarcely hear him. Being aſked on Tueſday how he did, he anſwered, " I am the Lord's waiting ſervant ;" and to his ſon, who was aſſiſting him to walk acroſs the room, he ſaid,

Behold the path that mortals tread,
Down to the regions of the dead.

" But I have done the work of my generation, and muſt ſhortly fall aſleep. I am waiting for my diſmiſſion." On being told of ſome confuſion in the world, " Ah, well," ſaid he,

" Soon they may fight, and rage, and rave,
I ſhall perceive the noiſe no more."

Having with great difficulty reached his chamber, he ſaid, " Hitherto the Lord hath helped me," and added,

" O for a ſtrong and laſting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty ſaith." And

A guilty, weak, and helpleſs worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

On the day of his death, he ſaid to his ſon, who was juſt come to ſee him, " I ſlept a little the laſt night, and dreamed I was dying in ſtate, having your mother and all of you around my bed-ſide, and good old Jacob could deſire no more." On another part of the day, he ſaid, " I am very ill," and added, " Lord, cut ſhort thy work. I hope I ſhall not get impatient." At one time he ſaid, " I cannot preach now, I have preached to thouſands before now, and I truſt with ſome degree of uſefulneſs, but with how many imperfections, the great head of the Church only knows. He can, and he will heal them. That text affords me comfort, *They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.* But after all, I am but an unprofitable ſervant ;" and again ſaid,

" A guilty, weak, and helpleſs worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

In the afternoon, he ſaid to an aged friend,

" Well, we muſt quickly paſs the night,
To the fair realms of endleſs light."

A few hours before he died, he ſaid, " O how ill I am." but, my God, my life, my time, my all is in thy hands. On thee do I truſt, in thee I can confide." About eight in the evening, a nephew coming into the chamber, he ſaid, " You are come to ſee a dying uncle, and then added,

" Jeſus, my only hope thou art."

About two hours before he died, Mrs. Kinſman aſked him how he did. He replied, with a ſweet ſerenity, " Still in the body."

But on his dying countenance was ſeen
A ſmile, the index of a ſoul ſerene.

Continuing ſenſible, being almoſt gone, and ſcarcely able to articulate, he ſaid, in a broken manner,

" Jeſu, lover of my ſoul!"

Then ſmiled again, and without a ſigh, fell aſleep in the arms of that compaſſionate Jeſus, whom he had ardently loved, and faithfully preached, for more than fifty years.

He died Feb. 28th, 1793, in the 69th year of his age.

On the day of his interment, the corpſe being brought into the meeting-houſe and placed before the pulpit, the Rev. Mr. *Macall*, reſident at the Tabernacle, Plymouth, gave a ſolemn and affectionate exhortation to a moſt crowded audience. After which the funeral proceſſion was conducted with great ſerioufneſs and ſolemnity, and extended nearly from the bridge to the pariſh church-yard (a ſpace of half a mile,) where he was interred near the late Mrs. Kinſman, in the very ſpot upon which ſhe had received her firſt religious impreſſions under the preaching of Mr. Whitefield.

On the following Sabbath the Rev. Mr. Macall delivered a funeral diſcourſe at Plymouth, from John v. 35. " He was a burning and a ſhining light." On the enſuing Lord's day the Rev. Matthew Wilks of London, being ſolicited to viſit the diſconſolate church, preached the funeral ſermon in the meeting-houſe at Dock, from Daniel, xii. 3. " They that be wiſe ſhall ſhine as the brightneſs of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteouſneſs, as the ſtars for ever and ever."

Though we fear that the pages allotted in this work to biographical deſcription are exceeded, we hope our readers will excuſe the treſpaſs if we ſubjoin a few of thoſe characteriſtic beauties of this man of God, which ſo juſtly elevated him in the public eſteem, and will embalm his memory, when his remains are mouldered into ſhapeleſs duſt.

He was a man of an agreeable appearance and a peculiarly melodious voice, of which he poſſeſſed the moſt perfect command. He was favoured with an extreme ſenſibility, which was indicated by the peculiar pathos of his public addreſs, and the tenderneſs of affection, which pervaded his private life. His memory was ſingularly retentive, and the inexhauſtible ſtore of anecdotes with which he was furniſhed, together with their pertinent and pleaſing introduction and improvement, rendered him a companion equally entertaining and inſtructive. His natural diſpoſition was excellent and amiable. His patience under his accumulated ſufferings was as inſtructive as extraordinary; and whilſt ſympathizing friends were affected and diſtreſſed at the view of the agonies produced by his complicated diſorders, he was grateful to his Almighty Father at the recollection of the numberleſs evils which he did not experience.* His zeal was equally ardent and diſintereſted, his conduct was exemplary, and the ſtrict undeviating rectitude of his morals, attracted and enſured a general eſteem. Nor did his moſt embittered perſecutors ever attempt to calumniate a character which they knew to be untainted. The evangelical purity of the doctrines which he taught, the elegant ſimplicity of his manner, and the affecting tenderneſs with which he addreſſed all claſſes of hearers, accompanied by the divine energy of the Holy Spirit, rendered him both a very popular and uſeful miniſter. No man poſſeſſed a happier talent in noticing and improving general and particular occurrences. In his prayers there was a perpetual variety; but his talents were principally diſplayed at his attendance on the ſacramental ordinance of the Lord's ſupper. On theſe occaſions he generally outſhone himſelf. Notwithſtanding his popularity was ſo great, he would frequently weep when about to enter the pulpit, oppreſſed with a conſciouſneſs of his own inability, and with fears leſt he ſhould be deſerted by his God. Whilſt it was the particular ſtudy of his life not to lay any public burdens upon his people, he was ever forward to aſſiſt in the removal of private diſtreſſes, and to

* *During the long season of his asthmatic affliction, we are well assured that he took no less than* an hundred weight of quickſilver, *and for many successive years could not lie down in his bed.*

condole with and comfort the dejected and unfortunate. His boſom was indeed the habitation of the ſocial virtues. The peculiar care which he manifeſted in the education of his children did equal honour to his judgment and his heart. He was a worthy man, a ſteady friend, an affectionate huſband, a tender parent, a kind maſter, a ſincere Chriſtian, and an able and uſeful divine.

His Monumental Inscription.

THE REV. ANDREW KINSMAN,
Died Feb. 28, 1793, *aged* 68.
After fifty years
Zealous and uſeful labours
In various parts of the kingdom,
JESUS CHRIST,
Whoſe ambaſſador he was,
And whom he faithfully preached,
Received him into his preſence for ever.
THE CHURCH,
Which God honoured him to be the Founder of in this place,
With that in the town of Plymouth,
Bearing a ſpecial part
In the univerſal ſorrow for his loſs,
Erect this Marble,
As a memorial of his worth,
And of their affection.

An evident Display of abounding Grace in the Conversion and Consolation of Ann Anderson.

THE ſubject of this narration was long under the afflicting hand of God, being viſited with a ſlow conſumption, in the laſt ſtages of which it pleaſed him to work that change in her heart which was marvellous in the eyes of many.

She was called to an acquaintance with divine things, in the furnace of affliction; for until within a few weeks of her death, ſhe had never diſcovered any ſerious concern of

mind about the welfare of her precious ſoul. It was but about eight weeks I viſited her; and though at her requeſt, yet I never met with one more ignorant of religious ſubjects.

The firſt time I viſited her, I diſcourſed with her freely about the ſtate of her ſoul; but I found ſhe did not underſtand much of what was ſaid, as ſhe obſerved to me, when I afterwards called on her, that ſhe had been wiſhing I might not come to ſee her again, for that ſhe could not underſtand me, nor anſwer me in any thing. This free remark, however, did not diſcourage me; for I then as freely told her, that whether I came to ſee her or not, the ſalvation of her ſoul was a matter of importance, and that my ſtaying away would in nothing render it leſs ſo.

I therefore ſpoke more earneſtly and plainly to her concerning the great evil of neglecting and deſpiſing the Goſpel meſſage of mercy and ſalvation.

With this her mind ſeemed rather affected, and ſhe complained much of her great ignorance and ſtupidity. She began to manifeſt a greater degree of attention, and concern for the ſalvation of her ſoul.

She expreſſed her grief, that ſhe could not better underſtand things of a ſpiritual and divine nature. She alſo ſaid, that ſhe wiſhed to experience thoſe gracious diſcoveries which are of ſuch importance to a guilty creature: And withal ſhe told me, that ſhe had not thoſe views and feelings which I ſpoke of.

This, I thought, was honeſt; as ſhe added, that ſhe had no intention of ſaying what was not true, as that would only *deceive me* and *herſelf*.

Viſiting her one evening ſoon after this, I inquired into the ſtate of her mind. She replied with great concern (with reference to her mind), "No *better* at all; but, I think, *worſe*." I obſerved to her, that it was *no evidence* ſhe was ſo, becauſe ſhe conceived herſelf to be ſo; but, on the contrary, I hoped it was *a token for good;* for we muſt ſee ourſelves miſerable and helpleſs, before we ſhall either receive or value the Lord Jeſus.

I aſked her, what ſhe thought would become of her, if God ſhould call her away in that ſtate ſhe thought herſelf to be in. She replied, "If God ſhould call me away as I am, I ſhould BURN IN HELL FOR EVER. You know," (continued ſhe,) "I am a guilty ſinner, and If I die unpardoned, what elſe can I expect? It cannot be otherwiſe."

This cauſed her to weep, and ſhe ſeemed under greater concern than before. I then endeavoured to ſet before her all the encouragements the Goſpel affords to the guilty awa-

kened ſinner. I inſiſted much on that important doctrine of divine revelation, God reconciled in Chriſt; on which is founded that declaration, "*Whosoever* cometh unto the Father, through *him*, he will in no wiſe caſt out."

She very eagerly received what I ſaid, and wiſhed to poſſeſs that faith, which unites to Chriſt, and receives him for all thoſe ends and purpoſes for which he is offered in the Goſpel. I then prayed with and left her.

In the courſe of a day or two, I again called to ſee her. I had not been long in the room, when I began to inquire into the ſtate of her mind; when, to my very great pleaſure, ſhe told me, that ſince my laſt viſit, ſhe had been more comfortable. On hearing this, I was anxious to know what was the ground of it, and what had produced ſuch a change in the frame of her mind.

On inquiring ſhe told me, with her eyes fixed upon me, "God is reconciled in Chriſt, and whoſoever cometh unto him, he will in no wiſe caſt out. This gives *me* comfort, and nothing elſe can."

This diſcovery made to her, I judged to be an evidence of a work of grace upon her heart; and from this time ſhe learned much of the truth, and made no little progreſs in an experimental acquaintance with divine things. She began to underſtand me better in moſt things I converſed with her about. She would frequently expreſs her thankfulneſs to God, for what he had done for her, and admire the courſe of his providence towards her.

No ſooner had ſhe theſe diſcoveries made to her, than a viſible change took place in her temper and diſpoſition. For before ſhe was *peevish* and *fretful;* but now *resigned* and *patient*, kind and loving to thoſe about her. There was an evidence in her temper and conduct, that ſhe poſſeſſed the graces of the Spirit, and lived under his teaching and ſanctifying influences.

At ſeaſons ſhe was afflicted with violent pain and ſickneſs, in which ſhe would ſay, that ſhe could bear whatever it pleaſed her gracious God to lay upon her; for the *comforts* ſhe poſſeſſed in her ſoul, were greater than her *afflictions*. She once felt great pain; "but," ſaid ſhe, "I cannot complain, God is ſo gracious to me."

Thus ſhe continued, growing more and more acquainted with herſelf, and with him, "whom to know is life eternal." She would ſometimes ſay, "What reaſon have I to bleſs God? *He* found me, or I had never found him."

She once aſked me, if I thought it poſſible, that thoſe whom God enables to believe on his Son, and truſt his pro-

miſe, would ever be loſt or given up of God. I told her I thought not. "No;" ſaid ſhe. "How can it be, that God ſhould make promiſes, enable poor ſinners to believe them, and rely on his faithfulneſs for the fulfilment of them, and not be as good as his word? It cannot be."

From this reaſoning, it was eaſy to ſee that ſhe was confident, that he who had begun the good work, was alſo able to carry it on and complete it: And ſhe was as willing that he ſhould have the praiſe.

At one opportunity, diſcourſing with her reſpecting the foundation of her hope, "My faith," ſaid ſhe, "is fixed on Jeſus Chriſt; from him I derive all my hope and comfort; but, don't think, but that, at times, doubts and fears ariſe in my mind; but when, by faith, I look to Chriſt, then they are gone."

Calling upon her, with a friend or two, I entered into free converſation reſpecting the poſſibility of a perſon's having a *falſe* confidence; and the danger and awfulneſs of it. She appeared affected at it, but ſaid, "God forbid that that ſhould be *my* caſe."

And when ſpeaking of the importance of poſſeſſing a faith of the operation of God's Spirit, and endeavouring to deſcribe its nature and actings, ſhe replied, "What you have now ſaid pleaſes me; as, I hope, I enjoy that faith which lives upon Chriſt in the promiſe."

After other converſation, and a friend had prayed with her, I left her.

She had now peculiar manifeſtations of divine favour, and ſaid ſhe generally found the comfortable preſence of God with her. She expreſſed her happineſs to thoſe about her, that ſhe found more comfort than ever ſhe *expected* to have enjoyed.

As ſhe grew worſe, the fear of death was removed, and ſhe expreſſed the ſtrongeſt deſires to depart and be with Chriſt.

During the laſt eight or ten days of her life, ſhe was conſtantly longing and waiting for her change.

Nothing ſeemed to revive her ſo much, as the thought that her end was near; this would draw a ſmile upon her deathly countenance, and cauſe her to rejoice in hope of ſoon ſeeing the glory of God. She ſeemed to be chiefly employed in the delightful work of praiſe; and though her fleſh was waſting, and her ſtrength failing, yet God was the ſtrength of her heart—he was her ſong, becauſe he became her ſalvation.

Some time after, myſelf, with two friends, called on her. When we firſt entered the room, ſhe appeared too low for converſation; but after ſitting ſome time diſcourſing on the glories of the heavenly world, her ſpirits began to revive, and ſhe diſcovered an ardent deſire to be put into poſſeſſion of the glorious inheritance, while ſhe cried out, "Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly!" Near as ſhe was to her end, ſhe preſſed us to ſing, which we did, and ſhe attempted to join us in the following hymn:

"Give me the wings of faith to riſe
Within the vail, and ſee
Thoſe ſaints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be." &c. WATTS.

With this ſhe expreſſed herſelf delighted, but ſaid, "I long to join the general aſſembly above, in more exalted ſtrains. I hope we ſhall all meet there and never part." One of the friends then prayed with her, but he had not proceeded far, before ſhe *interrupted* him, exclaiming, "*Praiſe* the Lord, *praiſe* the Lord."

After prayer, ſhe aſked us to ſit down again, and deſired us to ſing; which not attending to immediately, ſhe ſaid, "I wiſh I could lead." We then ſung,

"What hath the world to equal this?
The ſolid peace, the heavenly bliſs—
The joy immortal, love divine—
The love of Jeſus ever mine.
Greater joys I'm born to know,
From terreſtrial, to celeſtial,
When I up to Jeſus go."

After this we had farther converſation; in which ſhe ſaid, "The ſting of death is taken away." And with reſpect to the doubts with which her mind had been harraſſed, ſhe ſaid, "God has taken them all away." In this happy frame of mind we left her.

A day or two after, I viſited her again, found her very ill, but ſtill rejoicing in hope of ſoon being where the inhabitant ſhall no more ſay, "*I am ſick.*" She was, however, too ill for converſation; but ſhe ſaid, "her faith and hope were ſtrong, and ſhe hoped her departure was nigh at hand."

I viſited her again the next day; when, on telling her of the death of a worthy miniſter, ſhe ſmiled and ſaid, "I hope I ſhall ſoon ſee him." She added, "Jeſus is the foundation of my hope and comfort, my truſt and dependance; and in the faith of him I enjoy great peace."

The laſt time I ſaw her, I found her compoſed and happy. On telling her I thought ſhe would ſoon be gone, ſhe looked at me and ſaid, "I wiſh I may." Theſe were the laſt words I heard her ſpeak; as I then left her, and ſaw her no more. In a few hours after ſhe was removed from a ſtate of affliction and ſorrow, to a ſtate of comfort and joy, on the 8th of Auguſt 1791, and in the 18th year of her age.

AMICUS.

Death of MRS. FOXALL.

ON FRIDAY, Feb. 21, 1794, died greatly lamented, Mrs. Foxall, wife of Mr. Foxall, ſurgeon at Walſall in Staffordſhire, aged thirty-four.—Sometimes unfavourable circumſtances, known to exiſt in the temper or conduct of otherwiſe valuable characters, have rendered it a painful taſk to publiſh to the world even their ſupports in a dying moment. But this, through divine mercy, was not the caſe of Mrs. Foxall: Her death was lovely, and her life alſo was truly ornamental. Her general deportment was ſuch as gave no juſt ground of offence to the Jew, nor to the Gentile, nor to the church of God. In her, the prudent manager of the family, the tender parent, and the affectionate wife, beautifully harmonized. It may with ſtrict propriety be ſaid, "She adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things." Her good works were abundant; yet theſe ſhe totally renounced in point of dependance, and gloried *only* in the righteouſneſs and croſs of Jeſus.

The deceaſed had known the power of the Goſpel upwards of ten years, near eight of which ſhe was a reſpectable member of the Independent church at Walſall. To her religious engagements ſhe was punctual and ſteady, while her inoffenſive and exemplary walk rendered her a ſilent inſtructor, and a great bleſſing to all her connexions. Nothing but abſolute neceſſity ever kept her from public means of inſtruction and grace; ſhe continued to go until (the laſt time of her attendance) ſhe was under the neceſſity of being conveyed home in a chair. Truly, "ſhe loved the habitation of God's houſe, and the place where the divine honour dwelleth!"

Mrs. Foxall's diſorder, of which ſhe died, was a dropſy: For near ſeven years, ſhe bore the complaint with uncommon reſignation and patience, although ſhe was frequently

regnant during that period; and, at different times, loſt 146 quarts of water. Her laſt child was born only a few days before ſhe died, which in mercy God removed before the parent. In this part of the divine conduct Mrs. F. greatly rejoiced, believing (as ſhe ſaid), "the babe was ſafely lodged in the arms of its heavenly Father."

When every mean uſed for Mrs. Foxall's recovery appeared fruitleſs, a few days before her death, a near relation entreated her to withdraw as much as poſſible her attention from temporal concerns, which at this time, perhaps, occupied too great a place in her mind. She thankfully received the faithful hint, and ſaid, "I am too much like Martha;" and then, like one preparing for a needful journey, ſhe began to ſet her houſe in order. From that hour until her death her thoughts turned principally, not to ſay wholly, upon what related to the ſoul and eternity. Although weak and languid in body, ſhe became a preacher of righteouſneſs to all about her. Huſband, children, relatives, and ſervant, were ſeverally addreſſed; and cautions, directions, warnings, and conſolations, ſuitably adminiſtered. It was aſtoniſhing how ſhe was enabled to adapt her diſcourſes to the ſtate and circumſtances of her friends, while all ſhe uttered tended to repreſent the depravity of human nature, the condeſcenſion of Jeſus, and the ſufficiency of God's grace to ſupport the believer under every trial! The peace, the ſalvation, the holineſs of her relatives and friends were now matters of great concern to her, and for theſe her ſoul went out to Jehovah. Gratitude to God, and to thoſe of her houſehold who attended her, even to the ſervant, was expreſſed in the ſtrongeſt terms; and every favourable appearance in Providence ſhe could remember, was pointed out as matter of thankfulneſs to the Lord, and ground of ſupport to her afflicted family. Thus grace was poured into her lips, and God himſelf was in all her thoughts.

About three days before her departure, it was adviſed to remove ſome water from her by tapping, to which ſhe thankfully ſubmitted. A near relative expreſſing his fears ſhe might not have ſtrength for the operation, ſhe ſaid to him, "Remember, if I ſink under it, it will be well with me. Should the Lord ſee fit to raiſe me up again, I may be able to do ſomething for my family; but if it be the Lord's will, I am rather willing to depart." Perceiving herſelf faint, ſhe turned her head toward a ſiſter (ſtanding by her), and with a low voice ſaid, "I am going; and then, with aſtoniſhing energy, uttered thoſe emphatical words of the Olney Hymns:

" One gentle ſigh their fetter breaks;
We ſcarce can ſay, " They 're gone,"
Before the willing ſpirit takes
Her manſion near the throne."

As death made ſpeedy approach to her earthly tabernacle, her ſoul appeared to renew its ſtrength. Her more compoſed intervals were ſtill employed in ſpeaking for God to her family. Mrs. Foxall ſtrongly recommended the Bible, declaring, " that her eſteem for that precious book had been ſuch, that it grieved her to ſee one of her children at any time place a candleſtick, or lay any thing improper upon it;" and added, " The word of God has been, and ſtill is more than my neceſſary food." A ſtriking paſſage, from Mr. Hervey's Meditations, was about this time read to her upon the reſurrection of the body; upon which ſhe remarked, " It is all very well, but one text of Scripture is far ſuperior to me." Upon being aſked, whether any paſſage lay upon her mind, which ſhe might wiſh to be improved upon her death; ſhe preferred one that had been greatly bleſſed to her ſoul in time paſt, from Galatians, ii. part of the 21ſt verſe, " If righteouſneſs come by the law, then Chriſt is dead in vain:" Upon which ſhe ſaid, " It may ſeem an odd text for a funeral diſcourſe, but it has been a great text to me." Some time after Satan was permitted to tempt her that her former experience was a deluſion, which ſhe ſaid, " ſunk her to the earth," adding, " I am a poor worm indeed, but I ſee ſo very plainly the blood of Chriſt cleanſeth from ſin, that I have not the ſhadow of a doubt." Upon being requeſted for her body's ſake not to talk too much; ſhe replied, " What a mercy it is that I am enabled to ſpeak a word for God, who have ſaid ſo little for him when I was in health!" Her animal ſpirits now ſinking, ſhe ſaid, " Remember my ſoul is ſafe: I make a great diſtinction between the ſoul and body; I am upon the rock; my truſt and dependance is alone upon Chriſt; if I periſh, it ſhall be at his feet:" And continued, " But ſurely this is not a deluſion? (meaning her experience;) no, it is a reality; if this be dying, it is ſweet to die." Her friends begging her again not to exhauſt herſelf, ſhe ſaid, " I believe I have done with things of a temporal nature: Now, Lord, letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace; this moment! this *very* moment! Oh my impatience! I ſhall be kept a little longer!" (Through the whole of her laſt ſickneſs ſhe expreſſed her fears of returning, as ſhe termed it, into the wilderneſs again.) After remaining ſilent for a time ſhe ſaid, " I have

been talking with Jeſus; I ſhall be with him by and by." She was ſoon after in extreme pain of body; upon which ſhe obſerved, "There is a needs-be for this."

A few hours before her departure, while in pain, ſhe uttered theſe words, "Be ſtill, and know that I am God;" and ſome time after repeated, "Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace, for mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation." Juſt before ſhe expired, while conflicting with the agonies of death, looking to her afflicted partner, ſhe rehearſed theſe words, "*They wreſtled hard*, my dear huſband;" and then fell aſleep in Jeſus.

Should this account fall into the hand of an unbeliever, or a profane character; let him aſk himſelf, whether he may expect, without repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jeſus, to die like Mrs. Foxall; but let her ſupports remind the trembling believer that the righteous have hope in their death. "Bleſſed are the dead who die in the Lord, ſaith the Spirit."

The funeral ſermon was preached, on Sunday, March 2d, to a numerous auditory at Walſall New Chapel.

M.

Happy Death of a Child.

ON Monday the 17th of March, 1794, died Miſs Martha Hall Whetſtone, aged ten years and nine months. This ſweet and amiable child diſcovered a diſpoſition to receive religious inſtruction at a very early period. At a ſuitable age ſhe was placed under the tuition of Miſs Jones and Miſs Wood on Mile-end Green, whoſe pious example and unwearied attention, together with the miniſterial and catechetical inſtructions of the Rev. Mr. Brewer, whom ſhe loved as a parent, were inſtrumental in increaſing under God, her knowledge of divine things.

In a former illneſs ſhe was throughout very reſigned, much attached to the things of God, and attentive to the Scriptures; and in her laſt illneſs (which terminated in her diſſolution) ſhe often expreſſed a deſire to be with her dear ſiſter in glory, who died but little more than twelve months before, at the age of eighteen. She would not ſuffer any book to be read to her but the Bible, which ſhe ſaid ſhe loved. Once when ſhe heard her brother aſk for a geographical deſcription of the continent to be read, ſhe anſwered, "I'll

not hear any ſtory books, I'll hear only the Bible." She would indeed ſometimes read ſome of the late Mr. Maſon's publications, and expreſſed a great deſire to be as good a little girl as he gives an account of. She deſired all her friends, eſpecially her father and mother, to pray for her. Though her illneſs was long and painful, yet ſhe never wiſhed any to pray for her recovery, nor was ever heard to murmur; but bore her affliction with the greateſt patience and fortitude: She deſired all to pray that ſhe might be happy, and love Jeſus better.

Once, when a ſpaſm had ſeized her ſtomach, and ſhe was in great pain, ſhe begged ſhe might be prayed for; for ſhe was a wicked ſinner. Her father told her the blood of Chriſt cleanſed from all ſin; ſhe anſwered, "Yes, papa, and Jeſus hath ſaid, Suffer little children to come unto me, for of ſuch is the kingdom of heaven; and that is a great comfort to me." In a little time ſhe grew eaſier, was put to bed, and requeſted her papa to read to her. He aſked her where he ſhould read; ſhe replied, "Where Chriſt was crucified and ſhed his blood for me.

Having got a little better, ſhe came down ſtairs. The next day, when the Rev. Mr. Brewer called to ſee her, he told her he was a ſinner as well as ſhe, that he hoped Chriſt died for him and for her likewiſe, and ſpoke of the application of the blood of Chriſt to the believing ſoul; which afforded her much comfort. When he was going to withdraw, ſhe deſired him to pray that ſhe might be happy, and after he was gone would often ſay, "Mamma, Mr. Brewer ſays he is a ſinner."

When able, ſhe conſtantly had the Bible or Dr. Watt's Pſalms and Hymns before her, and ſometimes Lady Huntingdon's. One day ſeeing her mother weep, ſhe ſaid, "My dear mamma, don't grieve for me; I ſhould be glad to be with Polly (meaning her ſiſter): I have been afflicted a long time. You know the Lord gave me to you, and the Lord has a right to take me away whenever he pleaſes."

About a week before ſhe died, her mother, as ſhe was dreſſing her, aſked her if ſhe would have on a white frock; ſhe anſwered, "I'll not have any thing white on, mamma, till I have a white robe." The laſt time ſhe looked into the Bible, having read four chapters, ſhe told her mother ſhe could read no more. After this ſhe continually got lower, and ſpoke but little. One day ſhe aſked for a hymn which had been a favourite one with her dear ſiſter. Her mother brought it to her, and ſhe read part of it. This was the laſt thing ſhe ever read.

She could not ſit up much afterwards, but was, when able, talking of Chriſt and his merits on the Lord's-day before ſhe died. When her father came from public worſhip, ſhe aſked him, if Mr. Brewer had prayed for her; and being anſwered in the affirmative, ſhe ſaid, "Beg Mr. Ford to pray for me likewiſe; to pray that I may have an intereſt in the blood of Chriſt, and that I may love him." Her father told her he hoped ſhe did love Chriſt; ſhe briſkly anſwered, "I want to love him better. When her father returned from worſhip in the afternoon ſhe was worſe, but in the evening was again ſomewhat better. He aſked her, if he ſhould read to her, ſhe anſwered, "Yes;" and being aſked where, ſhe anſwered, "Where Mr. Ford preached from," which was the 25th Pſalm. She was very attentive, and ſaid that Pſalm was ſuitable to her. She ſeemed then quite fatigued, and deſired to be turned in the bed.

About twelve o'clock, ſhe earneſtly requeſted that her parents would go to bed. To ſatisfy her mind, they reluctantly complied with her requeſt. She converſed very comfortably with the nurſe, ſaid ſhe ſhould ſoon die, and that ſhe wiſhed to die. The nurſe anſwered, "Then, my dear, you will be in glory." She ſaid, "Yes, I am confident of that." She deſired the nurſe to pray for her, and to pray that her dear parents might be ſupported.

Soon after ſhe requeſted the nurſe to call her papa, for ſhe had ſomething to ſay to him. He came immediately, and aſked her how ſhe did: She anſwered, "My inſide is all gone. I ſhall ſoon die, and go to my ſiſter." Her father ſaid "She loved you, and you loved her."—"Yes," ſaid ſhe, " and now I ſhall ſing with her ſa———;" when the ſhortneſs of her breath prevented her proceeding: he ſaid, "Salvation to God and the Lamb;" ſhe replied, "Yes." Then ſhe aſked him to pray for her: He anſwered, that he did, and that all her friends loved her and prayed for her, and he hoped Chriſt loved her; to which ſhe replied, in an ecſtacy "That's beſt." She ſaid, ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee Mr. Brewer again, to pray with her before ſhe went. Being told Mr. Brewer would ſee her if it was a fine day, ſhe ſhook her head, thinking (as was ſuppoſed) ſhe ſhould not ſee the return of day. Her father then aſked her, if ſhe had any thing particular to ſay to him. She anſwered, "Only to tell you, I am not afraid to die." Then ſaid he, "You will be with Jeſus, whom you love." She replied, "Yes, for he hath ſaid, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of ſuch is the kingdom of God."

She then complained that her breath was very bad, and lay for ſome time ſilent; after which ſhe ſuddenly cried out, "Jeſus look down with mercy on me, Chriſt have——;" but could ſay no more. A little while after, ſhe held out her hand to her father, and ſaid, "Papa, I am dead, I cannot ſee any of you," and breathed her ſoul into the boſom of Jeſus.

With a view to the improvement of ſo ſtriking an inſtance of the grace of God, which can out of the mouths, even of babes and ſucklings, perfect praiſe, a very ſerious and affectionate diſcourſe was delivered the Lord's-day morning following, by the Rev. Mr. Brewer, from the words which ſhe had repeated, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of ſuch is the kingdom of God."

Triumphant Death of Mr. James Saunders.

ON SATURDAY, Feb. 22, 1794, died, of a declinz, James Saunders, aged 27 years, after an illneſs of ſix months; during the greater part of which time he appeared deſirous to continue longer in this world. When very young he was fond of reading the Scriptures, and has often aſked his mother ſuch queſtions as have aſtoniſhed her. Monday, Feb. 17, was the laſt time he was down ſtairs; Tueſday morning he was taken very bad—complained of his throat—could not ſwallow any drink—appeared to be a little alarmed, and not thoroughly reconciled to the thoughts of death. The doctor, being with him in the morning, intimated that he did not think he could ſurvive above three hours. His mother now became very deſirous to hear from him of the hope that was in him. He then burſt into a flood of tears, ſaid he was all ſin: "O mother," ſaid he, "my ſins are laid open before me—ſins innumerable. O I am vile, what ſhall I ſay to my God? but Jeſus calls the weary and heavy-laden to come to him. Well, I am laden with ſin and iniquities—ſins againſt my God: Dear Jeſus! ſave, or I periſh. O my God, though I deſerve nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment, for I am the vileſt of the vile, thou art love, and thine ear is not heavy that thou canſt not hear, nor thine arm ſhortened, that thou canſt not ſave.—Mother," he added, "I have often thought of thoſe words, O houſe of Iſrael, why will you die? And of thoſe, when my dear Saviour wept over Jeruſalem, and ſaid, O, Jeruſalem, how would I have gathered you toge-

ther even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not?" His mother cannot repeat the whole, but what he uttered was to this effect. He went on in the courſe of the day pleading his Saviour's merits. "Oh," ſaid he, "if I ſhould go, not having on the wedding garment, how ſhall I bear to hear theſe words, *How camest thou in hither?* O my God, ſend thy Holy Spirit to cleanſe my heart,—keep the tempter far from me." About ſix o'clock in the evening, he ſaid, "Mother, I muſt ſhed tears of joy: My Saviour is on his Father's throne, pleading for guilty me. O! he will have mercy on the vileſt of the vile. O, how I love him, I long to be gone!" Thus he went on praying, and praiſing redeeming love. He ſaid, "if his throat was well, he would ſing, but I ſhall ſing there" (holding up his hand); then he repeated part of a hymn:

"The fountain of Chriſt aſſiſt me to ſing,
The blood of our Prieſt, our crucify'd King,
Which perfectly cleanſes from ſin and from filth,
And richly diſpenſes ſalvation and health.
This fountain ſo dear he will freely impart,
Unlock'd by the ſpear it guſh'd from his heart,
With blood and with water; the firſt to atone,
To cleanſe us the latter, the fountain but one."

Proceeding thus with a loud voice, and his father and others of the family coming up ſtairs, he ſaid to his father, "See your dying ſon. Mourn not, for I am going to my Saviour. I pray God prepare you all to meet me there, in that place of everlaſting bliſs." Thus he went on taking leave of every one ſingly, bleſſing them, and praying for them. Then he ſaid, "The birds have neſts, the foxes have holes, but our dear Redeemer had not where to lay his head. How did he ſuffer for us guilty creatures when he left his Father's bleſt abode! How was he treated when he went to his own, and they would not receive him! He bore his croſs to Calvary's Mount, and one drop of his precious blood is worth a thouſand worlds. O could you but ſee his wounded body! O, what agonizing pains he felt when he cried, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*" In this manner he diſcourſed a great part of the night. "O Death," ſaid he, at one time, "where is thy ſting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" On the Wedneſday he ſeemed in great pain, but did not complain. The convulſions were very ſtrong, but he ſtill continued praying, and praiſing redeeming love, and crying, "Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly." He appeared in a hurry to be gone,

At another time he ſeemed to be angry with himſelf; and ſaid, "*Thy* time, Lord, not *mine*. I want more faith, Lord, more patience. O! what is time to eternity, O! never ending ———." He then ſpoke of the creation—of the fall of man—and of redemption. He ſaid again, "Mother, I wonder how any one can live and not know God, did we but conſider how fearfully and wonderfully we are made: Our bodies are put together as with ſmall threads, and we ſhould drop to pieces if there was not a God." On the Thurſday, when he was offering up his prayers, the nurſe ſaid, "ſhe was ſure he was a ſaint, for ſhe never heard ſuch prayers and ſuch heavenly diſcourſe before." He heard her, and ſeemed frightened; and ſaid, "O my God, put all thoſe far from me that would fill my heart with pride. It was pride that thruſt the angels out of heaven." He ſpoke much more on this head, and ſaid, "All our righteouſneſs is as filthy rags." He ſlept about a quarter of an hour on Thurſday afternoon, which was more than he had done all the time before. When he awoke, he ſaid, "O mother, I ſleep more than I pray; O my God, I want to love thee more—I want more faith. O my God, keep the tempter far from me. Mother, I feel myſelf very weak. Health is the time to ſerve the Lord." He ſat up in his bed, for he could not lie down all the time. The convulſions appeared much ſtronger, and he ſeemed unable to ſpeak for more than an hour. He then ſpoke again, "Mother, how are my thoughts wandering after things of this world! I want to think and ſpeak of nothing but my God. The tempter is chained: If he were to follow me to heaven's gate, he cannot enter it." Another time he held up his *right* arm, and ſmiled, ſaying, "Am I one of thoſe, Lord?" Then holding up his *left*, he ſaid, I might very juſtly have been one of thoſe; 'tis by grace we are ſaved. O mother, we cannot conceive the bliſs! O, to dwell with my Saviour, and ſee him face to face! What ſweet words, Come, ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you; and, bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord, for ſo ſaith the Spirit, for they ſhall reſt from their labours. God is a ſpirit, and muſt be worſhipped in ſpirit and in truth." Friday morning, he expreſſed himſelf, "Mother, let us pray.—A God hearing prayer. He is a God nigh at hand, and hears all that call upon him—praying in faith, nothing wavering, O, he ſought me when I was afar off!—What love!" After he had prayed, he ſaid, "I am about to pay the debt of nature, and am going to the heaven of heavens,—to everlaſting bliſs!"—About this

time he often felt his pulſe, and when he found them low, he would ſmile on his mother, and ſay, "I ſhall ſoon go, it is finiſhed." Saturday noon his brother went to his bedſide. He took hold of his hand, and ſaid "Brother, don't mourn for me, I am going to glory. Look on this caſe of bones," pointing to himſelf, "and wonder that there is breath, I would talk to you, but I cannot. I am very weak in body. Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly." About an hour before he died, he ſaid to the nurſe, and ſmiled, "I ſhall keep my Sabbath there," (pointing upwards.) He departed at half after four in the afternoon with a ſmile, and without a ſigh or groan.

Remarkable Interpoſition.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following caſe is ſo very remarkable, that I have long wiſhed it had been extenſively known: If ſuited to the deſign of your periodical publication, it is at your ſervice; eſpecially as it may (by the divine bleſſing) prove edifying to many of your readers.

MRS. Lewis* of Norwich, being the daughter of parents whoſe circumſtances were much circumſcribed, deſtitute of education or experience in the world, was put out to ſervice at twelve years of age. Her miſtreſs was a perſon of ſuſpicious character; who, by frequent preſents of gaudy dreſs, together with the bad example of the whole houſe, ſoon led her to expect admirers, and to indulge impure ſentiments. From this ſituation, however, ſhe was removed before ſhe had contracted actual guilt. Her next place was that of a lady's maid; which, at the perſuaſion of a fellow-ſervant, ſhe ſoon left, with a deſign of going to London, to make their fortune; but her companion proved faithleſs, and accepted her place, which ſhe had perſuaded her to reſign. Being a genteel perſon, unemployed, and unreſtrained by her parents, ſhe was ſeduced by a gentleman of Norwich. Shame ſoon drove her from her native home. Friendleſs and un-

* *This caſe was written after frequent viſits made to the ſubject of it in the year* 1775; *and is well known to ſeveral miniſters now living.*

provided, ſhe went to London; where, in all the wretchedneſs and criminality of a nature abandoned to vice, ſhe ſpent ſeveral diſgraceful years in proſtitution, until poverty, intemperance, and diſeaſe, had greatly affected her conſtitution. Yet, in this miſerable ſituation, ſhe found one who propoſed marriage. To this ſhe conſented; but the change only afforded her an opportunity of adding iniquity unto iniquity. Eight years and a half ſhe lived in this abandoned condition. Conſcience, though long ſilent, began at laſt to make her uneaſy. She now had thoughts of reformation, and of making, by her future conduct, an atonement for her paſt tranſgreſſions. For this purpoſe ſhe applied to a Romiſh prieſt, who put her upon the diſcipline of Holy Church. Books of penance were lent her; and what ſhe found therein recommended, ſhe carried into rigorous execution; ſuch as faſting, ſtarving in the cold, lying upon boards and, could her conſtitution have ſupported it, ſhe was to have lain three nights upon the cold earth, covered with aſhes. Having continued one year on this plan, ſhe was hardly able to walk; during which time her conſcience and her ſins alternately prevailed. She now thought, that if ſhe could procure for herſelf ſome excruciating and painful death it would make amends for all. Under the influence of this dreadful perſuaſion, ſhe formed the horrid deſign of murdering her huſband, that by the laws of her country ſhe might be condemned to be burned to death. She ſhowed me the knife ſhe had concealed for this fatal purpoſe: But her courage failed her, ſo that ſhe could not perpetrate the execrable deed. Her conſcience growing more diſtreſſed, ſhe even wiſhed herſelf in hell, that ſhe might know the worſt of it; and more than once, ſhe was prevented from plunging herſelf into eternal miſery. About this time ſhe was adviſed by an acquaintance to go to the Tabernacle at Norwich. To this ſhe objected, fearing, if it were known, ſhe ſhould be deemed an enthuſiaſt. Conſcience, however, preſſed, and deſpair prevailed, which at laſt determined her to go; but not before ſhe had fallen on her knees and prayed, "Lord, direct me where to go! Lord, bring me where I may find direction for my ſoul, for I am a ruined ſinner, and if not ſoon helped, I muſt be loſt; loſt for ever!" Three days afterwards ſhe ſtole into the Tabernacle. Upon being ſeated, the ſolemnity of the place, the apparent attention, and ſerioufneſs of the people, together with the ſweetneſs of the hymns, concurred to induce a belief, that this was the right way. This occaſioned her to ſhed tears, of which ſhe was

much aſhamed; thinking no one, beſides herſelf, was ever ſo weak as to weep at the ſinging of an hymn.

Mr. Hook was at this time the preacher at the Tabernacle, whoſe ſermon came home with great power to her heart. Yet inſtead of that comfort, which ſhe wiſhed for, and expected, ſhe ſaw, and believed herſelf to be, the moſt vile and contemptible ſinner upon earth; apprehending, that every body might read her ſins in her countenance, and that they would not ſuffer her to come there any more; yea, ſhe expected every moment that ſome one would be ſent to turn her out. Soon after, the writer of this had an opportunity of viſiting her at her own houſe, and found her in the greateſt agonies of ſoul; nor could ſhe for ſeveral weeks receive a gleam of comfort, though my colleague or myſelf viſited her almoſt every day. In the midſt of her diſtreſs a temptation was ſuggeſted to her mind, "You are ſure of damnation, and as well now as later: You cannot be much worſe; hell itſelf would be a refuge for ſuch a wretch as you are." Upon this ſhe took the reſolution, "I will go once more to Tabernacle; and, if not better, I am determined to drown myſelf in the river." Fully ſettled in this horrid reſolution, ſhe went. Mr. Hook ſoon after appeared in the pulpit, and gave out a hymn, the firſt verſe of which is as follows:

"Jeſus, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
Whilſt the nearer waters roll,
Whilſt the tempeſt ſtill is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the ſtorm of life is paſt;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my ſoul at laſt!"

She immediately conceived that ſome one had informed the miniſter of her ſituation, and that he had made this hymn for her ſake. It pleaſed God to lead her thoughts thus to contemplate the ſubject of the hymn, as ſuited to her own particular caſe. "Truly I am in the ſtorm and tempeſt; much do I need a haven of reſt; who knows but that I at laſt bad as I am, may find Jeſus a Saviour?" It was at this time ſhe firſt found comfort. So powerfully were the words of the hymn impreſſed, and ſo completely did they occupy her mind, that ſhe neither remembered the text nor the ſermon. She now abandoned the thoughts of ſelf-murder, and continued under the miniſtry, growing up gradually into the ſpirit and comfort of the Goſpel, till ſhe became one of the moſt humble, broken-hearted, ſpiritual, and practical Chriſ-

tians I ever had the pleaſure of knowing. All this ſummer ſhe continued very weak in body, tender in her conſcience, and felt the ſymptoms of a diſſolving conſtitution. A raſh word or ſinful thought would diſtreſs her ſoul for days afterwards. She never came to the Lord's table but in a flood of tears; nor till after every one elſe had received, ſuppoſing herſelf to be utterly unworthy to be numbered with the people of God; though to all but herſelf ſhe appeared ripening faſt for a better world.

After her converſion ſhe had many fears and much unbelief to fight againſt; yet upon the whole ſhe could ſay, "I know in whom I have believed, and am perſuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him againſt that day*." In the winter 1775, ſhe calmly reſigned her ſoul into the hands of the Friend of ſinners, and went to join that multitude before the throne, who came out of great tribulation, and waſhed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb†. She was buried in the Tabernacle at Norwich, and the Rev. Mr. C. preached her funeral ſermon.

The above relation contains facts well-atteſted, and which can be authenticated by ſeveral living witneſſes. Let men attribute them to what cauſe they pleaſe, the facts are certain: Her life was changed, her ſoul was bleſſed, and her death was happy. Thoſe who are of faith will not heſitate a moment to attribute all theſe effects to the ſovereignty of divine grace. With ſuch inſtances before our eyes, how pertinent and forcible are the words of the prophet, "*Look unto me, and be ye ſaved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none elſe*‡."

Death of a poor young Woman.

IN January laſt died, in the neighborhood of High Wycombe, Bucks, a young woman of the name of Walker. She was only one-and-twenty years of age, and appeared to be a ſurpriſing monument of ſaving grace. Addicted to the love of vanity and pleaſure until a few months before her deceaſe, like the youth whom Solomon deſcribes, ſhe might be ſaid to walk in the ways of her heart, and in the ſight of her eyes. During the period of her natural ſtate, ſhe was ſometimes the ſubject of ſharp convictions, but the wound

* 2 *Tim. ii.* 12. † *Rev. vii.* 14. ‡ *Iſa. xlv.* 22.

they occaſioned was ſoon cloſed, and ſhe retnrned to the ſame heedleſs courſe as before. The diſorder which terminated her life, was the ſanctified mean of bringing her to a due ſight and ſenſe of her ſtate. It was not, however, until her complaint which was of the conſumptive kind, had advanced far, and committed conſiderable ravages on the animal frame, that ſhe could diſcern mercy as well as judgment in her affliction. It pleaſed God to open the heart of her brother-in-law to allow her, in poor and deſtitute circumſtances, to come to his houſe. But for him as an inſtrument, as ſhe repeatedly and gratefully obſerved, her body and ſoul together had been loſt. He took frequent opportunities of talking with her about the concerns of her ſoul, and of praying with her; which, together with her declining ſtate of health, were bleſſed to the awakening of her conſcience, after a manner, and to a degree ſhe never had experienced before. She was for ſeveral weeks viſibly in a ſtate of great diſtreſs of mind, her ſins lay heavy on her conſcience, and a reſtleſs ſolicitude about an hereafter prevailed. Her kind relative endeavored, as well as he was able, to point out the ſinner's only refuge; he perſevered in praying for her, and ſtrongly recommended her to go to a throne of grace, through Chriſt, in her own behalf. She was enabled to follow his advice; and, though ſuffered to remain awhile without the wiſhed-for bleſſing, the Lord, in his own beſt time, was pleaſed to reveal himſelf.

One day in the month of December, as ſhe was ſitting by the fire-ſide, bemoaning her wretched ſituation, Chriſt manifeſted himſelf to her ſoul as a bleeding, dying Saviour, making atonement for ſin, with ſurpriſing clearneſs, and ſweetneſs of application. She was aſſiſted to behold him with a gazing faith, as the excellent Bunyan deſcribes Chriſtian in ſight of the croſs; and from that moment ſhe loſt her burden under a lively appropriating ſenſe of an intereſt in the great Sacrifice; her drooping ſpirits were cheered; her melancholy countenance aſſumed a lively air, and ſtrains of gratitude and praiſe burſt from her feeble lips. After this, ſhe was telling all who came to ſee her what the Lord had done for her ſoul. Every one who viſited her perceived a great alteration in her: Some noticed it as an event which they could not underſtand; but among her religious connexions, there were on the occaſion kindred ſenſations to thoſe of the rejoicing family at the prodigal's return and welcome home. The writer of this account numbers it among the honors, as well as pleaſures of his life, to witneſs a caſe ſo extraordinary, and yet ſo ſatisfactory. If an avowed diſlike of ſin, deep

humility for the commiſſion of it, grateful adoration of divine mercy, dependance upon an all-ſufficient Saviour, and an heart-felt experience of his preciouſneſs to the ſoul, are marks of a gracious work of the Spirit of God, he is happy to ſay there is reaſon to believe they all met in this young woman. The Spirit of God, ſhe ſaid, had been a great and good teacher to her. Heavenly things were the only ſubjects of converſation which ſuited now. At the mention of the Saviour's name her eyes would overflow with tears; ſo much was her heart affected with the ſalvation he had wrought for one ſo unworthy. The Bible was her beloved book; her memory became the treaſury of religious verſes which ſhe learned, becauſe adapted to her experience; the houſe of God and public ordinances were ardently longed after, but her weakneſs would not admit of her enjoying them.

It is not to be ſuppoſed that Satan, who goes about ſeeking whom he may devour, would leave this brand, plucked from the burning, undiſturbed! At times ſhe had ſome ſevere conflicts from this quarter; but, to uſe her own language, ſhe looked to her Saviour, and found relief. Her pains of body, eſpecially as her weakneſs increaſed, were very accute; her exemplary patience and reſignation to the will of God triumphed over the ſharpeſt of them. Sometimes her language was—"I am in a great deal of pain, but very comfortable." At others—"What are all my ſufferings, comparing with what I deſerve, and what my dear Lord endured! What a merciful God; what a great mercy it is to me that I have been ſo afflicted!" After recovering one day from fainting, when ſhe was thought to be dying, and her friends were for ſending to ſome neighbors to be preſent at the time, ſhe ſaid—"Once I ſhould have been for having *all* I could get about me in the proſpect of death, but it is otherwiſe now." In this compoſed and ſerene ſtate ſhe paſſed through the valley of death to the regions of glory.

"Great things, O thou eternal Son!
Great things, indeed, thy grace has done."

Memoir of the Rev. Samuel Buncombe, late Pastor of the Independent Church of Christ, in Ottery St. Mary, Devon.

DEATH has once more entered the ſanctuary of God, and directed his arrow againſt a venerable father in Iſrael. Terrible as he may appear to a certain deſcription of people, multitudes have ſmiled, yea, triumphed at his approach. Standing on the brink of the opening tomb, they have employed their lateſt breath, feeble as it was, in that ſong of exultation, "O Death, where is thy ſting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

There are excellencies in the Son of God, ſufficient to animate the ſoul in the ſolemn moments of nature's diſſolution; and the Goſpel yields conſiderations well adapted to ſoothe our riſing fears, and calm our tumultuous ſpirits. The glorious ſun of righteouſneſs illuminates the darkeſt paths of the dreary wilderneſs, and ſheds the blaze of noon around the ſteps of pious travellers. Next to the charms of the lovely Jeſus, and the powerful influence of the Goſpel, to vanquiſh death and diſſipate the alarming apprehenſions of mind in the near approach of eternity, is the example of good men. When we behold our intimate friends, who laboured under the ſame infirmities with ourſelves, and who, during life, had to ſtruggle with doubts and fears no leſs diſtreſſing than our own,—when we behold *them* bidding a cheerful and affectionate farewell to their dear ſurviving relations, and marching boldly along the gloomy path,—when we hear *them* ſinging, as they advance, "Though I walk through the valley of the ſhadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy ſtaff they comfort me;"—even the moſt timorous Chriſtian feels himſelf inſpired with freſh courage, and is emboldened to proceed, "ſtrong in the grace that is in Chriſt Jeſus."

A character whoſe chief excellency was derived from the pure Goſpel of Chriſt, and whoſe triumphs were inſpired and ſupported by the Scripture doctrine and influence of the croſs, is the ſubject of the preſent ſhort memoir. May the amiable conduct of his life be aſſiduouſly imitated, and the the comforts of his death enjoyed by every reader of theſe pages!

The Rev. Samuel Buncombe was born at Taunton, in the county of Somerſet, in the year 1734. His parents were eminent for piety, and he uniformly ſpoke of them with the

greateſt reverence and affection. He received his claſſical education at the free-ſchool in Taunton: When he arrived at the age of ſeventeen, he was placed under the care of the Rev. *John Lavington*, of Ottery, who, for many years, honourably filled the office of tutor in the evangelical academy in that town.

His unremitting application, genuine piety, and remarkable prudence, during his preparation for the miniſtry, attracted the notice, and raiſed the expectations, of his ſerious relatives and friends. Having completed his academical ſtudies, he received an invitation to exerciſe his talents in the congregation of Proteſtant Diſſenters, at *Crediton*, in the above county. Here he was ſolemnly ſet apart to the paſtoral office, Nov. 26, 1760, and continued a faithful miniſter for ſeveral years.

On the death of Mr. Lavington, which happened December 20, 1764, Mr. Buncombe was invited to ſucceed him in the capacity of a paſtor to the church, the academy having been removed to *Bridport*, in Dorſet, and committed to the care of the Rev. James Rooker. This invitation he accepted, and came to reſide at Ottery in the following year. In 1766 he married Mrs. Sarah Peream, a widow lady, to whom he invariably proved an affectionate huſband, and to whoſe children he continued to be a real friend and tender father.

Thoſe who had any acquaintance with Mr. Buncombe, need not be informed, that his knowledge of theological ſubjects was very extenſive. Though we do not rank him with thoſe, who, in the preſent day, are ſtyled the moſt *popular preachers*, yet his talent was ſuch as deſervedly to entitle him to the character of an "able miniſter of the New Teſtament." He well knew how "to divide the word of truth, and give to every one his portion in due ſeaſon."

Towards the cloſe of life, his attention was chiefly directed to the diſcuſſion of the evidences of divine revelation,—the harmony of the attributes of God, in the government of the world and in the covenant of grace,—and the divinity and atonement of Jeſus Chriſt. On the latter, he frequently dwelt with great energy, judging it peculiarly neceſſary to enlarge upon and defend a doctrine, which has been much exploded by men of faſhionable religion.

Mr. Buncombe poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of a ſtrong and ſound judgment, deep penetration, quick diſcernment, and was remarkable for cloſe and acute reaſoning. This aſſociation of natural and acquired abilities, amply qualified him for an accompliſhed polemic. He felt, however, no in-

clination to enter the field of controverſy, preferring the calm retreat, to boiſterous ſcenes, and the *smooth path* of quietneſs and peace, to the *rugged road* of angry debate. Like the deep and placid river, he gently glided through life, communicating more bleſſings to ſociety, than the noiſy diſputant, who, like the ſmall rivulet, raiſes a mighty clamour to little purpoſe.

His *unaffected modesty* invariably added a mild and pleaſing luſtre to all his other accompliſhments. He uttered the genuine ſentiments of his heart, at the ordination of a young miniſter, whom he addreſſed as follows: "We ſhould be glad to ſee *you*, Sir, ſhine like a ſtar of the firſt magnitude, although *we* ſhould attract leſs attention, by reaſon of *your* ſuperior ſplendor."

In the diſcharge of his *ministerial duties*, he was a faithful and affectionate paſtor. *He looked well to the state of his flock; and watched for souls as one that must give an account.* He was, as all miniſters ought to be, *blameless as the steward of God, not self-willed, not given to wine, no striker, not given to filthy lucre, but a lover of hospitality, a lover of good men, sober, just, holy, temperate, holding fast the faithful word, as he had been taught, that he might be able, by sound doctrine, both to exhort, and convince gainsayers.*

For many years he was in the habits of training up youth in the knowledge of the languages, and qualifying them for the academy at *Bridport*, and when it was afterwards removed to *Taunton*.* In this capacity, he rendered himſelf peculiarly eminent and uſeful. In the government of a ſchool, few excelled him; for he poſſeſſed the happy talent of making himſelf ſo agreeable to his pupils, as to ſecure both their reverence and affection. Many able miniſters, who now honourably fill their reſpective ſtations in the church of Chriſt, received the rudiments of their education under him, and, we believe, will all unite in venerating his memory, and will readily acknowledge, that the time, which they ſpent in his family, was the happieſt part of their youthful days.

The conſcientious and holy obſervation of the Lord's day, was another ſtriking and amiable trait in Mr. Buncombe's character. A friend, upon whoſe veracity we can depend, and who, in the early part of life, reſided three years

* *At Taunton, the academy was superintended by the Rev. Thomas Reader, a few weeks since deceased, and whose Memoirs we hope shortly to present to the Public.*

under his roof, assures us, that he never remembers to have observed the Sabbath kept in any house, with greater—with equal sanctity.

All the young gentlemen under his care were expected to remember the text, and the leading ideas of the discourse: And, being furnished with Bibles, were directed to fold down those scriptures which were adduced in proof of the doctrine, or illustrated in the course of the sermon. In the interval of the morning and afternoon service, they were employed in the perusal of Mr. Henry's Exposition. On their return from the house of God, they were required to read, or repeat from memory, the substance of what they had heard, together with the Scriptures which they had folded down. He would then take occasion, in a very familiar and affectionate manner, to apply to their consciences the truths they had heard, and conclude the exercise with prayer. After family worship, reading the Book of Martyrs, or the lives of eminent persons, and the repetition of an hymn by each of the scholars, terminated the duties of the day equally pleasing and profitable. Copious remarks on the utility of this pious and regular appropriation of the respective parts of the Sabbath to the conveyance of spiritual instruction would here be superfluous: But for the encouragement of those who feel inclined to follow an example so laudible, we are happy to observe, that the efforts of Mr. Buncombe were attended with much success; and that many who were his pupils, with pleasure acknowledge, that to his valuable advice, and paternal admonitions, they are indebted for useful and salutary impressions, which the subsequent scenes of active life have never been able to efface.

In a *relative capacity* his virtues were equally conspicuous. He was an indulgent husband, a tender father, a kind master, a charitable neighbor, a faithful and zealous friend. He was remarkable for his cheerful and affable demeanor to all within the circle of his acquaintance. These qualities, added to his genuine and unaffected piety, rendered him a most pleasing companion; and very few ever left his company without deriving some degree of improvement and pleasure from his conversation. On all occasions he discovered an uniform aversion to a spirit of detraction and calumny. In a word, integrity, humility, and love, so greatly pervaded the whole of his public and private deportment, as to render his death the subject of more general lamentation, than has been witnessed, on any occasion, in the place of his residence, for many years.

But distinguished as he was for numerous excellencies,

we are led to mourn that the treaſure was contained in an earthen veſſel, liable to be broken in an inſtant. About nineteen years ago, he was attacked with a fever ſo violent and dangerous, as exceedingly to alarm his friends for his ſafety. Though the Lord reſtored him, in anſwer to the many and fervent prayers of the righteous, yet ſo debilitated was his conſtitution by the diſorder, that he was ever after unable to endure exceſſive fatigue—an indication to him and his family, that the earthly houſe of his tabernacle would ſhortly be diſſolved.

The cloſe of his miniſterial career at length approaches. His appointed labours are completed. He is ripened for glory, and the Lord of the vineyard deſcends to gather his pleaſant fruit. We cannot but obſerve, that the interval of time from his laſt ſermon, to the day of his death, exactly correſponds with that of Mr. Armitage, whoſe Memoir was given in our preceding Number. On the 16th of March, he preached on Luke, i. 72. "To perform the mercy promiſed to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant." A text more appoſite could not well have been ſelected, had he been appriſed that this was the laſt diſcourſe he was ever to deliver. The doctrines which he advanced from theſe words, were, firſt, God will remember his covenant to his people in all his perfections, and all his relations, as a father —a friend—a ſhepherd—a huſband. Secondly, In his covenant, God will make over his Son to his people, as a prophet—a prieſt—and a king.

The attack which brought the building to the duſt, and let looſe the immortal reſident, was of a bilious nature, attended with ſymptoms of the gravel. On Friday the 21ſt of March, he was confined to his chamber, On the 23d, a near relative ſaw him, between five and ſix o'clock in the evening, and told him, that ſhe thought he looked better than ſhe had ſeen him for a conſiderable time. He replied, "I am better." Mrs. B. ſat with him about half an hour, and took her leave of him, enlivened in her ſpirits by the flattering proſpect of his recovery. But, alas! theſe encouraging ſymptoms were of ſhort duration: For juſt as the clock ſtruck eight, ſhe received a meſſage, informing her that Mr. Buncombe was very ill. Mr. Keſtil, the apothecary, having been called, they both entered the room together. Mrs. B. approached the bed, and he, ſtretching out his hand to take her's, ſaid, "Oh Mrs. B. you are come to ſee a dying man!" She replied, "I hope not; how long have you been worſe?" Mr. Keſtil ſaid, "I left Mr. Buncombe after ſeven o'clock, and thought him well enough to begin a courſe

of bark to-morrow,—what is the matter, my dear Sir?"—"My bowels, my bowels," ſaid Mr. Buncombe, groaning in the greateſt agony. Every thing was applied that could be thought of by Mr. Keſtil, to render aſſiſtance, but all his efforts were ineffectual. The phyſician was called in on Monday, to whom he ſaid, "I will take whatever you preſcribe, though I have no expectation of relief from it."

While the attendants were adminiſtering the preſcription, he felt more than uſual pain, and exclaimed, "Do let a dying man die in peace!" In the afternoon his friend ſaid to him, "You ſeem to be going to take poſſeſſion of the heavenly inheritance, before Mrs. L." who was then ſuppoſed to be on the borders of eternity. He replied, "I hope ſo;" and added, "I will go in the ſtrength of the Lord God; I will make mention of his righteouſneſs, even of his only." Mrs. B. ſaid, "I hope you now find his rod and his ſtaff ſupporting you." He replied with energy, "I do." His friend then ſaid, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory." He did not hear diſtinctly what had been ſaid, Mrs. B. being ſcarcely able to ſpeak for tears. He therefore aſked, "What did you ſay?" She then repeated it, and added, "through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt."—"Yes," returned he, with a holy cheerfulneſs, "yes, that is the ſource of joy, through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt." During the remaining part of that night, Mrs. E. his daughter-in-law, and the Rev. John Varder, continued with him. Mrs. E. aſked him if he ſtill felt the light of God's countenance refreſhing to him. He replied, "Oh! wonderfully—wonderfully!—a fund of conſolation!" At another time, expreſſing his thankfulneſs that Satan was not ſuffered to moleſt him, he cheerfully ſaid, "I hope I am able to rely on the great ſalvation of the Goſpel." A perſon preſent ſaid, "O Death, where is thy ſting?" He replied, "As to the ſting of death, I bleſs God I feel but little of it—Bleſſed be God for truſt and peace!" Some ſhort time after, he endeavoured to expreſs his faith and joy in Chriſt, as a great Mediator, and all-ſufficient Saviour, but his ſtrength was ſo exhauſted, and his breath ſo ſhort, that little more could be underſtood than broken ſentences, and detached words. In this ſtate of extreme debility, he repeated thoſe impreſſive lines of Dr. Watts,

"A guilty, weak, and helpleſs worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

——Here his voice failed him, and Mrs. E. added,

"Be thou my ſtrength and righteouſneſs."

When he ſeemed to ſummon all his powers, and emphatically added,

"My Jeſus and my all."

To the Rev. Mr. Varder he ſaid, "When I conſider almighty power, everlaſting love, a complete righteouſneſs, boundleſs merit, and a well-ordered covenant,—a finiſhed ſalvation——" Here he ſtopped. "You, Sir," ſaid Mr. Varder, "are intereſted in this ſalvation." He replied, "I dare not ſpeak with confidence, but, bleſſed be God, I have ſuch a ſteady hope, as the enemy of ſouls has not been able to move."

Theſe appear to have been the laſt words he uttered, at leaſt, ſo as to be underſtood, for he never ſpoke after five o'clock on Tueſday morning but lay quite compoſed, and without any apparent pain of body, until the clock ſtruck four in the afternoon, when, without a groan or a ſtruggle, he calmny breathed out his laſt, March 25, 1794.*

"The chamber, where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven!" Young.

The mortal part of this good man was committed to the duſt, on the Saturday evening following, in the burying-yard belonging to his own church. Six miniſters ſupported the pall, and the Rev. James Small, of Axminſter, delivered the funeral oration at the grave. The Vicar of the pariſh, the Rev. Fulwood Smerdon, Mr. Keſtil the apothecary, and Mr. Small, walked before the corpſe; and, as a ſtrong expreſſion of the affection and reverence they entertained for the character of the deceaſed, proceeded from the houſe to the grave uncovered. The crowd attending was very great,

* *How great is the uncertainty of life! Mr. Lacy (brother-in law to Mrs. Buncombe), on the 29th of April, went into a garden at a small distance from his house, about half after six o'clock in the evening, in perfect health: But in less than half an hour he was found dead. With the strictest propriety it is said, "What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as you think not, the Son of Man cometh."*

and yet a ſolemn ſilence reigned. Scarce an eye that beheld the mournful proceſſion, but paid the friendly tribute of a tear.

On the enſuing Lord's-day a ſermon was preached upon the ſolemn providence, by the Rev. Iſaac Tozer, of Charmouth, Devon, on 2 Kings, ii. 11, 12. "And it came to paſs as they ſtill went on, and talked, that behold there appeared a chariot of fire, and horſes of fire, and parted them both aſunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And lo! Eliſha ſaw it, and he cried, my Father, my Father, the chariot of Iſrael and the horſemen thereof." Moſt, if not all the principal families in the place, belonging to the eſtabliſhed church, attended on this occaſion, as a token of the great reſpect they entertained for his memory. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my laſt end be like his!"

At the death of this excellent man let us not mourn as for one without hope. Let not the tear of ſorrow flow for *him*, but rather let it be reſerved for ourſelves, the church and the world, who by his removal have loſt a valuable member of ſociety. Weep not, ſince his entrance into the celeſtial abodes becomes the ſubject of angelic congratulation, for it affords a freſh trophy to the triumphs of Immanuel's grace. Weep not, ſince the manner of his death opens a ſource of encouragement to fearful ſaints; for it depoſits an additional teſtimony to the realty and divine excellence of the religion of Jeſus, and teaches us how to die.

"Our dying friends are pioneers, to ſmooth
Our rugged path to death; to break thoſe bars
Of terror and abhorrence, Nature throws
Croſs our obſtructed way, and make
Welcome, as ſafe, our port from ev'ry ſtorm.
—— Smitten friends,
Are angels, ſent on errands full of love;
For us they languiſh, and *for us* they die." Young.

His body was committed to the grave, not as to a *priſon* but as to a peaceful *repoſitory* of the ſleeping duſt, in ſure and certain hope of the reſurrection to eternal life. With an unſhaken confidence we look for that period, "when the trumpet ſhall ſound, and the dead ſhall be raiſed incorruptible, faſhioned like unto the glorious body of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt. This corruptible ſhall put on incorruption, and this mortal ſhall put on immortality—then ſhall be brought to paſs the ſaying that is written—Death is ſwallowed up in victory!"

Great Father of mercies, permit us to indulge theſe ſympathetic emotions which thou haſt rendered, in the order of nature, ſo eſſential to ſocial exiſtence. We dare not murmur at thy diſpenſations, but we are encouraged to pray. Heal the breach which thy haſt made. Send the Comforter to the bereaved family, and let not the widowed church be ſcattered "as ſheep that have no ſhepherd." May the good Shepherd of the flock direct them to "a paſtor according to his own heart, who ſhall feed them with knowledge and underſtanding," that they may increaſe exceedingly, and be for a praiſe in the earth!

The Happy Death of Mr. Daniel Collins, of Woolwich.

[In a letter from Mr. H. K. to Mr. S. at Sheerneſs.]

DEAR SIR, Woolwich, 21ſt April, 1792.

I MAKE no doubt of your having already heard of the happy departure of our friend and brother Mr. Daniel Collins, whoſe ſick chamber I attended, more or leſs every day, as my ſtrength would permit, from the time he was firſt taken ill; and, indeed, by his particular deſire, I waited on him ſeveral nights; and had I not been very much indiſpoſed, I would not have left him at all: For my loſs, in being from him, was great; I never ſaw a perſon more bleſſed in his laſt illneſs; and our dear friend and miniſter, the Rev. Mr. Percy, ſaid the ſame, in the courſe of his funeral ſermon, preached on Sunday evening the 15th inſt. to a very crowded audience, from theſe words, "Looſe him, and let him go."

On the 17th of March, 1792, he was viſited with a violent return of his diſorder, which, you know, was of the pulmonary kind; and which brought him very low. On Sunday the 18th, he ſent for me in the morning, to deſire that I would remember him in prayer, and alſo mention him to the Rev. Mr. Percy, before ſervice at chapel began. In the afternoon, he called again for me. "Do," ſaid he, "my dear friend, come and pray by me as often as you can; for I find the enemy very buſy with me; he pours in upon me like a flood:" We went to prayer; the family and friends who were in the room joined with us, by his

particular desire. I asked him, if any part of God's word seemed to open on his mind? "O yes," said he, "the words, *Loose him, and let him go.*" John, xi. 44. He appeared much comforted, yet the enemy harrassed him very sorely. In the evening I found him very desirous of prayer, and rather more comfortable. March 19, Mr. Percy visited him, which he kindly continued to do once or twice a day, as opportunity served, till within a day or two of his death; when he was so exhausted as not to bear any one even to whisper. Mr. Percy found the clouds of rising fear very distressing to Mr. Collins, on account of the attacks of Satan; but they were soon removed; and as he grew weaker in body, he grew stronger in the Lord. In all his visits, Mr. Percy found him in a sweet spirit; and such was his consolation, that when he saw him entering his chamber, his soul seemed so invigorated, as if it would start from his body.

March 20. The vomiting returned with greater violence than ever, about six o'clock in the morning, when he threw up, at least, sixteen ounces of solid blood, without a drop of serum. "Oh," said he, "I shed my blood on account of my sins, but Jesus shed his blood to wash my sins away." Then he repeated part of an hymn: "Love I much, I've much forgiven."—"The gates of heaven," continued he, "were opened to me yesterday. Heaven opens, my dear King. Methinks I see my God, and my dear Jesus pleading for me. *Loose him, and let him go.*" These words he repeated several times, and by them he seemed to compare his soul, united to his weak body, to the body of Lazarus confined in the tomb, and to express his desire to be called from the state of mortality to join the company of the glorified in heaven.

Afterwards some doubts broke in upon him: At length he started up, and said, with great energy, "My grace is sufficient for thee." He then entered on a prayer to God for his companion and dear little babes, which was very affecting and sweet to hear. He most affectionately committed them to the care of the Lord, and this was done also in a very serious and solemn manner.

March 21. He continued very stedfast. "Come," said he, "let us reason together, Mr. K——, my friend in the best relation. Satan has been very busy with me." I replied, "It is a blessed consolation, when a believer can look to the Rock that is higher than he."—Oh, I can, I can," said he in triumph. March 22 and 23, he continued much the same in body, but wonderfully blessed in his views

of happineſs. He regretted very much, that he had not been able to attend the preaching of the word more cloſely, "which," he ſaid, "nothing but my poor weak ſtate has prevented, and that my God knows." He was much engaged in prayer and reading the Scriptures.

March 24. He ſent for me at two o'clock in the morning, "Oh," ſaid he, "my lungs are mortifying, but I am going to glory." So full was he of the Spirit, that when deſired not to talk ſo much, "I muſt," ſaid he; "I ſhall not be able to talk much longer." When a beloved friend attempted to aſſiſt him to hold the Bible (which he, or ſome one for him, was conſtantly reading), "Don't," ſaid he; "let me hold it as long as I can." And when he met with a promiſe, he would cry out with joy, "Oh that is for me; why do thy chariot wheels ſo long tarry, O Lord? Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly, For I know that my Redeemer liveth, &c." After I had left him for a little while, on my return, he ſaid, "What have you to ſay, my dear friend, about Jeſus?" About nine o'clock at night, he ſaid, "One half hour more, and I ſhall be in glory." At ten o'clock he threw up much blood. "Oh," ſaid he, "what an effort of nature! I thought I was juſt going, but I find I muſt bear a little more pain. O what has my poor afflicted body ſuffered! And what diſappointments I have met with! together with many frowns from the world! But it has been all right, it was all to bring me to glory. Now is Chriſt riſen from the dead, and become the firſt fruits of them that ſlept: For ſince by man came death, by man came alſo the reſurrection from the dead: For as in Adam all die, even ſo in Chriſt ſhall all be made alive; that is, all who believe in him. O what a dangerous thing it is to triſle with the word of God! O death where is thy ſting? Glory be to God, my Jeſus hath taken it away from me."

March 25. A young friend came to ſee him, and ſaid, "Daniel, you are better, you eat your toaſt, and drank your tea heartily: You deſpair, Sir!" Mr. Collins replied, "Do not ſay ſo, dear Sir; no, no, I do not deſpair."

March 26, he ſaid, "I have had three moſt beautiful views of Chriſt. Come tell me about him in the garden of Gethſemane. I am very low, and I ſhall ſoon be in glory; but the believer muſt wait, and he ſhall not be aſhamed." Thus he went on almoſt to his lateſt breath, admoniſhing us, and, it may be truly ſaid, preaching to every one that viſited him, and expreſſing more brilliant views of heaven. He alſo prayed for all his friends by name; and if poſſible, with greater

zeal for thoſe from whom he had received any little unkindneſs; and deſired that all the world might be ſaved with an everlaſting ſalvation. "What," ſaid he, "can hinder people, who conſtantly attend the houſe of God, from going to the ſacred table? What can be the cauſe of this, Mr. K——?" "Becauſe," anſwered I, "they muſt have a fitneſs of their own."—"Oh fitneſs" ſaid Mr. Collins, "if they want a fitneſs, they muſt go to Chriſt;" and then added, "Oh, victory, victory!" He then charged me with ſeveral ſolemn meſſages to particular perſons; and his dying love, or remembrance to all he knew, calling them by name, as they occurred to his memory. He was much engaged in prayer from this time, and became rather reſtleſs. Fearing he ſhould loſe his ſenſes, and not be able to tell us what he felt, and how it was with him, he fixed on a ſign, if he ſhould loſe his ſpeech. April 1, he began to breathe with great difficulty, but was much engaged with God, and ſpake a good deal. April 2, he became more reſtleſs, and rather rambling at times, but was very earneſt in prayer for his friends, and took his leave of them in a very ſolemn manner, ſaluting ſome, and ſaying, with a ſmile to all, "*God bleſs you.*" Being told, that a few days paſt he had ſaid, "Why do thy chariot wheels tarry ſo long, O Lord? in a few hours it will be over, and I ſhall be in glory"—"O yes," ſaid he, "but none except thoſe who die in the Lord will go to heaven. Pray don't forget my dying remembrance to Mr. Shrubſole, whom I have never forgotten in my prayers," On the 4th of April, he departed, in the 35th year of his age, about four o'clock in the morning, in a very eaſy manner, leaving us without a doubt of his happy union with Chriſt.

He was called by grace in March 1786, under the miniſtry of Mr. Percy, who was preaching from Geneſis, xxiii. 16. "Surely, the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not!" His family and friends have loſt a treaſure, but he has gained a heaven. I write in much pain, but am, dear Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant, RICHARD KING.

[N. B. Mr. King, the writer of the above narrative, has happily followed his dear friend to the regions of everlaſting felicity.]

Happy death of Miss Anne Adey.

MISS Anne Adey, of the city of Glouceſter, after lingering through fifty-four years, died on the 11th of April 1794. The effects of a religious education were apparent in her early piety, and deſire of communion with God in all the ordinances of the Goſpel. She became a member of the Independent Church at Glouceſter, May 1, 1767, of which ſhe continued a diſtinguiſhed ornament. As a Chriſtian ſhe was a pattern of patience and humility to all. During the laſt nine years of her life, ſhe was ſorely afflicted with the rheumatiſm. Beſides which, the following circumſtances attended her for ſome time previous to her diſſolution: A locked jaw (ſo that her food was admitted only through an opening made by the loſs of a tooth,) an inability to help herſelf with either hand, an impoſſibility of moving a foot on the ground, and all combined with exceſſive pain. "Let not the ſtrong glory in their ſtrength, but let him that glorieth glory in the Lord." Indeed a paſſage ſhe often quoted was very applicable to her, Habakkuk, iii. 17, 18. Her language frequently was, "I wiſh not to murmur, I wiſh not to repine; he has been a good God to me," The choice of her funeral text, Joſhua, xxiii. 14. was very characteriſtic of that temper of mind with which ſhe bore her afflictions. Such was her attachment to the houſe and ordinances of God, that whenever the weather and her pains would permit, ſhe would be carried thither: And not long before her death ſhe ſaid, "It was a great mercy that when young ſhe never wilfully ſtaid away from the houſe of God." Thoſe who ſlight divine appointments will one day want this peaceful reflection. She loved to talk of divine things, and to have viſits cloſed with prayer: "Let us go, and do likewiſe." Death was diſarmed of his terrors as he approached her, for her language was, "I am not afraid of dying, nor of being dead." She even longed for her diſcharge, and would often ſay, "When will my Father releaſe me, and take me to himſelf?" Juſt before ſhe died, on ſeeing her ſervant move, ſhe ſaid, "Do not riſe, I want nothing but a thankful heart." Feeling herſelf to grow weaker, her laſt words were, "Pray for me;" and then ſhe fell aſleep in Jeſus.

CONSERVUS.

Pleasing Account of the Piety and Happy Death of Master John Storck.

DIED April 29, 1794, aged twelve years and eight months, Maſter John Storck, of John Street, Tottenham-court Road.

It was the privilege of this dear youth to be born of religious parents, and educated "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Being of a very thoughtful and ſerious turn, he frequently devoted thoſe hours to reading the Bible, and religious books, which others of his age employ in childiſh play. *Janeway's Token for children* was his favorite companion, and is ſuppoſed to have made good impreſſions upon his mind.

On a Lord's-day morning, about two months before his death, he ſeemed greatly affected after hearing Mr. Wilks. To his father, inquiring the cauſe of his weeping, he replied, that it was occaſioned by what he had juſt heard. On a Sabbath-day, about ſeven weeks previous to his deceaſe, he ſeemed to be ſo full of comfort, and expreſſed himſelf in ſuch ſweet and heavenly language, as to oblige his father frequently to retire with tears of joy, and give vent to the grateful paſſions of his heart before God, for ſo manifeſt a diſplay of divine grace towards his child. The ſame evening, ſpeaking of the bleſſed and happy death of thoſe children mentioned in *Janeway's Token*, he ſaid, "I hope when I die, it will be triumphing in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt." On the Tueſday following, the viſit of Mr. Knight was rendered greatly encouraging and comforting to his mind. His diſorder, from this time, began to make a rapid progreſs, and indicated to his parents that they muſt ſoon be called to make a ſacrifice of a darling child. The firſt time I called to ſee him was about ſix weeks before his departure. On my entering the room he exclaimed, "O Sir, what a precious Chriſt to live and die for ſuch ſinners!" I was greatly affected with this addreſs, and beginning to enquire into the ſtate of his mind, found that he had thoſe views of himſelf, as a fallen, guilty, hell-deſerving ſinner, and of Jeſus Chriſt as an all-ſufficient Saviour, and expreſſed that deſire after a perſonal intereſt in him, as fully ſatisfied me that "fleſh and blood had not revealed theſe things unto him." And I de-

clare, that I could not withhold thoſe encouragements and comforts which the Scriptures direct us to diſpenſe to the lambs of Chriſt's flock.—I now repeated my viſits as frequently as opportunity offered, and had the pleaſure of finding him increaſe in the knowledge of his own unworthineſs, and the infinite precioufneſs of Jeſus Chriſt. That promiſe of our bleſſed Lord was certainly exemplified in his experience, "When he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he ſhall bring all things to your remembrance." Scriptures ſo ſuitable to his caſe were impreſſed upon his mind, and ſo ſweetly flowed from his lips, as to fill me with wonder and gratitude. I do not recollect one inſtance, in the frequent converſations I held with him, of my having quoted any portion of God's word, but on my introducing the firſt clauſe, he has immediately anticipated me by repeating the ſubſequent part of it as correctly as if he had the Bible before him. A fortnight before he died, I aſked him, whether he thought his ſickneſs would be unto death: He ſaid, "I believe it will:" and added, "I do not wiſh to live, unleſs it be the will of God that the grace which, I truſt he has given me, may be manifeſted more and more in me;" adding, "This is a miſerable world."

One day appearing to revive, a friend ſaid to him, "You are getting better, and bid fair to be an old man." He anſwered, "It is no matter whether I live to be old, or die young, if I am but found in Jeſus Chriſt." A perſon calling on his father in the way of buſineſs, aſked him how he did, he replied, "Poorly; but it is a good thing to be found in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and it is well to meet death, not as the king of terrors, but as a meſſenger of peace." About this time, on a Lord's day morning, as his father was preparing to go to chapel, he ſaid, "O father, I wiſh I could go with you," and then addreſſing himſelf to his brother, ſaid, "Dear brother, do not be ſo backward to go to hear the precious word of God." His brother aſked him, on Good Friday, if he knew what day it was. He anſwered, "This is the day the Lord of life and glory died, and, I hope, for me." On the ſame day a friend aſked him how he did, he replied, "Poorly; but if we were not ſuch poor ſinners we ſhould not be ſo afflicted." When his father uſed to aſk him, whether he did not wiſh to be better, his anſwer was, "I wiſh to be with Chriſt, which is far better." The next time I viſited him, I found him very low in body, and ſaid to him, "My dear, you are very low."—"Yes," ſaid he, "but the Lord is my ſupport." On obſerving to him that I truſted he was taught that nothing he had done or

could ſuffer, would, either in whole, or in part, make an atonement for his ſin; he broke out, and with an energy I hope I ſhall not ſoon forget,

"Not all the blood of beaſts
On Jewiſh altars ſlain,
Can give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away the ſtain."

Two young perſons, calling on him the Friday before he died, aſked him how he was; he anſwered, "I have now done with this world, I want nothing but Jeſus Chriſt!" My laſt viſit but one was the Saturday evening before his death. He had been the greater part of the preceding night as well as this day, in a ſtate of delirium. But, by the favour of God, he had now a happy interval of reaſon. Inquiring how he did, he anſwered, "Poorly, Sir."—I ſaid, "Do you know who ſpeaks to you?" He then mentioned my name. Aſking how it was with him, he anſwered, "Goodneſs and mercy." But his ſpeech faultering, he could not proceed. He again ſaid, "Goodneſs and mercy," but failed in his attempt to utter what follows. He began the third time, and again ſaid, "Goodneſs and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." I then ſaid, I truſt, my dear, if you had ſtrength, that for yourſelf you could repeat the reſt of that ſweet paſſage. He lay a little, as if muſing, and then with renewed vigour broke out, and ſaid, "I ſhall dwell in the houſe of the Lord for ever." I aſked, if we ſhould once more ſupplicate the throne of grace together: He anſwered, "Yes, and I hope and truſt that we ſhall ſing the praiſes of redeeming love in a better world for ever." On taking leave, I delivered that ſolemn benediction, "The Lord bleſs you and keep you, and make his face to ſhine upon you," &c. He then ſaid, "The Lord bleſs and keep you." Theſe were the laſt words I heard him ſpeak.

But it is no wonder that this dear youth, who had been ſo highly favoured, ſhould alſo be tempted by the enemy of ſouls. Hence he ſaid to his father on the morning following "O father, I fear I ſhall not go to heaven!" This, however, appears to be one of Satan's laſt efforts. Shortly after a friend called. He was then ſo low, he could only anſwer to the uſual inquiries, "that he was poorly," but after a little time repeated, and then ſung part of that hymn, Bleſt be the dear uniting love," &c. He ſaid to his mother on Monday morning, "O mother what a precious and good Chriſt have we!" She aſked, "Do you find him ſo to *your* ſoul?" He

ſaid, " I do, I do ;" and added, " when we arrive at that bleſſed world, we ſhall ſing, *Blest be the dear uniting love, that will not let us part.*" About this time, he addreſſed himſelf to God, and prayed, " God bleſs my dear father and mother, brother and ſiſters, and my ſchool-fellow." On Monday morning I found him ſpeechleſs, but he gave evident tokens of being rational, and of having the Lord's preſence. He endeavoured repeatedly to ſpeak, but was unable to articulate. We then kneeled down, and commended his departing ſpirit to God. This was a night of ſevere conflict reſpecting his body. About an hour before his death his father kneeled down by his bed-ſide, and while he was pleading with the Lord Jeſus, that, " as he himſelf had paſſed through the dark *valley of the shadow of death* for ſinners, he would ſupport and refreſh his dying child ;" it appeared as though the Lord gave the bleſſing deſired, for he then ſtretched out his hand, and put it to his father's hand, and at the ſame time there was alſo a moſt pleaſing ſmile upon his countenance. About nine o'clock on Tueſday morning, he was called to unite with *the spirits of the just made perfect* before the throne, and to ſing the praiſes of redeeming grace to eternity. May a goodly number of the riſing generation be made acquainted with the ſame grace ; love the Lord Jeſus ; and know, that *to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*

J. M.

The Death-bed Experience of Mr. Thomas Sibley, who died May 23, 1794, aged 25.

ON the Sabbath, in which he was firſt confined to his bed with a rheumatic fever, he diſcovered great reſignation, and obſerved to ſeveral about him, how much better it was to be deprived of the uſe of his limbs, and confined to a ſick-bed, than profaning the Sabbath. On the Monday morning, his ſiſter viſiting him, he obſerved, how wrong it was to put off the great concerns of the ſoul to a ſick or dying bed: " My wicked heart," ſaid he, " won't let me think of any thing profitable now, I can fix attention on nothing long together ; I can ſay but little to the Lord ; I hope you pray for me, he will hear you on my behalf ;" and added, " that when he was in health, Jeſus had been precious to him ; that he had loved the ordinances, houſe, and people

of God, and hoped the Lord would not give him up now, nor ſuffer the enemy to have an advantage over him." Coming in at another time, ſhe aſked him how he did; he ſaid, "Pretty comfortable, I have been much refreſhed by a viſit from a friend, he has been talking about home, and indeed I long to be there; I don't know, as I am circumſtanced, that it is my duty to pray for it, but I ſhould rather depart, and be with Chriſt, if it pleaſe him." He frequently with pleaſure repeated theſe two verſes:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flower."

During the week, though in much pain, he diſcovered great reſignation, and from expreſſions that dropped from him, his mind ſeemed impreſſed, that this illneſs would be unto death: Remarking, that "though the family affliction would be great, yet it would be a profitable one, and was ſent for the good of many." Early on the Sabbath before he died, he deſired his ſiſters might be called up; he told them, it being Sabbath-day morning he thought it right they ſhould riſe, that they might glorify God together, begged the curtains might be put aſide, and with his eyes fixed toward heaven, he ſaid, "Oh, to have a good hope through grace of going to that brighter world above!" While the curtain continued aſide, he ſaid, "Oh Death, I will be thy plague; oh Grave, I will be thy deſtruction—the things that are not ſeen are eternal." After lying ſtill ſome time, he ſaid, "My dear ſiſters, it is the laſt Sabbath we ſhall ever ſpend together; and you may probably never be called up on ſuch an occaſion again.

"Sweet is the day of ſacred reſt,
No mortal care ſhall ſeize my breaſt."

A ſhort time after he informed them, with much compoſure, "he did not envy any creature on earth, it had been the happieſt week and happieſt affliction he had ever experienced." Till the Monday night he was in a conſtant delirium; during an interval in that night, he addreſſed himſelf to a perſon who ſat up, on the importance of religion,

and preſſed home the neceſſity of it at all times, but particularly when ſituated as he was ; and added, that he found Chriſt precious to him. To one of his ſiſters who ſat by, he ſaid, " My dear ſiſter, I hope you find Chriſt precious to you." She replied, " Yes, and I hope you find him ſo." He anſwered, " Yes, he is precious ; ſay ſomething to me about precious Jeſus, I want to know more of him." On which theſe lines were repeated :

" Jeſus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis muſic to my ear;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my ſoul,
My tranſport and my truſt ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is ſordid duſt."

" Yes," he replied," it is ſordid duſt indeed ; I hope I can ſay I have never been led away by it ; it has no charms for me." He continued ſome time talking about the preciouſneſs of Jeſus. On Wedneſday morning, after a reſtleſs night, he deſired the perſon who was with him to get the Bible and read ; ſhe read the 23d pſalm. He then engaged in a moſt fervent prayer for a few minutes, particularly for all the family, that they might be ſupported to attend him through his illneſs, and that it might be ſanctified. During the interval of ſenſe he ſeemed in a heavenly frame, and was indeed triumphant. On Thurſday morning he ſaid to a friend " Oh ! how I love the Lord, he hath ſhowed me his kindneſs, and my lips ſhall praiſe him. Fear not them who can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do, but, I will warn you whom you ſhall fear : Fear Him, who, after he hath killed, hath power to caſt into hell ; I ſay, Fear him." A change ſoon after being ſuppoſed for death, he ſaid, " I am going, I am going." When he revived, he was aſked how he felt himſelf ; he replied, " Aſk me no queſtions the Lord is with me : " He afterwards perceived his ſiſter weeping, and ſaid, " Weep not for me, there is no cauſe for weeping." At another time, when he ſaw his mother weep, he deſired ſhe would not weep ; For within a few more ſhort hours," ſaid he, "I ſhall go home. I have had this morning a taſte of heavenly joys on earthly ground." He then repeated theſe lines :

" Come life, come death, I'll bleſs thee ſtill,
For Chriſt on me hath ſmil'd ;
And I ſhall ſing on Zion's hill,
Altho' I'm but a child."

Soon after, with great compoſure, he took an affectionate leave of all around him. Nearly the whole of the remainder of the day he was delirious ; and was much convulſed during the greateſt part of the night. Being aſked, at a lucid interval, how he was, he replied, " I am overcome with the goodneſs of God." The laſt words he uttered that could be diſtinguiſhed were, " It is the Lord's will, and I will obey." About eight o'clock on Friday morning, he left this mortal ſtate, to be for ever with the Lord.

*Memoirs of Mrs. K———.**

NEXT to perſonal experience, nothing brings with it a more powerful conviction of the reality of religion than a view of the punctuality with which God fulfils his word in his dealings with his people. Here we behold the power of all-ſufficient grace *realized* and *exemplified.* We trace the new creature from its firſt exiſtence, through all its different ſtages: We ſee its faintings and dejections; its labours and ſtruggles; its revivals and ſupports; its preſervation, progreſs, and perſeverance, till, perfected by grace, it obtains a peaceful, perhaps a triumphant departure from earth to heaven. Viewing theſe things, the believer in Jeſus is refreſhed in ſpirit, and looking up to thoſe " who through faith and patience inherit the promiſes," he ſays within himſelf, " Though faint, I will ſtill purſue;" for " through the grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, I ſhall be ſaved even as they."

Happy will the writer of this Memoir account himſelf, ſhould the following ſketch be ſo favoured with a divine bleſſing, as to anſwer theſe deſirable purpoſes.

Mrs. K——— was the daughter of an eminent and uſeful miniſter of the Goſpel, in London, who upwards of for-

* *Though, at the request of our friend, who favoured us with this Memoir, we conceal the name of the amiable person to whom it relates, yet we can assure the Public, that they may safely depend on the authenticity of the narrative.*

ty years ago, in the midſt of his days, died much honoured and deeply lamented. Deprived when very young of both her parents, ſhe was brought up by an excellent grandmother, whoſe ſedulous and affectionate endeavours for her ſpiritual welfare were crowned with eminent ſucceſs.

In her the ancient promiſe made to Abraham was literally fulfilled.* Very early in life the God of her fathers touched her heart by his effectual grace, and formed his image there.

In a letter ſent to the miniſter and church, into whoſe communion ſhe was admitted at nineteen years of age, ſhe thus writes:—

"I deſire to bleſs God I had the advantage of a religious education. The conſtant and valuable inſtructions of my dear and venerable parent had ſo early an influence on me, that it is not in my power to tell *when* it was that God *began* to work upon my ſoul.—This has made me queſtion ſometimes, whether I have ever been effectually called or not †.

"I hope and truſt, however, from a cloſe examination of myſelf, I am one of that happy number which God elected to everlaſting life; for, (adored be his grace!) ever ſince I can

* *Gen. xviii.* 19.

† *Such were her fears; and the cause of them is no uncommon source of perplexity and suspense to many serious people in similar circumstances. Not being able to ascertain distinctly the particular time, instrument, means and manner of their conversion; and having never felt the terrors of the Almighty, nor those transporting joys which others have experienced; they are apt no doubt the sincerity of their religion. But surely this is unreasonable and unscriptural. Is it likely that young persons, who have been restrained from grosser vices, and early instructed in the way of salvation, should, when awakened, be so liable to feel the terrors of the law, as those who see only their misery, but know nothing of the Gospel? The first when wounded, have the remedy in sight; the latter know not whether there be any remedy at all. No wonder, therefore, that these should feel keener pangs under a sense of sin, and sweeter sensations of joy in the discovery and application of forgiving love.——Reader, inquire whether you know the plague of your own heart, and the detestable evil of sin; whether you have truly applied by faith to an Almighty Redeemer for pardon and grace; and whether you have the sterling essential marks of a new creature about you. The things above mentioned are only circumstantials, which may be different in different subjects, and vary according to their education, knowledge, and tempers.*

remember any thing of myſelf, I have been enabled to conſider this world as nothing when compared to the treaſures laid up in JESUS CHRIST. Nothing ſhort of an intereſt in the grace, love, and fellowſhip of God the Father, and his eternal Son and Spirit, can yield me any ſolid ſatisfaction. In his preſence is fulneſs of joy, and at his right hand are pleaſures for evermore. If I know any thing of my own heart, *sin* is my greateſt burden. It is my earneſt deſire to experience more and more of the work of ſanctification, wrought in my heart that ſo I might die unto ſin, and live unto righteouſneſs. I want to have my affections more taken off from *this world*, and all its tranſient enjoyments, and to centre in ſublime and more ſolid pleaſures; thoſe pleaſures which the world knows nothing of, and which it can neither give nor take away.

"If I am the Lord's, I have been drawn by the cords of his love; for as to thoſe great agitations of mind, thoſe ſorrows of conſcience which many experience, I am a ſtranger to them. I truſt I have been brought to ſee my deplorable condition by *nature* and *practice*, and from a *ſight* and ſenſe of my ſin and miſery, have been led to *throw myſelf* at the foot of *offended juſtice*, earneſtly begging that I might ſee more and more of the evil of ſin, and, at the ſame time, be led to that glorious remedy, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. I dare not approach the *divine Majeſty* but in and through a crucified Jeſus, as an all-ſufficient Saviour. I ground all my hopes of ſalvation upon him. I accept of him upon Goſpel terms: Diſclaiming all righteouſneſs of my own, I rely wholly on his merits for acceptance with God the Father. I receive HIM as my *Prophet*, *Prieſt*, *and King*, and yield myſelf entirely to his conduct and government, reſolving in *his ſtrength* to *renounce the world and all its allurements*, and laying down my weapons of rebellion, I ſwear allegiance henceforth to him as my righteous Sovereign. I take the Holy Ghoſt for my guide, my ſanctifier, and comforter. I would not wilfully reject the influences of this bleſſed Spirit, but would embrace his gracious motions. The *Chriſtian life*, I know, is compared to a *warfare*, and to a race that muſt be run; many and great are the difficulties, I am ſenſible I muſt expect to meet with; but, through the ſtrength of my victorious Redeemer, I hope to ſurmount them all; and oh, that I may be enabled ſo to run as at laſt to win the prize!"

Thus did this young volunteer publickly declare her attachment to the Redeemer, at an age when moſt are thoughtleſs about religion, and devoting themſelves to the pleaſures of the world.

It might be truly ſaid, that *from a child ſhe knew the holy ſcriptures*; and that her views of ſalvation by grace were

clear and consistent. She was very sedulous in *inculcating on others the faith* she found so precious to herself. She was often dropping a word of instruction in her *family*; and few of her children but profitted by her discourse. Though she was far from being forward or loquacious, she would take the liberty of encouraging *young ministers* to stand up for their master and not to *shun to declare the whole counsel of God.* Her converse with some of her aged acquaintance, who had not altogether clear and comfortable views of Gospel truths, was honoured with a divine blessing, and made the means of their establishment and peace. Being herself a pattern of genuine piety, she deeply lamented thet many professors who were zealous for the distinguishing doctrines, were too relax as to the duties of religion. Her *conscience* was remarkably tender. She looked to the *motives* of her actions, regardless of the censures or flatteries of her fellow-creatures. This afforded her inward support and consolation when she feared any part of her conduct might be mistaken or misrepresented. She used often to repeat these words: "*Them that honour me, I will honour, and they that despise me, shall be lightly esteemed.* *"

What she was in *retirement*, or the devotion of the closet, was known only to Him "who seeth in secret." But it was impossible to hide from her husband and family, the spirituality and serenity, the patience and the fortitude, wherewith the Lord is pleased signally and *openly to reward* those who keep near to him.

Afflicted occasionally from her youth with painful and wearisome complaints, her heart was blunted to all that is gay and great in this world, and strongly attracted to *a better country, that is, an heavenly.* Two of Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems, which she frequently repeated with great emotion, express her views and feelings. The one is entitled, *Happy Frailty*; the other, *A View of Heaven in Sickness.*

But, notwithstanding she was weaned from life, and warned of death, at an early period, it pleased God to preserve her for many years a blessing and ornament to society. She was married to one who was thankful to God for such a companion and friend. She lived to be the parent of eight children, of which several departed before her. Neat and plain, without the affectation of singularity, or the extravagance of gaudy pride, she was always *arrayed in modest apparel, as became a woman professing godliness.* It might truly be *said of* her, that she looked *well to the ways of her household,*

* 1 *Sam. ii.* 30.

and ate not the bread of idleness. Anxious and careful in the early years of wedding life, when her increasing family awakened all her feelings, she would not permit any thing within her province to pass without her inspection; and sometimes perhaps her solicitude would verge towards the extreme. But never did it betray her, as is too frequently the case, into a distrust of God's providence, nor into a mean and niggardly conduct.

Nervous disorders are attended with such distressing feelings, as tempt the most amiable and the most pious sometimes to speak unadvisedly with their lips; but whenever she uttered any thing that had the appearance of impatience, immediately her heart was grieved. All that lived with her can testify that, in general, she opened her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue was the law of kindness. The welfare of her children was one of her principle concerns. In infancy she was their *nurse.* As their minds expanded, she became their *tutoress*, stored their memory with useful lessons from the Catechism, Bible, or Hymn-book, and endeavoured to imprint on their hearts some sentiment of virtue and prudence, illustrated, frequently, by entertaining and striking anecdotes. Imitating her honoured grandmother, she was always dropping something pleasing and profitable, while *sitting with them in the house, or walking with them by the way, or when they were lying down, or rising up.* This they know is literally true. O that her councils, her maxims, and cautions, may be engraved in their memories, and copied by them as occasions may arise, in future life!

Her natural disposition, being tender and humane, and regulated by the obligations of religion, prompted her to be kind to her servants. She could not bear to see her poor fellow creatures, who worked hard for their bread, treated like slaves. She contrived for their ease and comfort, and was greatly concerned for their bodily health; but she was principally solicitous for the promotion of their immortal interests.

Beyond the circle of her own family and particular friends she was but little known; but where known, she was highly esteemed. As her husband presided over a small seminary of learning, the children of others were committed to her *domestic care.* The kindness with which she superintended this little charge, so endeared her to them all, that they will revere her memory as long as they are capable of recollection.

Fond as she was of retired and domestic life, she was far from being austere or unsociable. She loved her friends,

and enjoyed as much as any one the pleaſure of ſocial converſe; but ſhe utterly diſliked and diſcouraged ſcandal and backbiting, frivoloufneſs and levity. She had a happy degree of *cheerfulneſs*, and, in times of affliction, a lively truſt in the good providence of God. Of what the Lord gave to her, ſhe thought it an indiſpenſible duty to devote a portion to the relief of others. She was eminently the friend of the poor, and thoſe who had no helper. To them her houſe and her heart were open. She was their counſellor to adviſe them, and their advocate to plead their cauſe.

Such was the tenderneſs of her ſpirit, that ſhe could not, without evident emotion, hear of the calamity even of a ſtranger: Yet when her huſband and children were dangerouſly ill, it was aſtoniſhing to ſee how firmly her mind was ſupported; with what calmneſs ſhe attended to every domeſtic concern, and how ſweetly ſhe encouraged them with thoſe good words which make the heart glad. At one ſeaſon in particular, when, to human appearance, her partner was laid on his dying bed, though ſhe was a moſt affectionate wife, and likely to be left a widow with four young children, ſhe ſtill maintained, in the midſt of her affliction, her compoſure and confidence in God.

When the aſpect of either public or private affairs was diſcouraging, and others betrayed an unbelieving anxiety, and drew a dark and diſmal picture of what would be the probable conſequences; ſhe would endeavour to encourage their hearts, and brighten the ſcene; ſo that they, who came into her company dejected, went away comforted. She often uſed on ſuch occaſions pleaſantly to ſay, "Whatever you may do, I will not part with my anchor, hope."

With amazing fortitude and reſolution, ſtrengthened from on high, ſhe moved in an active ſphere, when many would have ſunk under ſimilar complaints, and confined themſelves to their beds. Frequently, when almoſt overcome, would ſhe retire, to conceal thoſe languors to which nature was compelled to ſubmit. She was a ſilent ſufferer, becauſe ſhe knew few would enter into her complaints, and becauſe ſhe would not diſtreſs thoſe, who, whatever might be their commiſeration, could yield her no relief.

We are now approaching the laſt ſcenes and the dying chamber from whence her ſpirit took its flight for Heaven.

For months before, and while ſhe was comparatively well, ſhe was poſſeſſed with a preſentiment, that ſome important change was about to take place in her family. This did not ariſe from a timid ſpirit nor a warm fancy; for ſhe was not of a ſuperſtitious turn; but I have reaſon to think it ſprung from

ſagacious obſervation of the combination of various circumſtances. If her own diſſolution was in her thought, ſhe compaſſionately concealed the painful idea from her huſband and children. Soon after, however, her complaints returning with more than uſual force, their apprehenſions for her ſafety were awakened. About this time her Chriſtian friends perceived in her letters and converſation an eminent degree of ſpirituality and heavenly reſignation.

One Lord's day morning, after a very reſtleſs and painful night, during which the great adverſary had been very buſy, ſhe ſaid to her huſband in a tone he can never forget (her eyes ſwimming in tears), "I thought I had underſtood thoſe gracious words before now—But no: I never entered into the meaning and ſpirit of them, till this night—'*When thou paſſest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they ſhall not overflow thee: When thou walkest through the fire, thou ſhalt not be burnt, neither ſhall the flame kindle upon thee.**'

This precious promiſe was her ſupport to the end. When floods of tears involuntarily iſſued, the effects of her nervous diſeaſe, ſhe would ſay, with a placid tone of voice, "Well! though I paſs through the rivers, they ſhall not overflow me." "He will be with me."

When racked with grievous pains, ſhe longed and prayed for deliverance, and cried, "Come, dear Lord, come!" She checked her eagerneſs, and ſaid, with a lower voice: "But I would not haſten thee one moment ſooner than pleaſeth thee. Thy preſence is all."

One day, adverting to her long and tedious confinement from the houſe of God, ſhe cheerfully ſaid, "I am the Lord priſoner, that is my comfort. He will deliver me one way or the other; if I live, O may I live to him; and if I die I know I ſhall die to him; I *know* I ſhall."

After ſerious contemplation for ſome time, ſhe exclaimed, with a tranſport of admiration, "How good is God! I have nothing to wiſh for, but a thankful heart." "That you *have*," ſaid her daughter, who was near her: O that I had *more* of it," was her reply. When ſhe had on a certain occaſion been thinking and ſpeaking of her family, ſhe obſerved to a friend, "I have tender connexions, and dear children, for whom I have been very anxious—But I can now ſay, I leave them all in the Lord's hands." This was a remarkable inſtance of the power of grace triumphing over the infirmity of nature: Anxiety for dear connexions was a very prominent trait in her character; and this diſpoſition ſo far prevailed, that ſhe could hardly endure the idea of lea-

* *Iſa. xliii. 2.*

ving them to be ſuggeſted, though done in the tendereſt terms. But behold, when the trial came, how the Lord manifeſted his ſtrength in the creature's weakneſs! Should any tender-hearted wife or mother who feels fond attachment, and trembles at the thought of a parting ſtroke, read theſe lines, let her thank God, and take courage.

When ſhe recovered from thoſe oppreſſive languors, which ſeemed to threaten immediate diſſolution, and felt the flutter of reviving ſpirits, ſhe ſeveral times repeated thoſe lines,

" Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life."

One morning, when an alteration took place which announced the approach of death, one of her conſtant attendants, not uſed to ſuch a dying ſcene as her chamber exhibited, and ſuch cheerful language as fell from her lips, was filled with wonder. " Nurſe." ſaid ſhe, " I am ready to die, I am not afraid to die."

She was afterwards totally deprived of the power of motion, except in her hands, and ſo exhauſted was nature, that her ſight was very imperfect. When her dear relatives were hanging over her dying frame, in that very affecting ſituation, and endeavouring to hide from her thoſe burſts of ſorrow which could not eaſily be reſtrained, ſhe looked up to them with inexpreſſible ſweetneſs. The inward peace, reſignation, and joy with which her heavenly Father indulged her, diſlodged the carefulneſs which uſed to ſit on her brow, and ſhed a ſerene luſtre over her countenance like that, probably, which was conſpicuous in the face of Stephen*.

Converſe, the moſt moving and the moſt delightful, alternately awakened their grief, and ſoothed it into peace and thankſgiving. At one of theſe ſeaſons, ſpeaking to her huſband of her extreme bodily weakneſs, ſhe ſaid, I am ſtrong in Him. He is my God.—*My* God! O what condeſcenſion to be *my* God, my *Covenant* God! He has ſaid he will never leave me, nor forſake me; he has told me ſo; I know he will keep his promiſe; I *know* he will.' —Several times ſhe repeated, with rapture, the following lines from Dr. Watts:

" I glory in infirmity,
That Chriſt's own power may reſt on me.
When I am weak, then am I ſtrong;
Grace is my ſhield, and Chriſt my ſong.
I can do all things, or can bear
All ſufferings, if my Lord be there;

* *Acts, vi.* 15.

Sweet pleaſures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head ſuſtains."

For above eight-and-forty hours had ſhe lain without any ſleep, though ſhe had earneſtly longed and waited for it; when, reflecting on the bleſſed ſtate of reſt, and eternal ceſſation of pain in heaven, ſhe ſmilingly ſaid,

"*There* ſhall I find a *ſettled* reſt,
While others go and come;
No more a ſtranger or a gueſt,
But like a child at home."

Her deareſt earthly friend obſerved to her, "You are very weak in body, but what a mercy is it, that God is the ſtrength of your heart."—"Yes," ſhe replied with amazing energy and vigour, her looks expreſſing the ſtrong emotions of her ſoul, "the ſtrength of MY heart, and MY PORTION FOR EVER;" adding, at the ſame time, with emphaſis, "They that truſt in the Lord do not truſt in a *ſhadow*.

For ſome time ſhe was frequently delirious through want of ſleep, and her friends were ready to give up all hope of ever ſeeing her compoſed again. God was graciouſly pleaſed, however, to hear their prayers offered with earneſtneſs and ſubmiſſion; and once again they had the ſatisfaction, for the laſt time, of enjoying clear and delightful converſe with their departing friend, and hearing the precious words which dropped from her dying lips.

When her huſband entered the chamber, her daughter was ſpeaking to her of the Lord being his people's ſhepherd; he took up the ſubject, and ſaid, "The Lord is your ſhepherd." She replied, "He *is* my ſhepherd; *my* ſhepherd."—Her daughter proceeded, "You ſhall not want; he maketh you to lie down in green paſtures; he leadeth you beſide the ſtill waters."—"He does, he does," ſhe calmly replied.

"He reſtoreth your ſoul," ſaid her daughter, wiſhing to adminiſter comfort to her dying mother. "Aye, aye, he does, "he does," rejoined the happy parent.

"Yea, though you walk through the valley of the ſhadow of death," ſaid the daughter: The ſupported, though almoſt exhauſted pilgrim, took up and finiſhed the ſentence with firmneſs, "I will fear no evil."

"He anointeth you with oil," ſaid her child. "My cup runneth over," replied the thankful parent. "He is

the ſpring of all my comforts," and then lowly to herſelf, "he is my Lord, my Lord."

Fearing to exhauſt the little ſtrength which remained, her dear huſband and tender offspring joined with her in worſhip for the laſt time on earth. A few moments were ſpent in adoration, prayer, and praiſe: The dying ſaint heartily united, and added a fervent *Amen!* at the cloſe of every ſentence.

It was late at night. The family took leave till the morning. With the utmoſt tenderneſs, ſhe bad her huſband adieu, and called him by a moſt endearing name; but, as if ſhe were afraid her attention and affection ſhould be drawn away from its ſupreme object by any creature-love, ſhe lifted up her eyes and immediately exclaimed, "My dear Lord!"

Theſe were the laſt words ſhe was able to ſpeak. At length, without a convulſion or a groan, ſhe fell aſleep in Jeſus, aged 44 years.

Grace displayed in the Experience of W. Anderson.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR, Sutton, July 21ſt 1794.

I HAVE ſent you a remarkable diſplay of divine grace, towards perhaps as ignorant and as guilty a creature as you ever knew. Should you think it ſuitable for the Magazine, it is at your ſervice.

I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,
JOHN KIRKPATRICK.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, the ſubject of the preſent memoir, was a native of Ireland. Whether he wandered from his native country altogether in the exerciſe of filial obedience, is not ſo certain; however, it is a pleaſing reflection, that the wanderings of the Lord's choſen ones are never permitted eventually to lead them from God, but are often overruled, like Saul's wanderings to Damaſcus, for the accompliſhment of the gracious purpoſes of Him, "whoſe council ſhall ſtand, and who will do all his pleaſure."—Divine Providence permitting him to be ſeized by a ſtrong conſumptive diſorder, whilſt he was engaged in his lawful occupation, after being laid aſide for ſome few months, and

feeling his complaint increaſing, I was ſent for to him in the beginning of May, and found him in the greateſt diſtreſs, being, in his own apprehenſion, near an eternal world. As his terror ſeemed to ariſe only from a fear of divine wrath, and feeling it a weighty though painful duty, I converſed with him of the evil nature of ſin, inſiſted upon the neceſſity of feeling, and being humbled for it, and that God being infinitely holy, was under the neceſſity of puniſhing impenitent ſinners; and then in the moſt familiar manner opened the nature of the Goſpel, and the freeneſs of divine mercy to him, and all who felt their need of it. After prayer I retired; not knowing what would be the reſult. It was with peculiar pleaſure, upon my return from a journey which I took the next day, I received the grateful information that he ſaw and felt his awful ſtate as a condemned mortal, and that there was pleaſing evidence, that his heart was opened to receive Chriſt Jeſus the Lord. I often viſited him after this, till he fell aſleep in Jeſus, and found my own mind particularly affected with this diſplay of divine grace. He was a wonder to himſelf; he was aſtoniſhed he could never ſee his ſin and danger before; he now expreſſed his abhorrence of his paſt tranſgreſſions, and was greatly ſtruck with the forbearance of God, that he was not cut down when going forward in his diſobedience. Sin appeared altogether odious to him, as committed againſt an infinitely holy and gracious God, and the Lord Jeſus, who in compaſſion had died for ſinners. The Goſpel was now highly deſirable, he ſaw its ſuitableneſs to himſelf, and felt his mind exceedingly engaged by the diſcoveries of divine grace; he oft dwelt upon the pleaſing theme, "The ſting of death is ſin; but, thanks be to God, through Jeſus Chriſt we have a victory." It was his very language, Thanks be unto God for Jeſus Chriſt. He informed me he had been concerned before at times for his ſoul, but no ſooner did temptation offer, than he fell into his old ſins; but he hoped and believed God had now given him ſuch light and comfort, that he was a monument of mercy; he was convinced God only could enlighten his mind, and change his heart; he bleſſed him for giving him ſuch knowledge and ſuch deſires. As he conceived himſelf unworthy of every mercy, he particularly noticed the gentleneſs of his affliction, and how mercifully God brought him down. It was with the greateſt ſubmiſſion and willingneſs he bore his affliction. He obſerved, he might have been in torments of body, or in future miſery; but having obtained mercy, he had all. So far from murmuring, he often admired Providence in afflicting him, in bringing him

down, and cauſing him in any meaſure to be noticed; he once expreſſed himſelf, that he ſhould have been happy to have departed that afternoon, had it been the Lord's will, for he was extremely comfortable through Jeſus Chriſt in proſpect of his diſſolution, but that he was willing to wait the Lord's time, and to bear his hand, for he was a ſinner. With this ſubmiſſive yet lively hope, he continued till June 15th, when he committed his ſoul to God. "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

J. K.

Happy Death of Miss Maria Webb, late of king-Street, Covent-Garden, who died April 8, 1795, in the 18th Year of her age.

THOUGH Miſs Webb was favoured with a religious education, and as to her outward demeanour, was in every reſpect moral and amiable; ſo far from reliſhing the faithful preaching of the word, ſhe, like too many other young perſons, rather ſlighted than received it, until the Lord was pleaſed to lay her upon a bed of ſickneſs, and then ſhe was happily made to hear the voice of God in the ſeaſon of affliction.

At the deſire of her mother, a ſerious friend called upon her on Friday, April 3, and was greatly, but agreeably ſurpriſed (as he had never before obſerved any attention to experimental religion in her,) to find her much affected and melted under a ſenſe of her ſins. On aſking her how ſhe found herſelf, ſhe anſwered, "My ſins have expoſed me to the wrath of God." Wiſhing to be thoroughly ſatisfied as to the reality and depth of her convictions, her friend ſaid, "But you are young in years, and have lived morally and ſoberly; don't you think too ill of yourſelf."—"No," ſhe replied, "the vileſt ſinner has not got a worſe heart; and though I am young in years, I am as great a ſinner, as time and opportunity will permit." On this her friend began to ſpeak of the unſearchable riches of Jeſus, and of the fulneſs and freeneſs of his ſalvation; and it pleaſed the Lord to give it a peculiar bleſſing.

When the phyſician came, and intimated that there was no hope of her life, ſhe ſaid, "I want a phyſician for my ſoul, more than for my body; and Chriſt is my good phyſi-

cian." With much energy ſhe then repeated part of that hymn, "Jeſu, lover of my ſoul;" and ſpent much of the Friday night in prayer, and in hearing, at intervals, particular paſſages of Scripture read to her.

Among other pleaſing evidences of the work of God upon her heart, were her ardent thirſt for the word of life, and her anxious concern for the ſalvation of thoſe around her. To all who came to her dying bed, ſhe ſpake of their need of Jeſus, and of his willingneſs and ability to ſave them if they returned unto him.

On the Saturday before her death, ſhe deſired to ſee a miniſter of the Goſpel, who accordingly came, and whoſe converſation and prayer were made a great refreſhment to her ſoul. In the morning, ſhe was ſeized with a fit, and lay for ſome time after, as if ſhe was really died, but, while a friend was at prayer with her afflicted mother, ſhe revived again, and ſaid, with a ſmile on her countenance, "Did you think I was gone?—No; the Lord, I believe, has ſomething more to do for me before I go hence." She then deſired that her two youngeſt ſiſters might be called, and having given each a token of remembrance, exhorted them with much ſeriouſneſs and affection to attend to inſtruction, and be dutiful to their mother. In the evening ſhe had each of the ſervants of the family to her dying bed, and addreſſed them more like a mother in Iſrael, than a perſon of her years; concluding with theſe expreſſive words: "Think on my ſerious circumſtances, and do not deſpiſe the advice which I have given you, becauſe it comes from ſo young a monitor!" To a friend, who ſat up with her that night, ſhe ſaid, "My pains are inexpreſſible; but let me think on the patience of Job, or rather on what the Lord Jeſus Chriſt endured, when he ſweat great drops of blood for my redemption!"

On the Sunday previous to her death, hearing one ſay that a certain great perſonage was come to this country, ſhe ſaid to her parents, "I do not envy a princeſs, for I ſhall ſoon have a crown of glory, that fadeth not away." At another time, waking out of ſleep, ſhe ſaid, "Mother, I always told you I ſhould learn muſic; I have got a harp prepared, but I ſhall not play upon it till the curtain drops!" meaning, no doubt, not till the ſcene of time was cloſed, and her diſembodied ſpirit was admitted amongſt the heavenly harpers in the immediate preſence of the Lamb. Before her departure, ſhe was enabled to ſay that death had no terrors for her; and, when a friend who came to viſit her, ſaid he wiſhed her not to alarm herſelf with fearful apprehenſions, as he hoped ſhe would yet recover, ſhe anſwered, "Sir, you miſ-

take me; I am not afraid of death, nor do I wiſh to live: I can ſee no fitter time to die than now!" In this humble waiting frame of ſpirit ſhe continued till the afternoon of Wedneſday, April 8; and then reſigned up her ſoul to God, and ſweetly ſlept in Jeſus. Let me live the life and die the death of the righteous, and let my laſt end be like her's!

June 1, 1795. K.

Memoirs of the Rev. Risdon Darracot, Minister of the Gospel at Wellington, in Somerset; who died March 14, 1759, *aged* 42.

THIS very excellent man was the ſon of a Diſſenting Miniſter in the Iſle of Purbeck, in Dorſetſhire, where he was born Feb. 1, 1717. He received an academical education at Northampton, under the care of the pious Dr. Doddridge, and began his miniſterial courſe in 1738, at Penzance, in Cornwall. Here he continued little more than two years, being obliged, by the loſs of large quantities of blood from his ſtomach, to leave an affectionate people. Under this alarming affliction he ſpent about half a year among his friends in Devonſhire, where his own father had lately been a fervent and uſeful preacher, and where he died about the age of forty. Upon the death of the Rev. Mr. Berry, an aged and excellent miniſter of Chriſt at Wellington, in 1741, Mr. Darracot had an unanimous invitation to ſucceed him. He found the congregation ſmall, and the number of communicants but twenty-eight. His miniſtrations drew a large concourſe of hearers from the neighborhood, many of whom had never before made any profeſſion of religion, and were at firſt brought to Wellington out of mere curioſity. His meeting-houſe was ſoon inſufficient to contain the hearers, and was therefore ſomewhat enlarged; but after that, it was uſual for many to be obliged to ſtand without the doors. In proportion to the number of his ſtated hearers, Mr. Fawcet, who preached his funeral ſermon, ſays, "He never knew any congregation which appeared to have ſo many inſtances of abiding religious impreſſions:" and he adds, "I have good reaſon to believe that his miniſtry was owned to the effectual converſion of *many hundreds* of ſouls." In conſequence of this remarkable ſucceſs, he left behind him more than *two hundred* communicants.

Mr. Darracot requeſted, by a letter he wrote on the day he died, that his dear brother Mr. F. would preach his funeral ſermon, but he inſiſted upon it that he ſhould not ſay a word in his praiſe. Under ſuch a reſtriction Mr. F. could not *directly* draw his admirable character; but when he depicts the man of God in the following words, his hearers could not but recognize their deceaſed paſtor:

"If a Goſpel Miniſter has a heart ever glowing with love to Chriſt, and love to immortal ſouls; if this love makes him abundant in labours, fervent in ſpirit, and glad to ſpend and be ſpent for the people committed to his care: If by this love, he is evidently ſuperior to ſelfiſh views, above the influence of filthy lucre, full of anxious concern to convince and convert ſinners, and edify ſaints, ready to every good word and work, and yearning with bowels of compaſſion towards the ignorant, the ſtupid, the profligate, the doubting, the diſtreſſed, the weak and feeble-minded, the poor and mean: If this love not only pours out a continual torrent of faithful, affectionate, heart-ſearching miniſtrations from the pulpit; but opens his houſe at all times as a common refuge for the diſtreſſed; if this love opens his way into the houſes of all his friends and neighbors, in order to bring eternal things home to their immediate attention; if this love leaves him no idle moment, and ſhows him moſt of all in his element when moſt directly promoting the proſperity of the church: In a word, if in conſequence of this love, he *lives*, and beſt of all enjoys himſelf, when his people *ſtand faſt in the Lord*:"—Is there not a beauty and excellence in ſuch a character which forces eſteem, and obliges even the enemies of godlineſs to admire it?*

At length, the time approached, when this excellent man was to cloſe his life and labours; when, through a tedious illneſs of three months, and with intervals of excruciating pain (ariſing from five ſtones found in his left kidney), nothing was heard from his lips but continual expreſſions of praiſe. Expecting his diſſolution, he gave in writing particular orders with reſpect to his funeral: "It is my will and deſire, that I be buried about the fourth or fifth day after my deceaſe, about one of the clock in the morning; that the time be kept ſecret from all, but ſuch as are hereafter mentioned."

* *Was not this the meaning of what a profane gentleman once ſaid to his friend as they met Mr. D. going to his meeting-houſe on a week-day—"There goes a man that ſerves God as if the devil was in him."*

He alſo deſired that the Rev. Mr. V— ſhould be preſent with thoſe perſons, and ſpend half an hour in prayer in his parlour, before they carried away his corpſe. "At the grave," ſays he, "I would have nothing ſaid, but let them commit my body to the duſt, in cheerful hope of a reſurrection to eternal life; and let them all be concerned to give me a joyful meeting at the great day." In the paper before mentioned, he ſays, "Before this will be communicated, I ſhall be gone to my Judge; and I can, and do rejoice, that he is my Saviour. I have *good hope through grace*, and I have once more ſeriouſly tried the foundation of it, and I find it will ſtand in the proſpect of eternity. I am *able*, bleſſed be God, and I would not for all the world be unable, *to give a reaſon of the hope that is in me.* And to my *Scripture Marks**, I refer as the ſolid evidence of my intereſt in Chriſt who in point of all dependance, love, and eſteem, is, and has been for more than twenty years, my all in all."

Some of his dying expreſſions were theſe: "I am going to Jeſus, whom I love, and whom I have ſo often preached:" It was then Lord's-day morning: "Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly." At another time, "O what a mercy is it to have ſuch a rock to build on as the Lord Jeſus Chriſt! I have found him to be a firm rock that will never fail. What a mercy it is to have a covenant God to fly to! A covenant that is ordered in all things and ſure, which is all my ſalvation and all my deſire. I have found him to be a covenant-keeping God." He ſaid to his wife, "My dear, do you ſpeak of the goodneſs of God towards me, for I want a tongue to do it. I do not want a heart to praiſe him, ſure I don't."

At another time, he ſaid, "How good is God! He is all praiſe, all love, all goodneſs!" Then added to thoſe about him, "Hold on to the end. I truſt I have begotten you in Chriſt Jeſus. May the Lord pour down plentifully of his Spirit upon you!" He then ſaid, "What attendants have I got! Jeſus is with me. Angels are my guardians. The bleſſed Spirit is my comforter and ſupporter: And you, my dear Chriſtian friends, waiting on me: And my dear wife. But don't think highly of me; for if you have ſeen a great deal of grace in me, you have alſo ſeen a great deal of corruption." When he was at dinner, he ſaid, "Bleſſed be God for this meal." And to a friend who came in, "I have

* *A ſmall cheap tract of his, which has paſſed through ſeveral editions in England and Scotland.*

often ſat with you at the table of the Lord here, but I am now going to ſit around his board above. Thoſe were days in which I took great delight."

The Monday before he died, he awoke very calm, and deſired to know what the apothecary thought of him; and when he gave but little hopes, Mr. Darracot replied, "All is well. Bleſſed be God, *I know whom I have believed*, and can rely on the promiſes. They are all mine, eſpecially that, *I will never leave thee nor forſake thee*, and I am ſure he will not."

The night before he died, he ſaid, "O what a good God have I, in and through Jeſus Chriſt! I would praiſe him, but my lips cannot. Eternity will be too ſhort to ſpeak his praiſes." He then deſired that his tongue might be looſened, to ſpeak the praiſes of God; and the Lord heard him. He was in a delightful frame, full of heavenly joy. The apothecary coming in, he ſaid to him, "O Mr. K. what a mercy is it, to be intereſted in the atoning blood of Jeſus! you tell me I am dying; how much longer do you think it will be?" It was anſwered, that is was uncertain as to a few hours. "Will it be to-night?" It was anſwered, he might ſurvive the night. Well, ſaid he, "all is well! I am ready. This, Sir is agreeable to the doctrine I have at all times preached, that I now come to the Lord as a vile ſinner, truſting in the merits and precious blood of my dear Redeemer. O grace, grace, free grace!"

One of his Chriſtian friends came to ſee him, to whom he ſaid, "O, I am glad to ſee you. You are ſome of the firſt fruits of my labours. Never fear. *Your labour ſhall not be in vain in the Lord.* O, could I tell you what I now feel! No tongue can tell what I now enjoy! I want to be gone! O, glory, glory, glory!" He then begged to ſee his dear people, to talk to them of Chriſt and his grace. But he was intreated to forbear, that he might not hurt himſelf. "Well, ſaid he you muſt ſew up my lips, or tie my tongue, if I muſt not ſpeak of Chriſt. If you will not let me ſee my dear people, be my trumpeters to tell them what God has done for my ſoul. I told you in my *Scripture Marks*, that my laſt work on earth ſhould be praying for my people; and now would I pour out my whole ſoul in ardent prayer to God for them." He then offered a few petitions, but his ſpirits failed.

The morning he died his wife ſaid to him, "My dear, you are juſt on the borders of glory." He replied, "I could not have thought it, had not the Doctor and Mr. K. told me ſo, the paſſage is ſo eaſy." She again ſaid to him, "How

will you behold the dear Lord Jeſus, when you come to glory?" He anſwered, "I ſhall behold him face to face." He then lay in a ſlumber, while all around thought him dying. About twenty minutes after he awaked, and aſked, "Is Mr. K. come?" Being anſwered that he was, "My dear friend," ſaid he, "did not you tell me laſt night, that I was dying?" "I did," replied Mr. K. "Surely," ſaid he, "it cannot be, it is ſo eaſy. What a mercy is it to be in Chriſt! O precious, precious Jeſus! Now I am hoping and believing, rejoicing and triumphing too." He then called for his wife and children, and took his leave of them with the utmoſt compoſure and ſerenity of mind. Obſerving them weep, he ſaid to his wife, "My deareſt, why do you weep? You ſhould rejoice. Rely on the promiſes. God will never forſake you. All his promiſes are true and ſure. Well, I am going from weeping friends, to congratulating angels, and rejoicing ſaints in glory." He then threw abroad his arms, and ſaid, "He is coming! he is coming! But ſurely this can't be dying, can't be death! O how aſtoniſhingly is the Lord ſoftening my paſſage! Surely God is too good to ſuch a worm! O ſpeed thy chariot wheels! Why are they ſo long in coming? I long to be gone." His laſt words were, "Faith and hope."

MEMOIR of Mr. THOMAS BUDDEN, Junior, of Blandford, Dorset. who died on Monday, December 22, 1794, in the 35th Year of his Age.

[In a Letter from his Brother.]

NUMEROUS engagements prevented me from tranſmitting, as ſoon as I could have wiſhed, the following narrative reſpecting my deceaſed brother. Such as it is, I ſubmit it to your candid inſpection, and hope, if you think proper to lay it before your Readers, it will be a mean of ſtirring up ſome, and encouraging others to hold on in the ways of the Lord.

Though he was naturally of a tender and delicate conſtitution, yet upon the whole he enjoyed a tolerable good ſhare of health, till about eight or nine years previous to his departure; when ſome alarming ſymptoms of a diſorder appeared, which had about a year before proved fatal to one of our dear ſiſters; who, though cut down in the bloom of

youth, died, we truſt, in the Lord, March 6, 1785. By the advice of his phyſicians and friends, he went to the Hot-wells, Briſtol, in hopes of obtaining relief; and after a few weeks continuance there, he returned home, much improved in health and ſpirits. Taking notice of this excurſion in a diary which he always kept, he ſays, "If it be the will of God, may the means that I am uſing be bleſſed to the reſtoration of my health and ſtrength! or, if he has otherwiſe determined, may I be prepared for all events, eſpecially for the great and important change; and be willing to leave the world whenever it ſhall pleaſe God to call me hence! knowing and firmly believing that his time is the beſt." About two years after, his former complaint returned, attended with a cough, night ſweats, and other unfavourable appearances; but he was enabled to bear up under it with amazing fortitude and compoſure of mind; and frequently did he expreſs his entire reſignation to the will of his heavenly Father. Lamenting in his diary his inattention to the providential favour of God towards him, in returning him fromthe Hot-wells, two years before, in health and ſafety, "O how ſoon" ſays he, "does a ſenſe of the mercies of God wear off my mind! How do they

——— lie,
Forgotten in unthankfulneſs,
And without praiſes die!

Perhaps God is again afflicting me in the ſame way, to convince me of my ſin of ingratitude. I deſire to take ſhame to myſelf, and bewail it before God. I would likewiſe reſolve in future, in a humble dependance upon the grace and ſtrength of Chriſt, and the aſſiſtance of his Holy Spirit, (for I find my own reſolutions and ſtrength will not do), to live more to the glory of that God, who has done ſuch great things for me." From this indiſpoſition alſo it pleaſed God to reſtore him and for ſome months he continued in the enjoyment of his uſual health. In May 1790, he was viſited with a ſevere fever which confined him to his room above a fortnight; but, through the goodneſs of God, he was again, in a great meaſure, recovered. Theſe repeated inſtances of divine favour he records with peculiar thankfulneſs:— "Verily God is a God hearing and anſwering prayer. I have experienced him to be ſo, in numberleſs inſtances, through the courſe of one and thirty years. May this encourage me to truſt in him at all times, to pour out my heart before him, and make him my refuge and my portion!"

In the month of June 1791, we received an account of the

death of our only ſurviving ſiſter, which was attended with many very affecting circumſtances. She went to Briſtol for the recovery of her health: On her return home, attended by her dear partner, on account of her extreme weakneſs, ſhe was unable to proceed, and was obliged to be taken out of the carriage to the firſt convenient inn; where, the next morning, ſhe breathed her ſoul, we hope, into the hands of that Jeſus in whom ſhe truſted. The laſt words ſhe was heard to ſpeak, were thoſe with which that truly devout and pious man, the Rev. James Hervey, cloſed the ſcene of life—*precious ſalvation!* This awful Providence affected my brother very much. In recording it, he ſays, "I truſt ſhe had upon earth experienced what a precious ſalvation *begun* means; and that ſhe now experiences what a precious ſalvation is *perfected* in eternal glory." His health being very precarious, he was adviſed, by his relations and friends, to relinquiſh buſineſs entirely; which, after ſolemn and earneſt prayer to God, he determined to do. In removing to another dwelling he thus expreſſed the pious diſpoſitions of his mind: "I deſire to enter on this new habitation with fervent prayer to God. that his preſence may reſt upon us, as it does upon the habitations of the juſt. O may the glory of this ſecond houſe exceed the glory of the firſt! may it be a Bethel, a houſe of God; and a Proſeucha, a houſe of prayer, in which the Lord of Hoſts delights to dwell." The ſtate of his health ſtill continued very fluctuating. He complained much of ſhortneſs of breath, attended at times with a violent pain in his ſtomach. But he was cheerful; and though the outward man decayed from day to day, the inward man appeared to grow ſtronger and ſtronger. He had ſo familiariſed himſelf to the thoughts of death, that he frequently converſed on the awful ſubject with great compoſure and ſerenity. A week or two before Chriſtmas laſt, there was a viſible alteration in his countenance for the worſe, and his cough became exceeding troubleſome. But ſtill he walked about, as uſual, and on the laſt Sabbath but one before he died, filled up his place in the houſe of God, where he delighted to dwell: There it was his earneſt wiſh to have ſpent his laſt Sabbath, had not his cough been ſo painful, that he thought it prudent to refrain. He deſired, however, that no one of his family might abſent himſelf on his account. On this day, while he was confined at home, a friend from the country called to ſee him; upon which he came to the door, and converſed cheerfully and familiarly with him. Neither himſelf nor any of his friends, apprehended his diſſolution was ſo near. But in the evening, it was remarked,

that he exhorted his children, with peculiar earneſtneſs, to attend to the concerns of their ſouls. " My dear children," ſays he, particularly addreſſing himſelf to his two eldeſt boys, " remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy; this is God's day—a day whichhe has peculiarly ſet apart for his own ſervice: Be conſtant in your attendance on the means of grace." Taking up the Bible which lay on the table, " This," ſaid he, " is God's book; this is a precious book; eſteem it above all others: This is able to make you wiſe unto ſalvation." Many other expreſſions, of a ſimilar kind, he uttered with great affection and tenderneſs. At his uſual time he retired. About ſix o' clock the next morning, December 22, his wife finding him reſtleſs, and his breath very quick, aſked him if he found himſelf worſe. He replied, " No;" and added, that, " he ſhould be much better could he diſengage the phlegm from his throat." Again ſhe enquired, if he was in much pain; he replied, " Bleſſed be God, in no pain." Finding a viſible alteration in him, ſhe deſired to know if the children might be introduced. He aſſented. On their approaching his bed-ſide, he extended his arms towards them; and, having placed his hands on the head of each of his two eldeſt boys, with eyes lifted up to heaven he pronounced this emphatic benediction; " The Lord bleſs thee, and keep thee—the Lord make his face to ſhine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee—the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace*!" Theſe were the laſt words he was heard diſtinctly to utter: For when his wife returned from the children, who had left the room, ſhe found him juſt departing; and, in a few moments, his happy ſpirit took its flight to the regions of immortality.

Such was the peaceful end of one who feared the Lord from his youth: And may not the words of the Pſalmiſt be truly applied to him, *Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace* †.

What encouragement and conſolation muſt a devout ſoul receive, on viſiting the dying chambers of thoſe who have thus given themſelves up to the Lord! With great propriety does Dr. Young ſay, in the moſt ſtriking and beautiful manner of expreſſion.

" The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life—quite on the verge of heav'n."

How muſt it animate the Chriſtian to go forward, and per-

* Numb. vi. 24—26. † Pſalm, xxxvii. 37.

ſevere in the good ways of God, when, ſtanding by the bed of a dying ſaint, he beholds him reſigning, with compoſure, his departing ſoul into the hands of Jeſus; ſaying, with the Apoſtle, "I know whom I have believed; and I am perſuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him againſt that day ‡." Though the children of God do not always enjoy ſuch confidence when walking through the valley of the ſhadow of death, yet truly it ſhall be well with the righteous. Grant therefore, O Lord, that I may be a ſincere profeſſor of religion, and a partaker of thy grace; that, when it ſhall be my turn to combat with the king of terrors, I alſo may be victorious!

On the morning of the 28th of December, the firſt Sabbath after his deceaſe, the mortal remains of my dear brother were commited to the ſilent tomb. Two moſt excellent and ſuitable diſcourſes were delivered on the occaſion, by his worthy paſtor, the rev. Mr. Field. The morning diſcourſe was from, Pſalm xii. 1. Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaſeth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men." And that in the afternoon, from Phil. i. 23, "For I am in a ſtrait betwixt two, having a deſire to depart, and to be with Chriſt, which is far better." The church of Chriſt at Blanford, have reaſon to mourn his loſs, being deprived of a truly valuable member. They are witneſſes of his earneſt and affectionate prayers with them and for them; his ſolicitous concern for the revival of religion among them; and the pains he took to promote the cauſe and intereſt of the dear Redeemer in that ſociety to which he belonged. In a letter received from him, dated December 15, but one week before he died, relating ſome matters which had been recently diſcuſſed at a veſtry meeting, he thus expreſſes himſelf, "I hope that all circumſtances reſpecting us, as a church and congregation, will be ordered in infinite mercy, and that there will be no diviſions among us, but that we may be perfectly joined together in the ſame mind, and in the ſame judgment. It is my earneſt prayer, that whatever means be made uſe of for increaſing the congregation,—for adding to the church, and bringing ſouls to Chriſt: that the Goſpel may ſpread far and wide, that the kingdom of Chriſt may be advanced, and that the number of real converts may every where increaſe." In the latter part of this letter, mentioning the indifferent ſtate of his health, he adds, "My health continues very poorly; my breath is ſo very ſhort, that it is with difficulty I can walk up to my chamber. May God, in

‡ 2 Tim. i. 12.

whoſe hand by breath is, fit me for his whole will! We have all ſomething here, to teach us this is not our reſt. May we ſeek that reſt which remains for the people of God!" I quote this to ſhow the conſtant diſpoſition of his mind. Very few letters I received from him, but were interſperſed with ſerious reflections; and, I hope, I have reaſon to bleſs God for the many valuable remarks they contain. I have been favoured with a ſight of a correſpondence he maintained with a Mr. James Simms, of Bridport, Dorſet, who died in the Lord about nine years ago. The letters that paſſed between them are truly valuable: and diſcover that genuine ſpirit of vital Chriſtianity, and real favour for the things of God, which will be more or leſs manifeſt in all thoſe who are truly renewed by divine grace. On the 1ſt of January 1782, he drew up a covenant or written dedication of himſelf to God, which concludes thus, "Being, through the divine goodneſs, entered on the beginning of a new year, on full conſideration and ſerious reflection, I have this day entered into covenant with God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, as my covenant God and Father. May this covenant which I have made on earth, be ratified in heaven!"

The happy death of Thomas Brown, of Knaresborough, who died 12th May, 1794.

THIS poor man became a monument of grace at the cloſe of his days, after a life of ſixty-one years ſpent in the ſervice of ſin and ſatan.

It ſhould ſeem, that ſeveral months before his illneſs, which brought him to the grave, he had felt the pungent accuſations of a guilty conſcience; and probably its clamorous, pointed, and powerful ſuggeſtions may beſt account for a tormenting ſenſation of mind, which he expreſſed by the words of—Having ſatan continually about him. This appeared however, to have a happy effect, as it evidently reſtrained him from ſome of thoſe evil practices, which by long uſe, had become habitual. But it was reſerved for a waſting complaint of body, as a mean in the hands of God, to give him ſomething like a juſt ſenſe of his guilt and danger. Though far from intelligent, having been brought up in ignorance of every thing but juſt to get an honeſt livelihood, he did not want words to make us ſenſible that he found himſelf a wretched condemned ſinner, and that it was out of

his power to make himſelf otherwiſe. With this view of his caſe, his very ſoul was frequently oppreſſed and overwhelmed with ſorrow and fear; and though hardened and inſenſible in the extreme before, having little doubt of the ſafety of his ſtate, like many others, the moſt pleaſing ſigns of ſenſibility and genuine contrition of ſpirit now dropt from his lips, and ran in torrents from his eyes. He ſaw himſelf, to his own apprehenſion, for ever loſt; and begged night and day like a condemned criminal for his life, at the foot-ſtool of divine mercy. The ſtubbornneſs and ſtout heartedneſs of his former days were indeed happily changed through grace, for that poverty of ſpirit and humility, and ſelf-abaſement of ſoul, to which ſo many promiſes are made, and which form ſuch ſatisfactory proof of a gracious work of God. It ſeemed impoſſible to give him relief, by endeavouring to perſuade him that his ſtate was leſs dangerous than he apprehended, or his iniquity leſs aggravating than what he repreſented it to be. His convictions were too ſpiritual and powerful to be overcome by ſuch vain and dangerous reaſoning, and his maladies too obſtinate to yield to ſuch feeble remedies; nothing but the pardoning mercy of God could ſatisfy his conſcience; and from this, his anxiety and concern were not to be diverted. His extreme weakneſs of body, and the load of affliction with which he was burdened, became notwithſtanding now and then ſtrong temptations to impatience and haſtineſs to thoſe about him; but ſuch was his tenderneſs and ſenſibility of conſcience, and his knowledge of the evil of ſin, in what many would deem in ſuch circumſtances unavoidable human frailties, that if he were overtaken in this manner, his grief was proportionably renewed, and the anguiſh and bitterneſs of his ſoul concealed from none. He did, indeed, confeſs his tranſgreſſions and lament his ſin in the moſt unequivocal and humiliating terms. All this time he was a broken-hearted ſinner, and a diligent ſeeker of mercy, which was a period of about a fortnight or three weeks continuance. The knowledge of forgiving mercy was yet behind, of which theſe ſymptoms of contrition and repentance are the uſual and almoſt certain forerunners. A few days, however, before his deceaſe, it pleaſed God to hear his prayer, and to ſatisfy him in a manner he never ſuppoſed poſſible till now, that his caſe was not only not beyond the reach of mercy, but that his ſoul was accepted through the atonement of Chriſt for him, and his iniquity done away. Though much impropriety of language was mixed with his deſcription of this bleſſed change, it required very little penetration to perceive that it was no deluſion, and no impoſition.

His ſimplicity and honeſty were more diſcoverable than he intended they ſhould be, while he told the pleaſant tale of a gracious viſit from the Lord; to one who had felt the ſame ſenſations, by an experience of the ſame grace, it could not fail to approve itſelf as genuine, and to revive ſome of thoſe reflections which had formerly ariſen from a ſimilar ſtate of mind, and had accompanied a ſimilar caſe. His heart was elevated with joy, in the meaſure in which it had been ſunk and depreſſed by the fear of deſerved wrath. The ſenſations of bodily pain were gone with his burden of conſcious guilt, and with the ſtrong and almoſt invincible temptations to deſpair; and the mourning ſinner was loſt in the joyous and happy ſaint. It may ſuffice to ſay, he had found all he wanted in the diſcovery of a gracious, all-ſufficient Saviour; and his joy on the occaſion could not be exceeded by that of a condemned malefactor, at the news of a pardon under the fatal tree. It was alſo, not only abundant, but rational and well founded: It was pure, ſpiritual and full of glory. He knew the beſt comment on thoſe words of the Apoſtle, "*How much more ſhall the blood of Chriſt, who through the eternal ſpirit offered himſelf without ſpot to God, purge your conſciences from dead works,*" and was enabled to preſerve and exemplify the ſweet influence of ſuch conſolatory ſentiments to a caſe like his, to the laſt. Previous to this, whenever he was reminded of his iniquity, his anguiſh of ſoul appeared unutterable; and now, every remark upon the love of Chriſt, in dying for ſinners like himſelf, affected him to the ſame degree, but in another form. He ſeemed at a loſs to make us ſenſible what a view he had of that ſurpriſing grace. When his wife, who was able to ſhare in his joy, by having gone through ſomething of the ſame ſcene, depreſſed her tender feeling for his afflicted body, his inſtant and unpremeditated reply ſhowed how little he thought about it, and how much his mind was otherwiſe engaged. "I have not enough ſuffering from Chriſt," ſays he, "I could bear as much again with pleaſure. He has been with me all the night, and I have prayed to him, and converſed with him as if he ſtood there," pointing to his bedſide. To many pious Chriſtians, this language to ſavour of enthuſiaſm; but what the writer of this article has experienced of the ſame kind, will warrant him to give it another name correſpondent with, if not illuſtrative of the words of the Pſalmiſt,—*The Lord is nigh to them that call upon him in truth.* He often attempted to deſcribe the preciouſneſs of Chriſt, and to ſpeak highly of him; but his language was too imperfect to be copied verbatim; and the ſentiments

and ſenſations of gratitude, love, pleaſure, and peace, were perhaps better expreſſed in his countenance, than by his words. He ſaid more than once, he ſhould ſoon be with Chriſt, and he longed to be gone, that he might love and praiſe him better; that he could give all his family up to the Lord, and leave them in his hands with great ſatisfaction. Being aſked juſt before his removal, how he felt his mind, he replied, Quite happy in Chriſt; and his very appearance teſtified the ſame. With this comfortable frame of mind he fell aſleep, and breathed forth his ſpirit into the hands of his gracious Saviour, without the leaſt viſible ſymptoms of pain or uneaſineſs.

It was particularly pleaſing to hear a man ſo exceedingly illiterate, able to ſay any thing intelligible on a ſubject ſo heavenly and ſublime, as the love of Chriſt ſhed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghoſt; and not leſs ſo, for one that ſeldom ſpoke in his family with temper, to appear teachable, gentle, and meek as a little child. But what cannot the grace of Chriſt effect in the moſt unpromiſing ſubjects? And if theſe be not its effects, and the ſure tokens of a new heart thereby, what probable cauſe can we aſſign for them, or in what way muſt we account for them? Has philoſophy ever been known to change a ſinner into a ſaint; or a proud, peeviſh, ill-natured being into a character the very reverſe? or rather to inſpire amiable tempers and chriſtian graces, without the medium of reading, ſtudy, and erudition? I trow not ſo much: Then has the Goſpel the advantage of this idolized phantom, and the man that knows and feels it, though a way-faring man and a fool, the ſuperiority of a mere moral philoſopher:—

May but this grace my ſoul renew,
Let ſceptics gaze and hate me too;
Their boaſted, vain, and reas'ning ſcheme
Has no ſuch efficacious claim.

A MEMOIR of the Lord's gracious Dealings with ELIZABETH LASKEY, late of Ray-street, Clerkenwell; who departed to a blessed Immortality, on Thursday April 2, 1795, in the Sixty-fourth Year of her Age.

DIVINE Grace produces in the heart the moſt benign and generous principles: It teaches its happy poſſeſſor to weep with them that weep, and to rejoice with them that rejoice. Next to the ſenſible preſence of the Holy Spirit on the ſoul, the believer cannot enjoy a more exalted pleaſure, than in ſeeing ignorant ſinners brought to the knowledge of the truth, and ſuffering ſaints ſupported and comforted in their various tribulations. To ſuch as are experimentally acquainted with the truth of this remark, the following Narrative will not be unacceptable; It contains a brief account of the Lord's goodneſs to one, who, though very poor and needy among men, was divinely enriched from her Saviour's fullneſs, and is now beholding his face without a vail.

ELIZABETH LASKEY, whoſe experience is the ſubject of theſe few pages, was born at Fowey in Cornwall, in the year 1731. She continued in that awful ſtate of enmity and ignorance, in which all are by nature involved, until the month of April 1785; when it pleaſed God, by the grace of his Holy Spirit, to convince her of her need of Jeſus, as a Saviour, in a very remarkable manner. The Lord, who had ſome time before taken her huſband, ſaw fit to lay his afflicting hand upon her only ſon, a child between five and ſix years of age; and the ſickneſs proved unto death. A few days before his deceaſe, the poor boy was particularly deſirous of ſeeing a gracious woman, who had been a kind friend to his mother; but he was told it would be in vain to go for her then, as ſhe was gone to Spa-field chapel (the place of worſhip which ſhe conſtantly attended): On which, looking earneſtly on his mother, he ſaid, "Mother, *have you no God?*" "Yes, my dear!" ſhe replied. "*Then,*" ſaid he, "*why have you never told me of him?* Why don't you go and ſerve him as Mrs. E. does?—*Do, mother, when I am dead, go where she goes, and serve her God!*" On Mrs. E.'s return from chapel, ſhe came and ſpake to the little ſuf-

ferer concerning Jeſus, the ſinner's friend. He liſtened to her with deep attention and apparent joy. In a few days after, he was taken to the boſom of that compaſſionate Saviour, " who gathers the lambs in his arms—and even out of the mouths of babes and ſucklings ordaineth ſtrength."

On the Sunday after the child's departure, Mrs. E. kindly came to condole with the afflicted mother, and ſaid to her, " Now I hope you will fulfil the dying requeſt of your child, and go with your burden of trouble to the houſe of God."—With this requeſt ſhe complied, and went in the evening to Spa-field chapel. The miniſter was led to diſcourſe upon the words of Jeſus to the woman of Samaria,—" Whoſoever drinketh of this water ſhall thirſt again; but whoſoever ſhall drink of the water that I ſhall give him, ſhall never thirſt," &c. The impreſſions which ſhe received from the Lord under the ſermon are only to be conceived of by thoſe who can experimentally ſay, " He told me all that ever I did!—Is not this the Chriſt?" " Then it was," ſaid ſhe, ſpeaking of this event with a grateful heart and weeping eyes, " I firſt ſaw my ſins to be exceeding ſinful, and felt the neceſſity of deliverance from them by the free grace of my Saviour! It appeared to me as if I was ſingled out from the reſt of the congregation; and ſo exactly was the preacher led to deſcribe my caſe, that, until I was aſſured to the contrary, I could not but think that Mrs. E. had been with him, and told him all my paſt conduct and my preſent circumſtances. I ſaw my loſt and undone condition as a ſinner; and, when the miniſter was ſetting forth the free love of Jeſus, in beſtowing his ſalvation, with all its bleſſings, upon the poor and the periſhing, without money or price, my heart ſent up many ſecret cries that I might be permitted to drink of the fountain of life,—that I might thirſt no more after ſinful objects; and, I truſt, before the cloſe of the ſervice, the Lord gave me encouragement to look unto him, poor and vile as I was, for pardon and life. On my return home," added ſhe, " I kiſſed the cold lips of my dear boy's corpſe, and kneeling down, bleſſed that God who put it into his heart to direct me where to go for comfort, when he ſhould be taken from me." Thus was that good word fulfilled in her experience—" In that day ſhall the deaf hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind ſhall ſee out of obſcurity, and out of darkneſs: The meek, alſo, ſhall increaſe their joy in the Lord; and the poor among men ſhall rejoice in the Holy One of Iſrael."

From the above period, ſhe became a cloſe attendant upon the means of grace, and was ſoon after led into the liberty

of the Goſpel, ſo that ſhe could cheerfully adopt the language of David, and ſay, " Come and hear, all ye that love God, and I will declare what he hath done for my ſoul."

Such is the mercy with which our heavenly Father tempers the ſevereſt of his diſpenſations, that, though deprived of her huſband, and the ſon of her tender love, ſhe had yet one earthly comfort left, an only daughter, who was about eighteen years old at the time of her brother's deceaſe. This affectionate child had been to her mother what Ruth was to good old Naomi, the faithful partner of her deep diſtreſs; having, from her twelfth year, laboured hard to ſooth the rugged path which Providence had appointed them to tread. But as yet ſhe knew not the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. On her behalf many prayers and tears were poured out before the throne of mercy: Nor were they long unanſwered; for ſoon after, it pleaſed him, " who hath the key of David, who openeth and no man ſhutteth," to open her heart under the preaching of his word, as he did that of Lydia of old, to attend to the things pertaining to ſalvation. From this time, the poor habitation in which they dwelt became a Bethel; and often were their hearts uniting in thankful praiſes to God, when they had very little, and ſometimes nothing wherewith to refreſh their bodies. Happy ſouls!—They knew the truth of Solomon's words: " Better is a dinner of herbs were love is, than a ſtalled ox and hatred therewith."

" Though meanly clad, and coarſely fed,
And, like their Saviour, poor;
They would not change their Goſpel bread,
For all the worldling's ſtore.

Thus did they go on in the delightful fellowſhip of the Goſpel for about four years; when death had his commiſſion to ſeperate them for a ſeaſon. This beloved daughter, dear by the ties of nature, but ſtill dearer by the indiſſoluble ties of grace, was called to her eternal reſt, in the twenty-ſecond year of her age, having left a bleſſed teſtimony that ſhe had not believed in vain.

The afflicted parent, ſeeing her laſt earthly comfort expire, and being deprived of the ſtaff of her age at a moment when ſhe wanted it moſt, was ſo oppreſſed by the ſuggeſtions of Satan, and the remaining corruptions of her heart, that for about ſix weeks ſhe was reduced to the brink of deſpair. Under theſe circumſtances, ſhe went one evening to the Rev. Mr. Willis's ſociety (of which ſhe was ſome years a member), when it ſo happened that he gave an exhortation on Pſalm cxxxviii. 1, 2, 3. " I will praiſe thee with my

whole heart; before the gods will I ſing praiſe unto thee. I will worſhip towards thy holy temple, and praiſe thy name for thy loving-kindneſs and thy truth; for thou haſt magnified thy word above all thy name: In the day when I cried, thou anſweredſt me, and ſtrengthenedſt me with ſtrength in my ſoul." From that memorable night, ſo divinely was her ſoul ſet at liberty, that doubts and fears were no more ſuffered to prevail: So true is that word, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Let the Chriſtian pilgrim, therefore, expect, whilſt in this vale of tears, to meet with pilgrim's fare. His ſevereſt trials often lead to his brighteſt enjoyments, and his happieſt moments frequently are the forerunners of his ſharpeſt exerciſes. Thus it was with our departed ſiſter. She had been for ſome years afflicted with a bleeding cancer on the ſide of her neck, and ſhortly after the Lord had ſo graciouſly raiſed her from the borders of deſpair, ſhe was confined to her room to go out no more. For, in the month of November 1789, her diſorder ariſing to ſuch an height that a veſſel in her neck burſt, ſhe bled inceſſantly for ſeveral hours, ſo that it was expected ſhe could not long ſurvive. It pleaſed God, however, to revive her in ſome degree; though from that time her right arm withered, and became totally uſeleſs. Sharp as theſe afflictions were, ſhe was not permitted to murmur; on the contrary, ſhe could habitually ſay, through infinite grace,—

"My Father's hand prepares the cup;
And what he wills is beſt."

Yea, ſo ſweetly did ſhe ſpeak of the love of Jeſus, that her converſation was delightful both to miniſters and private Chriſtians who attended her. And ſo kind was the Lord, that he not only gave her large ſupplies of grace for her ſoul, but he ſo inclined the hearts of his people to miniſter to her neceſſities that ſhe was never deſtitute of ſuch relief as the nature of her ſituation required.

To hear her dwell upon the glory and precioufneſs of Jeſus, was truly refreſhing. Even when agonizing with the moſt acute pains of body, ſhe would cry out, in the language of grateful admiration, "Let none deſpair of mercy, ſince I am not denied it! Let no poor ſinner fear to come to Jeſus, ſince he has received one ſo guilty and worthleſs as I am?

"O may I never once forget
What a poor worm I am;
From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
The blood of God's dear Lamb."

"I long to be with my Jeſus!"

"How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Will that bright hour delay?
Fly ſwiftly round, ye wheels of Time,
And bring the welcome day."

Then, as if chiding her impatience, ſhe would ſay,

"Tarry his leiſure then,
Although he ſeems to ſtay;
A moment's intercourſe with him
Thy griefs will overpay.

"Bleſt is the man, O Lord,
That ſtays himſelf on thee;
Who waits for thy ſalvation, Lord,
Shall thy ſalvation ſee."

The paſſages of ſcripture particularly bleſſed to her ſoul, were the 43d and 51ſt of Iſaiah—the 37th of Ezekiel—the 7th of Micah: and eſpecially that precious text, Heb. xiii. 5. "I will never leave thee nor forſake thee!"—a promiſe ſo remarkably fulfilled to her, even as to temporal ſupplies, that though on the 5th of November 1789, when the Lord was pleaſed to lay her on her ſick bed, ſhe had not one penny in the world, yet during her long and painful illneſs ſhe never knew the want of any neceſſary comfort. "This (ſhe thankfully ſaid) is the wonderful mercy of my God; and

"'Tis his daily care, his helpleſs ſheep to feed,
To purify their ſpotted ſouls, and tend and gently lead."

"My Lord knows that I want purifying, and I am ſure that when I am tried I ſhall come forth as gold, for he hath given me that good word of promiſe to reſt upon, "Thou ſhalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a ſhock of corn cometh in, in his ſeaſon." (Job, v. 26.)—"The Lord is my light and my ſalvation, whom ſhall I fear?—the Lord is the ſtrength of my life, of whom then ſhall I be afraid!"—"Yea, my Maker is my huſband, the Lord of hoſts is his name." Then addreſſing thoſe who were around her bed, ſhe ſaid, I love you all, my dear chriſtian friends; but I long to leave you, that I may go to the preſence of Jeſus.

"And when to that bright world I riſe,
And join the anthems in the ſkies;
Above the reſt, this note ſhall ſwell,
My Jeſus hath done all things well."

On another occaſion, when the writer of this memoir came to viſit her, ſhe ſaid with much earneſtneſs, O my dear father, I longed to ſee you once more, to tell you how good my Jeſus is to me. My pains of body are unutterable, but his preſence is ſo continually with me, that I drink of the cup of full aſſurance of my intereſt in his love. I have not a remaining doubt on my mind.—O tell to all around, that the Lord has been, and ſtill is, ſo good to me, an unworthy ſinner, that I can look death in the face with joy. I long for the welcome meſſenger to cloſe my eyes on this world, that I may ſee Jeſus as he is.

Being for ſome time time before her death incapable of taking any thing but liquids, ſhe was almoſt reduced to a ſkeleton. Nor was it without much difficulty that ſhe could utter a ſentence. The placid ſmile, however, which appeared on her countenance, ſufficiently indicated the inward peace of her mind, and the ardent longings of her ſoul for immortality. When enabled to drop a word or two, ſhe would ſay, " I amhappily content"—" PreciousJeſus ! not my will, but thine be done"—" I am ſolidly happy, not a doubt or a cloud left"—" Come, O my Saviour, come away."—In one of my laſt interviews with her ſhe ſaid, " You will ſoon hear of my departure, and *then rejoice*—Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly !"

At length the long-wiſhed-for day arrived. On Thurſday April 2d, 1795, ſhe was called to leave this vale of tears. The approach of death, of which ſhe was perfectly ſenſible, inſtead of alarming her fears, excited more fervent deſires to be with Jeſus. And having, like the dying Patriarch ſolemnly bleſſed thoſe around her, with a gentle ſigh ſhe breathed out her ſoul into the boſom of her God and Saviour. At her own requeſt her remains were interred in Bunhill Fields, where a funeral oration was delivered upon the occaſion to a numerous and affected auditory.

" Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth ; yea, ſaith the Spirit, that they may reſt from their labours, and their works do follow."

April 10*th*, 1795. J. A. K.

MEMOIRS OF MR. SHRUBSOLE.

REV. SIR,

THE Biographical Repoſitory in the Evangelical Magazine preſents ſuch an excellent exhibition of Chriſtian character and conqueſt, as the Great Apoſtle of the Gentiles pointed at when he thus addreſſed the believing Hebrews, "Be ye followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promiſes."

It is with a very mournful pleaſure that, agreeably to the requeſt of many friends, I am about to add to the liſt of venerable names which adorn your Miſcellany, and to the teſtimonies of eminent piety and uſefulneſs which delight your readers, the name, and a few memoirs, of the late Rev. William Shrubſole, of Sheerneſs. He once accounted it an honour to be enrolled among the Patrons of this Magazine, and with pleaſure aſſiſted to ſupport it: It is therefore but juſt, that the work, which has been often indebted to him for his benevolent exertions, ſhould now gratefully record the memorial of his piety and virtue.

MR. SHRUBSOLE was born at Sandwich, on the 7th of April, 1729. His parents were honeſt and induſtrious. When he was about eight years of age they placed him in the Town School, and, after a few years inſtruction, he was taken from thence to work at his father's buſineſs, making malt. In February, 1743, he was apprenticed to Mr. George Cook, a ſhipwright at Sheerneſs; and Divine Providence ſo directed that this important engagement was concluded without the uſual time of trial. Had it been otherwiſe, he has often remarked he ſhould certainly have returned to his parents, as his grief at parting was exceſſive.

Mr. S. was early inclined to reading, eſpecially of voyages, travels, and romances: He was alſo much addicted to playing at cards, and other games of chance. Theſe diſpoſitions he brought with him to Sheerneſs; and, as the means of indulging them were greater than at Sandwich, they were ſought after with keener avidity, and enjoyed with increaſing delight.

His career in vice ſoon became very rapid and alarming; but it was attended with ſuch checks of conſcience, and ſuch reflections on eternity, as frequently made him tremble. When in bed this awful ſubject would ſtrongly impreſs his

mind. At ſuch times he would ſay to himſelf, " What! never any more Sheerneſs!—No more ſhipping!—No more the pleaſures and occupations of life! What, never! never! never!" Thus he reflected, till his ſoul was filled with confuſion and terror; and he would then ſhrink down into his bed, ſeek for ſleep, and earneſtly wiſh for the morning, that he might renew his buſineſs and loſe his dreadful apprehenſions.

He had ſeveral narrow eſcapes from ſudden and violent death. Once he fell from the ſide of a ſhip then on the ſtocks, and was preſerved by a ſcaffold, at ſome diſtance from the ground. At another time, he fell headlong from the ſide of a wharf into a dock, among ſeveral boats and lighters: Had he ſtruck againſt any of them, he muſt have been inſtantly killed; but he fell between them into the water. Theſe, and ſeveral other deliverances of a ſimilar nature, he experienced; but the goodneſs of God made no impreſſion on his mind, nor did the uneaſineſs and terror he felt, when reflecting on eternity, produce any conviction of ſin.

Thus he continued, ſtained with many black ſpots of daring tranſgreſſion, till God, who preſerves before he calls, was pleaſed to ſhew him the vanity and uncertainty of worldly connexions, by removing from Sheerneſs, in the ſummer of 1749, a young woman who was the idol of his affections.

About this time, on a holiday, he caſually took up a folio volume, written by Iſaac Ambroſe; He opened it and began to read that part of it, which treats of "*looking to Jeſus*," as carrying on the work of man's ſalvation in his death. He was much affected at the relation of the ſufferings of Chriſt, and ſenſibly intereſted at the enquiry which the author makes, Who were the perſons that brought the divine Sufferer into ſo much diſtreſs? "I was convinced," he ſaid, "that I was deeply concerned in that horrid tranſaction; and from this time I date, the Lord firſt penetrated my dark mind, with the dawn of heavenly light and ſalvation."

After this, he was frequently in tears under a ſenſe of Jeſus' love, and began earneſtly to pray for the pardon of his ſins. The firſt text of Scripture that was impreſſed on his mind was, "For unto us a child is born," &c. Theſe words afforded him heavenly peace; his fears were all calmed, and his ſoul filled with animating hope. He immediately relinquiſhed his ſinful companions, and carnal pleaſures became inſipid. He now ſpent his time in reading, meditation and prayer. So conſcientious was he in the latter exerciſe, that if he happened to ſleep too long in the morning, and was therefore obliged to go to the public of-

fice without performing his accuſtomed worſhip, he would afterwards either return to his chamber, or ſhut himſelf among ſhavings and chips, to bow his knee to God, and to beg his bleſſing for the day.

Though his affections were ſo tender, and his piety ſo warm, yet his judgment was very weak and erroneous concerning ſome of the doctrines of the Goſpel. In a diſpute which he held with one of his friends, he endeavored to reconcile the ſeeming difference between St. Paul and St. James, by ſtrenuouſly aſſerting, "That we were juſtified by faith, and ſanctified by works:" But the reading of Luther on the Galatians deeply humbled him for his ignorance, and led him to pray earneſtly to God for *His* profitable teaching. He ſoon aſſociated with a few pious perſons, who uſed to meet on a Sunday afternoon to read and pray; and immediately began to taſte thoſe ſacred pleaſures which he afterwards more fully enjoyed in religious ſociety. Beſides this, a foundation was here laid for that eminent and extenſive uſefulneſs, which, in his miniſterial capacity, he afterwards ſo remarkably attainded to.

In theſe days, the Scriptures were very precious to him. He viewed them as fields of delight, and valued them as mines of treaſure. His meditations were frequent and ſweet, and he began to write down his thoughts on different paſſages. In this practice he found great enlargement of heart, and warm affection to Chriſt and heavenly things. He alſo began to keep a diary, that he might particularly remark God's gracious dealings with him, which he continued from July 1750 to March 1752. From this journal it appears, that in his converſation the Lord was pleaſed to open his heart, as he did Lydia's and firſt to bleſs him with many gracious manifeſtations of his love, before he ſhewed him the deſperate wickedneſs of his heart and the awful depravity of his nature. Theſe, however, were afterwards ſhewn him in ſuch a convincing manner, that he almoſt fainted at the ſight and deſpaired of deliverance: Yet he was enabled to believe that God had certainly began a good work in him; and to conclude that he would carry it on and finiſh it, in his own time, and for his own glory.

In the year 1752, he was much importuned by the ſmall Society, before ſpoken of, to pray among them; and ſoon afterwards was appointed to read a ſermon, in public, on Sunday mornings and evenings, in a large room, which was appropriated to the worſhip of God. This, his humble entrance on public work, was attended with great inward conflict, ariſing principally from his natural timidity, which

was ſo great, that he uſed to think he ſhould never ſo ſurmount it as to be able to perform any public exerciſe with freedom and propriety. Fearing that this weakneſs would greatly diſconcert him, if not quite prevent his proceeding, he determined to begin with a form of prayer; which he actually made and uſed, from the prayers of the Eſtabliſhed Church and other books of devotion. But after ſome time, his trembling fits abating, he began to depend leſs on his forms; and at laſt quite threw them aſide.

The places in which divine worſhip had been carried on, having been found incommodious in their capacity, and precarious in their tenure, the Society determined to build a meeting; and in 1763 a houſe for God was erected and opened, which would conveniently hold three hundred perſons. In this place, when no ſupply of Miniſters could be obtained, Mr. S. continued to read and pray till 1766; and, though frequently importuned, it is probable he would not have proceeded any farther in the Miniſterial work, but for the preſumptuous and violent oppoſition which himſelf and the Society met with from a preacher in Mr. Weſley's connexion; who, even from the pulpit, preferred charges againſt them, of a nature exceedingly injurious to their credit as men, and their characters as Chriſtians.

Mr. S. ſeems to have been rouſed by this treatment to aſſert the purity of his principles and the rectitude of his practice, in a more public and deciſive way than he had ever before done: Yet, he entered on his Miniſterial courſe with that modeſty and humility which diſtinguiſhed all his conduct. His firſt eſſay was to explain to the Society, St. Paul's Epiſtle to the Galatians; and this exerciſe met with ſo much encouragement, that they were not contented to hear him in private, but earneſtly beſought him to expound publickly on Sunday mornings: This requeſt, however, greatly embarraſſed him, as he feared that the preſence of a large congregation would quite confound him; and that by ſo public a procedure he ſhould for ever forfeit the promotion which he expected in the dock-yard.

While theſe things agitated his mind, Providence was pleaſed to give him a ſpecimen of its regard for his temporal intereſt: He obtained the promotion which he ſought for, ſo that his fears of this nature were removed; but his timidity made him reſiſt the moſt importunate deſires of the Society for ſome time. At length he conſented to preach on the Lord's day mornings, but begged that he might read a ſermon in the evenings, as the congregation was by much the largeſt at thoſe ſeaſons. Thus diffidently and gradually

he proceeded, till, being encouraged by increaſing approbation, and animated by evident ſucceſs, he ſpake both mornings and evenings, and read the ſermons of others no longer.

He proceeded in a public courſe of preaching the Goſpel with great freedom, and very ſoon received invitations to viſit Chatham, Graveſend, and other places in Kent. Thus his ſphere of action was greatly enlarged, and the Lord gave many teſtimonies that his endeavours to be uſeful in his cauſe were acceptable and ſucceſsful. Yet he was often diſheartened with apprehenſions that he was ſet too forward in the miniſterial office, and was not called of God to preach his Goſpel. Theſe reflections much oppreſſed his mind one Sabbath evening, after having preached at Graveſend, and as he was walking from thence to Chatham. While he was on the road, he was overtaken by a perſon, who accoſted him with much reſpect, and who ſeemed greatly pleaſed at having an opportunity of converſing with him. Mr. S. made a return of civility to the gentleman, adding that he did not know him. "But, ſir," ſaid the ſtranger, "I know you well. You were made the means, under God, of my ſoul's obtaining a great bleſſing when you laſt preached at Chatham." This declaration, coming ſo opportunely, was of great ſervice to ſilence his cavils, and make the remainder of his walk quite comfortable.

As his reading became more general, he was much infeſted with deiſtical thoughts; and though he had preached the word of God for ſome years, he was often terribly aſſaulted with doubts of the truth of the Chriſtian religion. This conflict occaſioned him to feel the keeneſt agonies of ſoul; and he has well deſcribed what he felt at theſe ſeaſons in his Chriſtian Memoirs, where Probus is confined in the Caſtle of Scepticiſm. To remedy this evil he had recourſe to the beſt authors, and well conſidered the arguments that were uſed on both ſides of the queſtion: This ſoon convinced his judgment of the weakneſs of the free-thinking cauſe, but his faith was not ſufficiently ſtrong to improve the conviction for the peace of his mind. Then, with many tears, he uſed to cry, "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief!" And it pleaſed God ſo to ſhine on his underſtanding, and to influence his ſoul, that his faith grew ſtrong and ſolid; and, except in the inſtance now about to be mentioned, theſe ſceptical notions gave him no more uneaſineſs.

In September 1769, Mr. S. was ſeized with a fever of the moſt ſevere and afflictive kind. In the early part of

his illneſs his ſoul was overclouded with great darkneſs, and the fear of death brought him into grievous bondage. This ſtate was ſucceeded by a delirium of three days continuance, in which his mind was alternately amuſed with the ſcenes of pleaſure, or convulſed with the agonies of deſpair. He ſeemed engaged in a ſeries of very remarkable events; and he related all that he experienced with wonderful connexion, and with the moſt accute feeling. About noon, on the third day of his delirium, he lay in ſtrong convulſions; and was expected by the Phyſicians and his friends to be very near death. All about him were bathed in tears; and his own ſoul was enduring the moſt horrible conflicts with the powers of darkneſs. The univerſe ſeemed on the point of deſtruction, and all the ſouls in it appeared ſinking into the abhorred gulph of annihilation. God was repreſented to him as an arbitrary, inflexible Sovereign, who was determined to wipe all exiſtence quite away, and to reign alone, in eternal ſolitude, infinitely happy in his own perfections. Theſe, with many other ſcenes equally dreadful, he endured, till his ſoul ſeemed incapable of ſuffering any more; and then it pleaſed God to make known his power and grace, and to reſcue his diſtreſſed ſervant from the jaws of deſtruction. About four o'clock on the ſame afternoon, as his friends were ſurrounding his bed, and expecting his immediate diſſolution, he came ſuddenly to his perfect ſenſes, ſeeming to awake out of an horrible dream. He looked anxiouſly on his family and friends; eagerly enquired if the place was not deſtroyed; and appeared quite amazed, though wonderfully rejoiced, to find that every thing remained in its uſual order. All preſent welcomed his return to reaſon and life with tears of joy: From that moment he began to recover, and was ſoon reſtored to his former health.

To relieve Mr. S. in the exerciſe of miniſterial duty, a perſon had for ſome time been appointed by the Society to preach occaſionally. This circumſtance, in the year 1772, was the means of creating a contention, which much diſturbed the peace of the Church, and nearly determined Mr. S. to withdraw himſelf from the work of the Miniſtry. While he was under much diſtreſs of mind on account of the conduct of his colleague and the Society, he was invited to ſup with a friend; who, on taking down a bowl, threw out of it a piece of paper, very dirty, and much ſtained with ſmoke, which had a little before been found blowing about the ſtreet, and the contents of which had not been obſerved. Mr. S. took it up; he began to read

it, and was ſoon aſtoniſhed. It was as if an angel from heaven had brought him a meſſage from his divine Maſter to admoniſh him how to behave in the matter that troubled him. The writing was an extract from Thomas a Kempis's Imitation of Jeſus Chriſt, as follows: "That they who judge ſhall be judged. That they ſhall have judgment without mercy who ſhew no mercy; and the ſame meaſure they mete to others, he will meaſure to them again. Keep God always in thy mind, and let go quarrel and contention; nor embroil thyſelf in trouble and differences, by being over ſolicitous in thy own defence. If thou at preſent ſeem to be oppreſſed with diſgrace and ill reports, which thou haſt not deſerved, bear thy burden contentedly. Blemiſh not thy innocency by too deep reſentment, nor take off the brightneſs of thy crown by anger and impatience, and eagerneſs to right thyſelf. Reflect on ME, who once endured ſuch contradiction of obſtinate and implacable ſinners, and am now ſet down at the right hand of the throne of God. Look up to heaven, and remember there is one who can make thy innocence as clear as the light, and thy righteouſneſs ſhine as the noon day; one, who will conſider not only thy infamy and wrong, but thy manner of bearing it; and the more meek, and more injured thou haſt been, the kinder and more bountiful rewarder thou ſhalt be ſure to find in me." Mr. S. was much affected with theſe ſentiments. He took the paper home, and determined to humble himſelf to the duſt, rather than witneſs the diviſion of the Society. He alſo made ſuch propoſals to them for an accommodation as were accepted; and they were again united in the bonds of unity and affection.

Soon after this Mr. S. was very earneſtly ſolicited by a dear and reverend friend to quit the dock-yard, and devote himſelf wholly to the miniſtry; and this ſolicitation was enforced by a promiſe from a Right Honourable perſonage that, on his conſent, ordination in the Eſtabliſhed Church ſhould be immediately procured him. After conſulting his friends, Mr. S. concluded to decline the offer; but this application was made very ſerviceable to him, as it obviated ſome of the doubts he had entertained concerning his call to the Miniſtry.

In March 1773, he was appointed Maſter Maſtmaker at Woolwich. This event, though favourable to his temporal intereſts, yet gave both himſelf and the Society much uneaſineſs; and their ſeparation occaſioned the moſt lively and affectionate ſorrow. Mr. S. was received by the religious people at Woolwich Chapel with great reſpect; and

was invited by the Counteſs of Huntingdon to preach there, and to ſuperintend its ſpiritual concerns. Here he laboured with much acceptance and ſucceſs till October; when, after narrowly eſcaping being ſent by the Lords of the Admiralty to Portſmouth, he was remanded to Sheerneſs, placed in the particular office which had ever been the objects of his wiſhes, and reſtored to the affection and the prayers of his loving and beloved Society and friends.

But this world is not the Chriſtian's reſt. Mr. S. was much impreſſed and affected with the mercies afforded him, and was not inſenſible to the Apoſtolic admonition, "Be not high-minded, but fear." In a letter written at this time to his moſt intimate friend, he thus expreſſes himſelf: "The providence which I at preſent rejoice in, is ſo ſingularly adapted to my wiſhes, that I am filled with aſtoniſhment, and cannot help exclaiming, What hath God wrought! But, reflecting on the general lot of God's people in this world, I am made to tremble with apprehenſions of having ſome ſevere trial to balance all this temporal good. And indeed if ſomething of that ſort ſhould be laid on me, I have merited it, and may ſay with Job, That which I feared is fallen upon me."

It is worthy to be remarked that only two days after writing this letter he was bitten by a mad dog, which event plunged himſelf, his family, and his friends unto the deepeſt diſtreſs. By the bleſſing of God on the means made uſe of to preſerve his life and health, the much-dreaded effect never followed: Yet a diſmal cloud was caſt over his bright proſpect, and the peace of his mind was very much diſturbed for ſeveral months. The thoughts of dying in ſo terrible a manner, as frequently happens in ſimilar circumſtances, and the diſtreſs which, in ſuch a caſe, would be brought upon his family conſpired to render him at times very miſerable. But, while enduring this heavy affliction, he remarked that the Scriptures were peculiarly comfortable to him, that the precious promiſes contained in them were applied to his heart with a power which he never before felt, and that his old enemy, Infidelity, was not permitted at all to trouble him. The Lord knew that he ſuffered as much as he could well bear, and would not therefore permit any ſceptical notions to be injected into his mind to increaſe his affliction. This grievous viſitation hindered his preaching about five weeks: After that time he returned to his delightful work, and found it peculiarly profitable to himſelf and his people.

But what, under the divine bleſſing, moſt contributed to the eſtabliſhment of his peace, and the reviving his enjoy-

nents, was his compoſing a new Pilgrim's Progreſs, in the manner of John Bunyan. He had thought of ſuch a work ome years before this time; and now, hoping it would divert his mind from dwelling on the gloomy ideas which frequently diſtreſſes him, he began to put his deſign in execution; and in a few months had made a rough draft of his work on ſcraps of paper and the backs of letters. About a year afterwards he tranſcribed theſe detached papers, and ent his performance to ſeveral friends, who expreſſed a warm approbation of it, and earneſtly begged that it might e publiſhed. His worthy friend, the late Mr. Maſon, of Rotherhithe, was particularly urgent with him in this reſpect, and kindly propoſed ſome emendations and corrections, which Mr. S. as cordially received: And yielding, therefore, to ſuch general and friendly approbation and importunity, he publiſhed his work under the title of Chriſtian Memoirs, or a Review of the preſent State of Religion in England, &c.

This work, conſidering it as a review of the preſent ſtate of religion, and that ſuch a deſign naturally led the author to cenſure what he thought amiſs in many profeſſors, was, in general well received: the edition was ſoon ſold off and he was encouraged to publiſh a new, improved, and enlarged edition, by receiving many thanks from perſons of different denominations, and by hearing that his book had been the means of doing much good.

About the year 1783, ſome irregularities and differences broke out in the Society, which gave Mr. S. ſo much trouble and diſguſt, that he wrote to his friends to ſolicit the Admiralty to remove him from *Sheerness*; and going at that time to London, he ſeemed quite indifferent as to his ever returning to Sheerneſs again. His reflections on his feelings and conduct, on this occaſion, breathe ſuch a ſpirit of Chriſtian humility and genuine piety, that they merit inſertion: —"This behaviour (ſays he) was not paſſed over by my Heavenly Maſter; for ſoon after my return home I was confined to my chamber for a week, by a bilious cholic, and was ſeverely rebuked for deſerting my ſtation, and doing God's work ſo negligently. Pſalm lxxviii. 8, 9, came with ſuch power upon me, that I was much diſtreſſed. I was made to know, that after God had furniſhed me with ability for his ſervice, I had baſely and ungratefully ſought to deſert the place in which he had fixed me. I was thoroughly aſhamed of my conduct; with many tears I begged God to forgive me, to employ me again, and to give me his bleſſing: And he graciouſly granted my requeſt."

It ſoon began to appear very evidently for what purpoſe the Lord had continued him at Sheerneſs; and this Scripture, which had often encouraged and ſupported him, began to be verified. "In the morning ſow thy ſeed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knoweſt not which may proſper, this, or that, or whether they may not be both alike ſucceſsful." The Society, though ſmall, were united and happy; and the congregation ſo largely increaſed, that a ſtrong deſire was expreſſed for building a more convenient and capacious place of worſhip.

Mr. S. was at firſt backward in giving encouragement to ſuch a deſign; fearing that what their zeal might intend, their ability would not be ſufficient to execute: But, perceiving that the ſpirit of the people was not checked, but rather increaſed, he was induced to offer ſome propoſals to them, for raiſing a ſum of money to undertake the work. Theſe were immediately acceded to; a ſubſcription was opened, which produced a much larger ſum than was expected; and the ſteward of the principal eſtate on the iſland, unexpectedly, and generouſly, offered Mr. S. the choice of any piece of ground that ſhould ſeem moſt eligible for his purpoſe. Being thus encouraged, the work was entered on, and a chapel, 46 feet by 36 feet 6 inches in the clear, was finiſhed and opened in October 1784.

The bleſſing of God remarkably ſucceeded this undertaking. The congregation was fully equal to the capacity of the chapel; the word of the Lord fell with a mighty power on the people; and the Society was greatly increaſed in number, and enriched with a ſpirit of active piety and warm affection. "This," ſaid the worthy ſubject of theſe memoirs, "ſeems to be the day of the Goſpel call to Sheerneſs! This is the time, to which God's dealings with me have been evidently pointed! I am laden with honours, bleſſed with great life and power in the pulpit, and am very happy in the people."

About this time, Mr. S. was honoured with the notice and friendſhip of the late worthy and excellent John Thornton, Eſq. of Clapham, who ſent books and money for diſtribution among the poor of the Society and congregation at Sheerneſs; and employed him in compoſing ſome ſhort lectures on the moſt remarkable and edifying ſubjects in Scripture hiſtory, for Mr. Thornton's benevolent diſpoſal. Mr. S. thought himſelf highly honoured in being made the channel of Mr. Thornton's beneficence to the poor, and in being employed for the inſtruction of the ignorant. The lectures, as they were finiſhed, were inſerted

in the Theological Miſcellany; and a very edifying and affectionate correſpondence was continued between Mr. Thornton and Mr. Shrubſole, till the death of the former deprived the church and the world of a man, in whom were united the warmeſt piety and the moſt active benevolence.

In the year 1787, Mr. Shrubſole's congregation was ſo much encreaſed, that even the new chapel was rendered incommodious; and propoſitions were made by ſeveral reſpectable perſons for its enlargement. After deliberation and prayer Mr. S. conſented; and the chapel was ſo much lengthened as to make room for two hundred people more. All the additional ſeats were immediately taken, the enlarged place completely filled, and, by the liberality of the Society and congregation, and the exertions of Mr. S. among the friends of the Goſpel in London, the whole debt of £1200 was ſoon greatly reduced, and he had the pleaſure of living to ſee it wholly diſcharged.

From this time till the year 1793 the miniſtry of Mr. S. was much attended and greatly bleſſed; and the church under his care enjoyed remarkable proſperity. But his labors were not wholly confined to Sheerneſs: He went very frequently to preach at Minſter and Queenborough, two neighbouring places; and, at the latter place, was ſo ſucceſsful, that a little before his death he had the honour and pleaſure of opening a neat little chapel, which continues to be well filled with worſhippers. He uſed alſo, in the ſpring of every year, to viſit Faverſham, Milton, Lenham, Sutton, &c. and his preaching in theſe excurſions was made ſo very uſeful, that his remembrance, in all the above places, is cheriſhed with the higheſt reſpect and the warmeſt affection.

In February 1793, it pleaſed God to viſit him with a paralytic affection, which rendered him incapable of preaching for ſome months, and haſtened and encreaſed thoſe infirmities, which a life of ſixty-four years might be expected to bring upon him. He could no longer preach three times on the Lord's-day, as he had always uſed to do; an aſſiſtant was therefore neceſſary, and after ſeveral Miniſters had occaſionally laboured with him, the Rev. Mr. Buck was ordained, as co-paſtor, in the year 1795.

Mr. Shrubſole's friends began now to perceive with concern, that the ſtrength of his body and the power of his mind were gradually impairing. He only preached once on the Sabbath, except on very preſſing occaſions; and though his ſpiritual life and animation were continued to his laſt ſermon yet his memory ſo failed him that he could not bring forth

to the people thoſe rich ſtores of Goſpel proviſion, which reading and reflection, under the divine influence, provided him with, and which he uſed to ſet before them in a moſt remarkable variety and profuſion. But the more his outward man decayed, the more was his inward man renewed and invigorated. For ſeveral months before his death, his converſation and the frame of his ſoul were peculiarly ſpiritual and heavenly. The fear of death was quite taken away; his confidence in Chriſt was greatly ſtrengthened; and his deſire to depart and to be with his Divine Maſter, was cordial, conſtant, and animating.

The former part of the Memoir of Mr. Shrubſole, in the preceeding Magazine, was concluded with a recital of the failure both of his bodily health and mental energy: but it was obſerved, that his inner-man was greatly renewed and invigorated, and that his deſire to depart and to be with his Divine Maſter, was cordial, conſtant, and animating. Theſe obſervations, it is preſumed, will be exemplified in the following extracts of letters which are the laſt written memorials of his life, and which were addreſſed to his Son in London.

On the 28th of December, 1796, he thus wrote: "I find the negotiations for peace are quite ruptured: This gives me great concern, and looks very frowning on the nations. I know not how fatal the event may be, but I am happy to think that I ſhall not long abide in this Meſec, nor continue my habitation in theſe tents of Kedar. How deſirable is the Chriſtian's hope at ſuch a time as this! I often anticipate my future company and enjoyments, with unſpeakable delight. O may I much more anticipate and realize the great and glorious ſcenes before me! I know whom I have believed, and am diſpoſed to ſubmit to his will, whenever he ſhall command me hence. I have nothing to live for, but to ſee Chriſt's kingdom come with power, and that will be beſt ſeen from above."

During the month of January, 1797, his health fluctuated; but, upon the whole, he ſeemed better than he had been for ſome time preceeding; aud his ſon wrote him a preſſing invitation to come and reſide a little while in London. This, unexpectedly, was the laſt letter that he had the honour to addreſs to a beloved father—and the following anſwer to it, is the laſt memorial of parental piety and affection that he had the happineſs to receive:

31ſt Jan. 1797. "I cannot embrace your offer to ſojourn with you at this time of the year. When the Miſſionary

Society meet again, if I live I ſhall ſee London. Then the country will be green and pleaſant and the journey will afford me ſome pleaſure. The deſcriptions of a future ſtate, which include any thing of ſuch ſcenes, are always agreeable to me, and that hymn of Dr. Watts. "There is a land of pure delight," &c. is peculiarly charming. I bleſs God, I am much better of late in my health, and my days paſs comfortably to myſelf, and, I truſt, profitably to my friends. I am not anxious about living, nor afraid of departing. I have animating views of a future ſtate: thither, the greateſt part of my Sheerneſs friends are removed, and are waiting my coming; ſo that, though I ſhall loſe my preſent Bethel Chapel friends, who are moſtly young and ſtrange to me, I ſhall meet my dear old friends with whom I raiſed the walls, and to whom I often miniſtered with a glowing heart and a happy ſoul. Yes, and I ſhall ſee Jeſus, and enjoy the bleſſed ſociety of Heaven; and then there will be no more coldneſs of affection, no more waxing and waning in our regards to each other: An everlaſting joy ſhall crown our heads and gladden our hearts, and ſorrow and ſighing ſhall for ever flee away! Pray, my dear ſon, that I may have an abundant entrance into this kingdom and glory.

"The great father of all, who is the ſource of all our natural affection, muſt be particularly delighted at ſeeing thoſe wheels happily moving, which he hath formed and ſet to work. He will take pleaſure to hear the prayers of children for their parents; therefore I intreat you to remember me, and aſk for me the preſence and bleſſing of God, when "*I tread the verge of Jordod.*"

On Sunday, the 5th of February. Mr. S. preached in the afternoon from theſe words, "The ſecret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will ſhew them his covenant." He appeared to be very lively and happy in his own ſoul, and he communicated much pleaſure to thoſe who heard him. It was not expected that this would be his laſt ſermon, yet, his friends could not help remarking the warmth of his feelings, and the energy of his expreſſions.—In the courſe of the ſermon, he introduced the circumſtance of Jeſu's appearing to Mary, when ſhe was ſeeking him, after his reſurrection; and, when he deſcribed what ſhe experienced when ſhe ſaw and knew the Lord, his ſoul ſeemed quite enraptured. Many of the congregation will, perhaps, never forget the glow of ſacred pleaſures which lightened his countenance, and the expreſſive feelings of the love of Chriſt which animated his ſoul. Throughout the whole of the day, thoſe,

who were near him in the chapel, were affected at the remarkable manner in which he performed the ſeveral parts of divine worſhip. He preached the great truths of the Goſpel with the ſweeteſt appropriation, and the moſt impreſſive energy: He prayed with unuſual ſervor and with deep ſolemnity: He ſung with a ſtrength of voice and animation of ſpirit, that had not been witneſſed for a conſiderable time; and while Mr. Buck was preaching his attention was profound. But this was to be his laſt Sabbath on earth; and it ſeems to have been a powerful prelibation of thoſe ſublime and perfect enjoyments, which, on the next Sabbath, he ſurely partook of in the heavenly world.

On the next morning (Monday) he eat a very hearty breakfaſt, and went out to his office, and entered on the buſineſs of the week with as much health and ſpirits as he had been ſeen to enjoy for ſome time before. But, about eleven o'clock, he felt a ſhivering aguiſh fit, and ſoon after was ſeized with ſo violent a ſickneſs as obliged him to go to bed. Medical advice was immediately ſolicited: The Doctor came, and found him in a deep ſleep, which, it was hoped, would have been favourable to him; but he never awoke to exerciſe his ſenſes any more. In the early part of the evening he grew reſtleſs: Soon after, his whole frame was agitated with convulſions, and theſe ſo rapidly and violently increaſed, that on Tueſday morning, about five o'clock, his ſpirit was releaſed from the burden of the fleſh, to reſt in everlaſting joy and felicity.

That his family were greatly affected with the loſs of ſuch a relative, and that his friends, in their meaſure, felt the ſad bereavement, are truths, which juſtice to the memory of the deceaſed and to the feelings of the ſurvivors, demands to be mentioned. Theſe, however, are circumſtances of ſorrow, which follow on the loſs of every good man: But Mr. Shrubſole's death was lamented by a circle of connexions, much wider than it is the common lot of individuals to affect; and when he fell, every inhabitant of Sheerneſs ſeemed to feel the ſhock, and to deplore the loſs. There was a general, a mighty movement of ſorrow through the whole place which ſtrongly teſtified how extenſively he had been uſeful, and how peculiarly he was beloved.

In the interval of his deceaſe and interment his houſe was every day crowded with perſons of all ages and circumſtances, who came, for the laſt time, to look on that countenance which always uſed to ſmile on them with complacency and benevolence, and which appeared pleaſant even in death. The day of his interment being fixed, the church

and congregation at Bethel Chapel, thoſe at Mr. Weſley's Chapel, with the various branches of artificers in the dock-yard, all expreſſed a determination to attend the funeral; and on the Friday ſucceeding his death, his remains were carried to Minſter (about four miles from Sheerneſs), attended by the greateſt concourſe of people ever ſeen on ſuch an occaſion, and were depoſited in the earth amidſt the moſt profound ſilence of devotion, and the moſt cordial expreſſions of ſorrow.

The Church being deſirous that the Rev. Rowland Hill would improve the awful bereavement which they had experienced, that gentleman very kindly went to Sheerneſs, and on the enſuing Sabbath preached Mr. Shrubſole's funeral ſermon to a crowded and deeply-affected audience. Mr. Weſley's chapel was ſhut up on this occaſion, and both the Miniſter and the congregation attended at Bethel Chapel to pay their laſt token of veneration for the character of the deceaſed, who had been ſeparated from them not in affection, but in ſentiment, and whom they had always found ready to aſſiſt them in their difficulties, and to heal their diſſenſions.

Mr. Shrubſole's ſtature was rather above the middle ſize. He was inclined to be corpulent, but not to ſuch a degree as to impede activity, and his walking was remarkably firm and erect. His countenance was open and engaging: Good-nature was marked in every feature, and his eyes expreſſed much benevolence. Theſe favourable indications of mental qualities were realized in his natural diſpoſition; and his long continued intercourſe with Society, in its ſeveral relations, was a ſeries of unremitting exertion to promote the glory of God, and the happineſs of his fellow-creatures.

It pleaſed the Great Head of the Church and the Governor of the Univerſe to place him in a ſphere of conſiderable exertion, and to make him the inſtrument of great uſefulneſs. At the time of his coming to Sheerneſs there were but few perſons there who ſeemed to feel the power of religion; none among them were endowed with ſufficient abilities to conduct the public worſhip of God; and their worldly circumſtances would not admit of their ſupporting a Goſpel Miniſtry. It was neither to be foreſeen nor expected that the arrival and reſidence of a poor country boy would prove of any importance to encourage and aſſiſt theſe good people; and yet ſo profound are the counſels, and ſo gracious the interpoſitions of Providence, in a little time after his coming among them he was made to feel a vene-

ration for their characters, and a love to the cauſe in which they were engaged; he was led to aſſociate with them; was perſuaded to aſſiſt them in their devotional exerciſes, and was affectionately compelled to preach to them the word of life. From this time the cauſe of religion gradually revived, the number of thoſe who feared the Lord progreſſively increaſed, and Mr. Shrubſole had the honour and happineſs of preaching to a large congregation, and of preſiding over a church of more than one hundred members, moſt of whom were the ſeals of his own miniſtry.

It will be readily allowed that in circumſtances of ſuch important conſideration, Mr. S. had quite enough to engage his mind, and to employ his time; and yet, beſides his miniſterial duty, he was Maſter Maſt-maker in the dock-yard—an office which required conſtant attention, and frequently great exertions. But by a wiſe and regular appropriation of the time that could be ſpared from his official concerns, he was enabled to make a tolerable proficiency in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages; was well read in divinity and hiſtory; compoſed and publiſhed ſeveral tracts on various ſubjects, and furniſhed himſelf with matter which proved highly acceptable and uſeful in his public miniſtrations.

He was richly endowed with miniſterial gifts, and he exerciſed them with diligence and fidelity. His preaching was judicious and practical, and the applicatory improvements of his diſcourſes were delivered with ſuch peculiar energy and affection, as made them very impreſſive and uſeful. In doctrinal ſentiments he was a Calviniſt, but of the moderate rather than of the rigid claſs. His natural diſpoſition and his religious opinions were both favourable to Catholiciſm and cordiality, and he lived on the moſt friendly terms with the members of the Eſtabliſhed Church and of Mr. Weſley's Society. How greatly he was reſpected by the latter will appear from this ſingular circumſtance: In a very ſerious diſſenſion that had ariſen among them, and between them and Mr. Weſley, Mr. S. was fixed on by each of the parties to be the arbitrator of their ſeveral claims; and it is remarkable that his deciſion met with the approbation, and procured him the thanks of all that were concerned in this unpleaſant buſineſs.

Mr. S. did not appear with leſs honour as an officer in the dock-yard than he did as a Miniſter of the Goſpel; and his uſefulneſs in both capacities was very extenſive. The knowledge which he had acquired, and the abilities which he poſſeſſed in the line of his profeſſion he ſucceſsfully em-

ployed to ſerve the artificers in the various dock-yards, and to benefit his country; and for theſe purpoſes he publiſhed a pamphlet entitled, "A Plea in Favour of the Ship-wrights," &c., which made his name very popular, and acquired him the reſpect of his ſuperiors. But it was at Sheerneſs that his honourable activity, his benevolent exertions, and his exemplary piety were eminently witneſſed; and theſe procured him, what he juſtly merited, the veneration and love of all its inhabitants.

Having ſucceeded in attaining ſuch an office in the dock-yard as was quite agreeable to his mind, and the duties of which did not interfere with his religious employments, he determined never to ſeek after any other preferment; and when it was freely offered him by a diſtinguiſhed and excellent character, he very nobly declined both the honour and the advantages of a higher ſtation, leſt they ſhould by any means obſtruct or paraliſe his miniſterial uſefulneſs. He expreſſed the following ſentiments in a letter to a friend, when he was appointed Maſter Maſt-maker, and he remembered and acted on them as long as he lived. "I preach regularly twice a week. I ſuppoſe I am accounted a phœnomenon, there never having been, I believe, a preaching Maſter Maſt-maker before. However I know there has been a preaching Carpenter of the moſt exalted rank, and this bleſſed perſon, by the grace of God, I am determined to imitate while I live, and not the vain practices of the world. May God rather bring me down to the grave than ſuffer me to ſwell beyond the dimenſions of a ſincere follower of him who humbled and emptied himſelf for my unworthy ſoul."

Mr. Shrubſole's miniſterial ſervices were perfectly gratuitous. His ſalary as Maſter Maſt-maker being ſufficient for the maintenance of his family, he accounted it an honour to employ his abilities in the cauſe of God, and was happy that it was in his power to do this in a way that relieved his mind of much anxious dependence, and that provided for the eſtabliſhment of a Goſpel Miniſtry in future times. And having, by the divine bleſſing, ſucceeded in raiſing a large congregation, in building a capacious chapel, and in clearing it of every debt, he was filled with admiration and gratitude, and the language of his ſoul was, "What hath God wrought!"

I have thus given, Sir, a ſlight ſketch of the life, and the prominent features in the character of Mr. Shrubſole; and I truſt they will both pleaſe and edify the numerous readers

of the Evangelical Magazine. May God raiſe up many ſuch men, and make them extenſively uſeful to his church and to the world. Amen,

Your's, &c, W. S.

CONVERSION OF A MAN AND HIS WIFE.

[In a Letter to the Editor from the Miniſter of the Church to which they belong.]

AS your monthly publication is deſigned as a vehicle to communicate to the public an account of the gracious operations of the Spirit of God upon the ſouls of thoſe who are made the heirs of divine grace ; I beg leave to ſend you the following narrative :

At a little diſtance from Saxmundham, in the county of Suffolk, a woman who had for morethan forty years lived in ignorance of God, happened to call one Lord's-day to ſee a female relation, and was perſuaded by her to go to the houſe of God, and hear a funeral ſermon preached for a man whom, a few days before this, the Lord had graciouſly taken to himſelf. The perſon alluded to had, a little before his departure, been made to ſee the vileneſs of his own heart, and the neceſſity of ſalvation by the bleſſed Redeemer ; and (to his abundant joy) had been made an heir of the covenant of promiſe. Upon his dying bed, he was entirely compoſed ; he could look forward without diſmay. Death, which is looked on by the wicked as the king of terrors, was no more viewed by him as a tyrant, but as a conquered foe. In the courſe of the ſermon much was ſaid concerning the work of God upon the ſoul, particularly as to the entire ſubmiſſion to the divine will which it had produced in the mind of the deceaſed during the whole of his illneſs. As to his continuance in life, or his departure by death ; he deſired the Lord's will to be done, and not his own. In ſome degree perhaps he rather inclined to the choice made by the greate Apoſtle of the Gentiles : " Having a deſire to depart and to be with Chriſt, which is far better." The hearing of theſe things brought the poor woman to wiſh, with Balaam, that " ſhe might die the death of the righteous, and that her latter end might be like his." Directly after the ſermon the poor creature was under very deep convictions for ſin, the ſtings of a guilty conſcience pierced the inmoſt receſſes of her ſoul ; her language upon the occaſion was like the three thouſand under Peter's ſermon : " What ſhall we do to be ſaved ?" I met with her a little after ſhe had heard the ſer-

mon ; or rather ſhe put herſelf in my path, in order that ſhe might unboſom her mind to me, which was at that time in great agitation. During the converſation ſhe ſeemed all attention. Before I took my leave of her, I promiſed ſhortly to make her a viſit, which in the courſe of a few weeks I put in practice ; but as no time was fixed, my coming was rather unexpected. When I approached the houſe, I did not uſe the ceremonies of a formal viſitor ; for no ſooner had I given a gentle tap, than I opened the door, and walked in, to the great ſurpriſe of the poor woman and her huſband. A little before my arrival, the huſband had prevailed upon his wife to play a game at cards, but on my going in rather on a ſudden, ſhe turned her head to ſee who was coming in at the door ; and no ſooner was my perſon identified, than ſhe threw down her cards and ſwept them all under the table, and there they lay the remainder of the evening. I could not but ſmile, to think of the ſudden change. The cards, which a little before had been the objects of pleaſure, were now thrown down, and even trampled under foot. I had no ſooner ſeated myſelf, than I began to give vent to my feelings upon the occaſion. I made remarks on the curſed and evil nature of ſin, together with its deceitful charms, and its dreadful conſequences. I then obſerved the bleſſedneſs which attended the religion of Jeſus, where it was experimentally received. This I aſſured them would afford pleaſure which the world could neither give nor take away ; that it would alleviate the burdened mind, and at all times adminiſter comfort and joy in believing. After I had finiſhed my exhortation, I aſked if they would permit me to pray with them before we parted, to which they cheerfully conſented. No ſooner had I done interceding with the God of all grace, for his bleſſing upon the family in general, than I found my mind particularly affected for the welfare of the poor man. I directly endeavoured to convince him of our innate depravity and natural propenſity to the things which are evil ; from the teſtimony of the Apoſtle, Eph. ii. 1, 2. I then noticed the nature and neceſſity of the new birth, as indiſpenſably neceſſary to qualify us for the enjoyment of happineſs.

Having thus, agreeably to my promiſe, paid my viſit, and endeavoured to make it as profitable as poſſible, I returned home. No ſooner was I departed, than the poor man was ſeized with the horrors and diſtreſſes of a guilty conſcience. He attempted to lie down to reſt, but it was all in vain, for the arrows of the Almighty had ſunk ſo deep into his ſoul, that neither ſleep could remove his pain, nor the objects of

time divert his attention. During the doleful ſhades of the night, he was like one of old, "full of toſſings to and fro." So powerful was the work of God upon his mind, that nature was nearly exhauſted with exceſſive grief. In the morning he attempted his uſual employ, but it was with the greateſt difficulty he attended to the duties of his ſtation. He now betook himſelf to a throne of grace, to ſeek God's face, and implore his favour: His ſeeking was not in vain, for in the courſe of a few months he found, to his abundant joy, Him whom his ſoul now loveth. Upon the converſion of this man I cannot but make the following remark: If the Lord worketh, who can hinder? when Jehovah teaches, he teaches to profit. That this follower of the Lamb of God now poſſeſſes gifts and graces eminently conſpicuous, is evident from the confeſſion he gave to the church of Chriſt, when he was admitted a member, and from his engaging in prayer ſometimes before two hunderd people, to the great aſtoniſhment of thoſe who have heard him. The man and his wife are both joined in Chriſtian fellowſhip. The habitation where they live is a little Bethel. In the morning and evening there tent is like the tabernacle of old, where the incenſe perfumed the holy place. Their children are taught to fear and ſerve the Lord. In a word, they are like Zecharias and Elizabeth of old, "walking in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameleſs."—Can any one ſay the hand of the Lord was not in this? PLACABILIS.

June 21, 1794.

Remarkable converſion of W. B. of the Pariſh of S——.

AGREEABLE to your wiſhes I ſend you the following account of the remarkable converſion of W. B. who had lived a diſſolute life for near forty years. He was notorious for drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and his general deportment was ſo abandoned that he was wicked even to a proverb. On Saturday evening, March 4, 1789, he attended a funeral at the pariſh-church, and from the place of interment he immediately betook himſelf to a public-houſe, where he became ſo intoxicated that it was with ſome difficulty he was enabled to reach his own habitation. No ſooner was he laid down upon his bed, and compoſed to ſleep, than the words of Eliphaz were verified in his expe-

rience: "In thoughts from the viſions of the night when deep ſleep falleth upon man, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to ſhake." For he dreamed a frightful dream: He thought he ſaw a ſerpent of the hydra kind with nine heads ready to ſeize him: whatever way he turned, a head preſented itſelf; nor could he by all the methods he deviſed extricate himſelf from the baneful monſter. He awoke in great diſtreſs and perturbation.—Though it was but a dream, it made a ſtrong impreſſion upon his mind, and he was afraid that it portended ſome future evil. The next morning one of the members of our meeting, as he was going to the houſe of God, obſerved him in a penſive poſture and aſked if he would go with him and hear a ſermon upon the old ſerpent. The ſound of the word Serpent arreſted his attention, and excited his curioſity to hear what I had to ſay upon ſuch a ſubject. But for this expreſſion probably the poor man had remained unmoved. Why the perſon uſed it he could not tell, nor why he invited him to accompany him that morning, a thing which he had never done before, though they both lived under the ſame roof, but he could tell, who in the days of his fleſh "*must needs go through Samaria*," and whoſe providences are always in coincidence with the purpoſes of his grace. As ſoon as prayer was ended, I preached from Gen. iii. 13, 14, 15. "And the Lord God ſaid unto the woman, What is this that thou haſt done? And the woman ſaid, The ſerpent beguiled me, and I did eat. And the Lord God ſaid unto the ſerpent, Becauſe thou haſt done this, thou art curſed above all cattle, and above every beaſt of the field; upon thy belly ſhalt thou go, and duſt ſhalt thou eat all the days of thy life: And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy ſeed and her ſeed; it ſhall bruiſe thy head, and thou ſhalt bruiſe his heel." As I was explaining who that ſerpent was, and the methods he took to beguile ſinners, the Lord opened the poor man's eyes, and the word had free courſe, and was glorified. From that moment he gave every demonſtration of a real change of heart. About four or five months he continued in the pangs of the new birth. The anguiſh of his ſoul was great indeed; he perceived the number of his ſins, and felt the weight of his guilt. For ſome time he was tempted to deſpair, I may ſay, to put an end to his exiſtence; but while he was muſing on his wretched condition, theſe words were applied as a ſovereign remedy to his afflicted ſoul, "*Believe on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and thou ſhalt be ſaved.* This adminiſtered all that joy and comfort he ſtood in need of. Now he was enabled to believe

that Chriſt was as willing to forgive, as he was mighty to redeem: The burden of his guilt dropt from his mind, as Pilgrim's did at the ſight of the croſs, and immediately he rejoiced with joy unſpeakable, and full of glory. I was with him a little while after, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, he ſhowed me the place of his Bethel viſit, where the Lord had opened to him his bleeding heart, and manifeſted his forgiving love. The whole neighborhood allow him to be a converted man. The moſt wicked perſon in the place will atteſt the truth of his converſion. He ſeems to be, as the Apoſtle expreſſes it, *a living epiſtle of Chriſt, ſeen and read of all men.*

N. B. We were favoured with this account from the paſtor of the church to which W. B. is now united, and who was the honoured inſtrument of his converſion.

Mrs. Ann Parker, of St. John's, Newfoundland.

[Extracted from a Letter to a Gentleman in England, who has been a particular Friend to the Miniſters and ſerious People in that Place.]

REV. SIR,

THE ſubject of the following lines is Ann Parker, late wife of Nathan Parker, firſt deacon of this church, and who has been to me a faithful and judicious friend, and fellow-ſufferer in all my reproaches for Chriſt, from the commencement of my public warfare to the preſent day.

Mrs. Parker was a native of this place. Her mother came from Scotland, where ſhe had been piouſly educated; and though ſhe lived many years in this country, ſhe did not altogether loſe her early impreſſions. She died when her daughter was about ſix years of age, having ſowed in her mind that ſeed, which God graciouſly deſigned ſhould afterward ſpring up, and bear fruit to eternal life; for no ſooner were the glad tidings of the Goſpel ſounded in her ears, then her heart was opened to receive Chriſt, and welcome his firſt approach. Some other natives of the country I likewiſe found, in whoſe hearts God had ſecretly wrought the ſame favourable diſpoſition, which led me to conclude he has his hidden ones, even in places the moſt unlikely.

In the year 1777 ſhe gave herſelf up to the Lord, no doubt in a perpetual covenant. Being fixed on the rock of ages, ſhe ſtood firmly againſt all oppoſition from her father, who, through grace, is now become a friend, and from her young companions, who bitterly derided her; our Society, at that time, being held in the greateſt contempt, and ſubject to much perſecution.

On the 18th of January laſt, ſhe was ſeized with a nervous fever. During her illneſs I conſtantly viſited her, and was always well paid for my attendance. Her tender expreſſions of regard to me, her deep humility, her unſhaken confidence, and her ardent deſire to be abſent from the body, and preſent with the Lord, were, as ſo many lively coals from off the altar to inflame my ſoul with love and zeal.

From the firſt of her ſickneſs ſhe ſeemed to be perſuaded it would terminate in her diſſolution; nor did ſhe like any intimation to the contrary. One day I was converſing with her on the free grace and unchangeable love of God: "O yes, yes," ſays ſhe, "it is all free and everlaſting! I ſee it ſo now more than ever; if it had not been ſo, I ſhould not be what I am." She then exclaimed, "O the pleaſing diſappointment! Ever ſince I gave myſelf to the Lord, I ſtrove to keep my heart ſincere before him, but always thought it was not as it ought to be; I rather feared the Lord would expoſe my deceit, and that when death came, fearfulneſs and trembling would lay hold on me. Now death is come; but lo! he is a welcome meſſenger! The Lord ſmiles and ſhines upon my ſoul; he aſſures me that I am his, and that I ſhall be with him ſoon. O! to grace how great a debtor!"

About the middle of her ſickneſs, flattering ſymptoms made us hope the Lord would be gracious to us by reſtoring her; and we prayed for her recovery. She ſtrongly oppoſed the idea for ſome time; at length ſhe ſaid, "Well, it may be ſo. The Lord can do with me what he pleaſes. I am in his hands. I wiſh his will to be my will." The fever ſoon returned. "Ah!" ſaid ſhe, "you have led me aſtray. My affections have taken the advantage. They are gone further from Chriſt, and more after you than they ought. Now let me alone; I will return to my God."

"Jeſu, lover of my ſoul," was her favourite theme. This hymn ſhe frequently ſung, till her huſband, fearing that ſuch exertion might be hurtful to her body, wiſhed her to forbear. She complied with his requeſt, ſaying, "Well, I ſhall ſoon ſing of the love of Chriſt without hurt or interruption."

About three days before her departure her mind was deranged, during which ſhe frequently ſung her favourite hymn; and, amidſt her greateſt wanderings, not a ſinful expreſſion dropped from her lips. But ſhe had many lucid intervals and then her language was both refreſhing and inſtructive. At one of theſe ſeaſons her huſband and I were ſitting at the bed-ſide; ſhe was then in a comfortable frame of mind: "My dear," ſaid ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to him, "I can freely reſign you and the children to the Lord. You have been a good huſband to me, and a tender father to them. Now I am going to Chriſt, I am not afraid to truſt them with you. If you marry again, I am perſuaded the Lord will direct you to a proper companion. If I am permitted, I will come, and look, and ſmile upon you, and ſay, "God bleſs you!"

Before ſhe expired, while ſhe was perfectly ſound in her mind, ſhe called her three eldeſt children to the bed-ſide, and, in the moſt ſolemn manner, charged them to live and walk in the fear of God, deſcribing to them the happy effects of a life of godlineſs, and the awful conſequence of not meeting her and their father at the right hand of Chriſt, eſpecially as his inſtruction had been ſo good, and his example ſo proper.

Early in the morning of the 25th of March, I was called up to go and ſee her once more before ſhe died. When I arrived ſhe was ſpeechleſs, but ſenſible, as her conduct indicated while I was at prayer. Very ſoon after we aroſe from our knees, ſhe gently drew her laſt breath; ending with holy triumph and joy, a life, as far as mortal eye could penetrate, of the greateſt circumſpection and humility; leaving behind her a loving huſband and ſeven fine children, whoſe loſs is greater than I can deſcribe.

When the coffin was about to be cloſed, the ſcene was truly affecting. Brother Parker, ſurrounded by his children, ſaid to them, "Come, my children, and let us take the laſt farewel of your dear mother." Before ſhe was carried out to the place of interment we ſung, "Jeſu, lover of my ſoul." The Lord was with us during the ſinging, exhortation, and prayer; I felt much of his preſence and power myſelf, and ſo did many others who were aſſembled on the ſolemn occaſion.

A Child about Eleven Years of Age.

REV. SIR,

I MAKE no apology for tranſmitting to you the following memoirs of the death of a darling child, who died, at Plymouth, January 30, 1797, that it may have a place in the Obituary of the Evangelical Magazine, conceiving as I do, that the relation of ſo illuſtrious an inſtance of the triumphs of grace hath an intimate correſpondence with the chief object of that work, and is eminently calculated to promote the glory of God. Indeed, whether from a perſonal knowledge of the event, the impreſſion it hath made upon my mind is in ſtronger characters than otherwiſe it might have operated, I know not; but according to my preſent apprehenſion, I venture to believe, that a more ſtriking proof of the gracious dealings of God with his people hath not occurred in thoſe latter ages, "upon whom the ends of the world are come." To diffuſe the knowledge of it, therefore, as extenſively as poſſible, is both a duty and a delight; and it is with this view, I confeſs, that I have wiſhed to make your Magazine the medium of conveyance for ſpreading it through the religious world. I am very confident, the prayers of all the faithful, as far as the information of it ſhall reach, will be lifted up, that the divine grace may accompany whereſoever the divine providence ſhall cauſe it to come; that in every peruſal, it may awaken the tribute of praiſe to the great Author of ſuch diſtinguiſhed mercy, and *from the uttermost part of the earth may be heard songs* upon this occaſion, *even glory to the righteous.*

This ſweet child (who is the ſubject of my letter) had only attained to her *eleventh* year, when ſhe was ſummoned away. And her departure from this lower world was ſo ſudden, and unexpected, that, like a bird of paſſage, ſhe had but juſt time to plume herſelf, and lift the wing, before ſhe took her flight into the regions of eternity. I have not been able to diſcover, whether any earlier manifeſtations of the life of grace in the ſoul had appeared in her converſation prior to her laſt illneſs. From other circumſtances, I rather think not. But during this ſhort period, *the day dawn and the day-star*, which aroſe in her heart, burſt forth into ſuch brilliancy of luſtre, and blazed with a light ſo powerful, as to aſtoniſh every beholder. Nothing can afford a more deciſive evidence than her hiſtory, that every thing of ſerioufneſs in

her was intuitive as to human inſtruction, and wholly of divine teaching: "This alſo cometh forth from the Lord, who is wonderful in counſel, and excellent in working." The evening preceding her ſeizure by the diſorder which proved fatal, it was remarked how exceedingly ſhe dwelt upon a verſe of ſome poetry ſhe had learned at ſchool. I mention this circumſtance the rather as a proof that a mind, under the gracious teaching of the Holy Spirit, is ſometimes enabled to extract good out of evil. The words of the ſong I know not; but what engaged her attention, and employed her thoughts, was the finiſhing verſe of it:

"..... Dear maid adieu,
My ſorrows ſoon ſhall ceaſe;
For heav'n will take a mind ſo true
To everlaſting peace."

She ſung this ſtanza ſo frequent, to an air ſo plaintive, and with ſuch melody of expreſſion, that her mother who had heard her, though at that time unconſcious of the event about to follow, intreated her to drop a ſubject ſo melancholy, for ſhe could not bear it. During the paroxiſms of her diſorder ſhe gave vent to the feelings of her mind, by ſinging; though the burden of what ſhe ſung could not be underſtood. Once particularly, at a midnight hour, ſhe did it with an effect perfectly undeſcribable. Her voice, which was naturally ſweet and melodious, ſeemed to have acquired, from her ſituation, a certain pathos moſt peculiarly tender and affecting; which, that the whole energy might, as it were, be felt, her melody cloſed in a groan of the deepeſt and moſt piercing nature.

But what I am chiefly intereſted to deſcribe, is the manifeſtation of the divine grace, which appeared in her whole deportment. It was abundantly evident, from every circumſtance, that her mind laboured under ſome very ſtrong impreſſions of diſtreſs. In the early ſtage of her diſeaſe, ſhe was conſtantly ſpeaking of the *horrors* which ſhe felt: But from a reluctance to increaſe her miſery, all queſtions leading to an inquiry into the cauſe were at that time cautiouſly avoided. At this ſeaſon information was firſt brought me of this child's illneſs, accompanied with an account, that ſhe had expreſſed an earneſt wiſh to be remembered in my prayers. I thought a requeſt of ſuch a nature, coming from one ſo young, ſeemed to imply the aſſurance that it muſt have originated in an higher appointment, and as ſuch, afford a promiſing preſage that it would come up with a

prevailing efficacy, through the great Redeemer's interceſſion, before the throne of grace. Conceiving that I ought not to confine ſo intereſting a ſubject to my own prayers alone, but engage the ſupplications of the congregation to which I belong on her behalf, I availed myſelf of the occaſion; and on the following Lord's day, at my evening lecture, requeſted, "That the prayers of God's people might be offered up for a ſick child, on whom there ſeemed to appear ſtrong marks of grace." This circumſtance being communicated to the child the following morning, the joy ſhe expreſſed upon the occaſion was extraordinary. It dwelt upon her mind continually, and ſhe mentioned it to ſeveral of her friends which came to ſee her in terms of great pleaſure. To her mother, particularly, ſhe expreſſed herſelf in theſe words: "I have been prayed for in the church, and I am told that there were five or ſix hundred perſons preſent; and if but five of them were real Chriſtians before God, you know their prayers muſt be heard. Now I ſhall be relieved from the horrors." Finding her ſpirits ſo cheerful, her mother now ventured to aſk her what thoſe horrors were which ſhe had ſo often complained of. To which ſhe immediately replied, "The fear of God, and the future judgment, and not the fear of death."

Her conſciouſneſs of human tranſgreſſions before God was exceedingly remarkable in one ſo young. Indeed, ſhe had ſo frequently lamented her ſins, and what ſhe had done to offend God, that her mother imagined, there muſt have been ſome more than ordinary offence which ſhe had committed, which preyed upon her mind. Hoping that the communication of it might relieve her, ſhe took occaſion one day, as ſhe ſat by her bedſide, to preſs her to unboſom herſelf upon the ſubject. "My dear," ſaid her mother, "if there be any thing that you have done which burthens your mind, pray inform me of it, now there is no one preſent but ourſelves." Her anſwer was, "I know of nothing in particular, my dear mother, by which I have offended God; but I am ſure I have greatly ſinned againſt him, or he would never have afflicted a poor child as I am afflicted." And that the ſenſe and weight of ſin lay heavy upon her mind is ſtrikingly evident, from a queſtion which one day, in the moſt unexpected manner, ſhe put to the medical gentlemen that attended her, when nothing in the converſation had the leaſt reference to the ſubject. "Do you know, Sir," ſays ſhe, "that I have a ſoul to be ſaved?" And ſhe ſaid this with ſuch an earneſtneſs of expreſſion, as ſtruck every one around her with aſtoniſhment. I have no doubt in my own mind, but that it

was from very ſtrong prepoſſeſſions of this nature, that ſhe ſo frequently made it a matter of requeſt to her friends to pray for her. Her expreſſions on this occaſion were exceedingly remarkable. "Pray for me," ſays ſhe, "to my Saviour, that he may intercede for me with the Father. O! that I had but three minutes' eaſe to pray myſelf: if but three minutes," ſays ſhe, repeating the words, "that I might pray properly." The reader will do well to remark the moſt extraordinary inſtance of this child's apprehenſion of the interceſſorſhip of Chriſt. From whence, or by what means, ſhe acquired this knowledge, I have no conception; but the exerciſe of ſuch a principle of grace in a ſeaſon ſo intereſting and critical, and by ſuch a child, is an object peculiarly meriting the regard, and fit to call up the adoration of God in the breaſt of all the faithful.

The rapid advance of her diſorder, and the haſty ſteps which the meſſenger of death made towards her, from the firſt moment of her ſeizure, to the final convulſions of nature, when ſhe fell to riſe no more, were ſuch as to afford but little opportunity for making obſervations on the progreſs of grace in the heart, which a caſe leſs oppreſſed with diſeaſe, in an inſtance like her's, would otherwiſe have furniſhed. The pleaſing preſage of her departure to an happy eternity is more to be gathered from the detached views of her conduct in her illneſs, than from any regular tracings of the operations of Divine love in her heart. That ſhe felt and confeſſed the burden of ſin; that ſhe had lively views of mercy through the righteouſneſs of a Saviour; that ſhe wiſhed to ſeek this mercy by prayer through Chriſt; and deſired to intereſt every one to pray for her; all theſe circumſtances are abundantly evident from what hath been related. And it ſhould be added, that her mind had acquired a certain confidence and hope in the Divine mercy, is a reaſonable concluſion from ſeveral expreſſions which dropped from her occaſionally, and particularly towards the cloſe of life. She comforted her mother in the proſpect of her departure with the conſolation, that by death ſhe ſhould eſcape a thouſand evils; and once, in a very expreſſive manner, ſaid, "I long to ſee God's face;" ſo that, upon the whole, I venture to abide, by my original idea, that a more ſtriking proof of the gracious dealings of God with his people, and particularly in ſo youthful an inſtance, hath not occurred in theſe later ages of his church. It may not perhaps carry equal conviction to every mind; but great regard ſhould be had to the diſadvantages of ſituation under which it was found, as well as to the want of the means of grace in the time prior

to her illneſs. For my own part, I heſitate not to believe, that what the prophet ſays of the church in Goſpel days, at the firſt dawn of the morning, may, by a parity of reaſoning with equal truth be ſaid of the experience of the believer in a ſimilar ſituation: "In that day the light ſhall not be clear nor dark, but it ſhall be one day, which ſhall be known to the Lord; not day nor night, but it ſhall come to paſs that at evening time it ſhall be light." Zech. xiv. 6, 7.

I muſt not treſpaſs further. Inſtructive and highly intereſting as the ſubject is for raiſing reflections of the moſt pious nature, I rather retreat in ſilence, to leave every reader to the comments of his own heart upon the occaſion under divine awakenings, than add a ſingle obſervation of my own. I hope in God, indeed, that the peruſal, through his grace reſting upon it, who alone can commiſſion it to improvement, will in no inſtance prove barren or unfruitful. The affectionate parent, in particular, will find a volume of the moſt perſuaſive arguments, in the ſhort page of this child's hiſtory, to awaken attention to the everlaſting concerns of her houſehold. There is nothing, I am moſt awfully convinced, can reconcile the breaches made in our families by death, but the pleaſing hope that our departed children, or friends, are aſleep in Chriſt. When God is pleaſed to make ſuch an incurſion in our houſes, and death enters in at the window, the the mind is conſoled in viewing the vacant place, and the unfilled ſeat at the table, if faith affords a well grounded aſſurance that the dear departed object, though "abſent from the body, is preſent with the Lord, and is ſitting down with Abraham and Iſaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." But what an accumulation of woe muſt every inſtance of a contrary effect induce in a tender breaſt, concerning the everlaſting fate of our children, where the ſtrongeſt probabilities exiſt that the departure is in an unprepared ſtate, unawakened by grace, unwaſhed in the blood of Jeſus, unregenerated by the Holy Ghoſt! The bitter exclamations of Job on his birth, awful and expreſſive as they are, are not half enough expreſſive of the real ſtate of ſuch a caſe. The portrait, though highly coloured, is paleneſs indeed to the original (ſee Job, iii.) Happy that parent, who, on committing the aſhes of a beloved child to the humiliation of the grave, can anſwer the anxious queſtion of the ſoul's eternal welfare in the language of the Shunamite, "Is it well with the child?" And ſhe ſaid, "It is well."

I am, Rev. Sir, your's, &c.

The Sympathy of Jesus.

Jesus wept.—John, xi. 35.

WHO was it that wept? That the children of men ſhould frequently be in tears, is nothing ſtrange: this world is a place of ſin, and therefore it is no wonder that it is alſo a place of weeping. Sin and ſorrow muſt be companions. But what ſhall we ſay when we read that Jeſus wept? Was it not ſtrange that he, who was "holy, harmleſs, undefiled, and ſeparate from ſinners," ſhould be in tears! How aſtoniſhing, that he, who is truly God, ſhould be capable of real weeping! Perhaps it was on this account, that they who divided the Bible into verſes, placed theſe *two words* by themſelves to intimate how remarkable the expreſſion is; and that in reading, we might not haſtily paſs over the wonderful fact—but that we ſhould pauſe, conſider, admire, and adore.

Let me repeat it—Jeſus wept! My ſoul, meditate on theſe ſurpriſing tears, and let me contemplate this weeping Saviour!

Jeſus was truly and properly *God and man, in one divine, myſterious Perſon.*—And here I perceive a ſtrong proof of the important doctrine. His words, his works, and his very *name*, ſufficiently demonſtrated that he was poſſeſſed of real Godhead. He had juſt ſignified, that he would awake Lazarus from the ſleep of death: And his weeping did not proceed from any doubt of his ability to perform the miracle. The event ſhowed that he was able; for he ſpake, and Lazarus, that was dead, came forth. And when I read that "Jeſus wept," I may equally infer that he was truly man; that "the Word became fleſh, and dwelt among us." He ſubmitted to the frailties of human nature; he was ſubject to hunger and thirſt; to wearineſs and grief; for "in all theſe things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren." "Jeſus wept," was "*a man* of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief." While ſome will admit only the humanity of Jeſus, let me not be aſhamed to believe in his two fold nature. How can any one deny his divinity? Did he not at the grave of Lazarus raiſe the dead as well as weep? As a man he was capable of weeping, of ſuffering, and dying,—as God, he could merit and ſave men from ſin, from miſery, and from

death. God forbid then that I ſhould ever be aſhamed to glory in the croſs of Chriſt!

"*Jesus wept:*" And was it not the *tear of sympathy* he ſhed? When he ſaw Mary weeping, and the Jews alſo weeping which came with her, "he groaned in the ſpirit and was troubled." On ſome other occaſions, he had forbidden weeping for the dead: He had ſaid, "Why make ye this ado, and weep?" I do not find that Jeſus wept, when he firſt ſaid, "Our friend Lazarus ſleepeth"—nor when Martha met him—nor when Mary came unto him; but afterwards, when he ſaw the tears of Mary, and her ſympathiſing friends, who came to comfort them concerning their brother, then he ſympathiſed with them; and mingled his groans and troubles with theirs: When they aſked him to come and ſee the place where Lazarus was laid, then he wept. Thus did he "weep with them that wept." Thus has he recommended, by his own example, that tender precept. He was, indeed, "touched with the feelings of our infirmities:" He bore a part of the burden which theſe two affectionate ſiſters felt in the death of their brother. May I, may all who love his name, poſſeſs the like diſpoſition! Then ſhould we "bear one another's burdens," and imitate the example, as well as "fulfil the law of Chriſt."

"*Jesus wept:*" And was it not the tear of *tenderest friendship for Lazarus?* "Our friend Lazarus ſleepeth." Who therefore can ſay, that the New Teſtament contains nothing on the ſubject of friendſhip? The divine Redeemer hath charged his diſciples to love one another. By his own example he hath ſanctified the ſoft endearments of friendſhip; and in the beloved apoſtle, and in his friend Lazarus, he hath faſtened, as it were, its tender ties with his own hand. Bethany was a place in the neighbourhood of Jeruſalem, to which Jeſus might retire with great conveniency. When he was deſpiſed and rejected by others, he was ſure of a welcome reception at the houſe of Mary and her ſiſter Martha. Happy were the little family in receiving ſuch a gueſt! Happy indeed! for "Jeſus loved Martha, and her ſiſter, and Lazarus." Was it therefore ſtrange if Jeſus wept for Lazarus? If he was capable of tears, was not this an occaſion to draw them forth? He wept, as a man may weep for a departed friend: And therefore even the Jews obſerved, "Behold, how he loved him!" We may imitate the example of Jeſus, and be grieved when our friends die; we may diſcover the marks of our affection; but then our tears ſhould flow in moderation. The tears which Jeſus let fal on this occaſion were not mixed with any hard thoughts

of divine Providence. His grief was not exceſſive. Never were there ſuch tears as theſe. They were like the cleareſt water in the moſt tranſparent veſſel, which, however troubled by being ſhaken, ſtill remains clear. No emotion of ſin ever diſturbed the ſacred affections of his ſoul. But, alas! what have our tears been! how have they been mixed with the defilement of unbelief and impatience! how often have they given an unhappy tincture to our ſorrows! we have been troubled and our hearts have been overcharged with the turbid waters of diſcontent and ſin. Our tears need to be waſhed in the Fountain opened for ſin and uncleanneſs. It is well for us that Jeſus hath wept. I had almoſt called his very tears the water of life: He hath wept and died for ſinners, and his blood cleanſeth from all ſin.

"*Jeſus wept*:" And let me recollect the *ſcene that was then before him*. A grave, the awful conſequence of ſin, was in his view. The grave hath opened its mouth, and ſeems to ſay, Behold the curſed effects of tranſgreſſion. "In the day thou eateſt thereof, thou ſhalt die." The people of God have ſeen the evil of ſin in ſome degree, and have been affected with it; but they do not, they cannot, in this world, have a ſufficiently comprehenſive view of all its deformity, and horrid nature. But Jeſus could view it exactly as it is. His all-comprehending mind knew its height and depth; and, as a man, when he ſaw its effects in the death of Lazarus, when he ſaw the place where he himſelf was ſhortly to be laid, he wept. He foreſaw the deſtruction that awaited impenitent Jeruſalem; he "beheld the city, and *wept* over it." We know that, in the view of approaching ſufferings, he was "exceedingly ſorrowful;" and we know, becauſe an apoſtle hath informed us, that, "in the days of his fleſh, he offered up prayers and ſupplications, with ſtrong crying and tears," in the diſcharge of his mediatorial work. Was it not on account of the curſed nature of ſin, that our Jeſus wept? In the ſame channel may all our ſorrows run! Then ſhall it be a "godly ſorrow which worketh repentance unto ſalvation, not to be repented of."

"*Jeſus wept*:" And let me admire this *infinite condeſcenſion!* How amazing is his love! The Lord of glory becomes a man, and ſubmits to a capacity of weeping! He, who inhabiteth eternity, condeſcends to dwell among "ſkulls, and monuments, and worms;" nay, even he himſelf becomes "a worm and no man." He is deſpiſed and rejected; he is forſaken, ſhamefully treated, falſely accuſed, condemned, and ignominiouſly crucified! Why? How could this poſſibly be? The Lord of glory weep and die! Yes, O my ſoul, he wept

and died for ſinners—for thee. He became a man of ſorrows, that we might not weep for ever. He died, that "whoſoever believeth in him, ſhould not periſh, but have everlaſting life." Behold, may we well exclaim, "how he loved us!" Were there ever ſorrows, and love, like theſe? O what ſtrong cords are theſe to bind our ſouls to love and to obedience! Should not this "love of Chriſt conſtrain us to form this judgment, that, if he died for us, we ſhould live unto him?"

"Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak."

"*Jesus wept:*" But it was *in the way to glory.* There was a joy ſet before him; and therefore was he willing to weep, to endure the croſs, deſpiſing the ſhame; and he is now ſet down at the right hand of the throne of God. Thus ſhould we be "looking unto Jeſus," as our glorious example! In this world we muſt expect occaſions of ſorrow: But it is well for us that our tribulations are in the way to an heavenly kingdom. And is not that the bleſſed end of our journey? "They that ſow in tears, ſhall reap in joy." They are conformed to Jeſus, who was intimate with grief; and hereafter they ſhall be with him in glory. This is the order of theſe things: "Before honour is humility." Afflictions and ſorrows are the royal way to heaven.

"*Jesus wept,*" when he was on earth; and he *has ſtill the ſame affection for his people.* When he went to heaven, he did not leave behind him his heart of tenderneſs. He is now at the Father's right hand, as our loving Friend, and our gracious Advocate. There he pleads our cauſe: "For we have not an High Prieſt which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities;" he is full of compaſſion. What encouragement is this to approach the heavenly throne! "Let us, therefore," as the apoſtle exhorts us, "come boldly to a throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

Unto Him therefore that wept, and loved, and died, and now lives to intercede for his dear family in heaven, be aſcribed the kingdom, the power and the glory. Amen

IOTA.

Jesus Christ the eternal Logos.

AND *he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and his* name was called THE WORD OF GOD. Rev. xix. 15.

IT admits not a doubt but that the Lord JESUS CHRIST is pointed out by this title, THE WORD OF GOD, becauſe it is peculiarly applied to him in various parts of the Bible. It ſtands connected with ſeveral other titles, in this extraordinary viſion, with which the inſpired Evangeliſt was indulged, deſcriptive of the ſame glorious perſon: v. 11. *And I ſaw heaven opened, and behold a white horſe, and he that ſat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteouſneſs he doth judge and make war.* The horſe and rider may ſignify authority; the colour *white* may indicate proſperity and ſucceſs; he that ſat on the horſe is JESUS CHRIST, who is expreſsly called *the faithful witneſs**. v. 12. *his eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns, and he had a name written that no man knew but himſelf.* The eyes may denote his infinite underſtanding and knowledge; the crowns his univerſal authority; and the name which no man knew but himſelf, the incomprehenſibility of his divine eſſence and perfections. *And he was clothed with a veſture dipped in blood, and his name was called* THE WORD OF GOD.

The term does not barely ſignify *a word ſpoken*, as an effect to emanation, but the *reaſon or wiſdom ſpeaking*, and indicates his eternal godhead; in which reſpect Chriſt is ſtyled *the Wiſdom of God, and the Word of God.* That the word is more than a mere attribute or operation of the Father, is evident from the perſonal characters under which he is ſpoken of in this and ſeveral other paſſages of Scripture. "The Word was with God, and the Word was God†." And all the incommunicable attributes of Deity are expreſsly applied to him. He performed the work of *creation*; "by the WORD of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the hoſt of them by the breath of his mouth‡."

I am well aware that it is ſaid, "God created the world by Jeſus Chriſt, as an *inſtrument* or *agent*;" but this idea cannot agree with any notions of creating power, which muſt be ſtrictly and properly divine and infinite. The work of creation is peculiar to God, for "God ſpreadeth forth the

* *Ch. i. 5.* † *John, i. 2.* ‡ *Ps. xxxiii. 6.*

heavens by *himself.*" Beſides, the Lord Jeſus is ſpoken of as Jehovah, who by his own Proper efficiency in the beginning laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of his hands *.

Now theſe exalted characters of the *Logos* or Word, cannot agree to *any*, even the moſt glorious creature, becauſe that muſt be a *made or created being*; and all ſuch are expreſly diſtinguiſhed from the WORD; "for all things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made, that was made:" Therefore, if he made all things, and nothing was made which *he* did not make, he cannot himſelf be a *created* Being.

The term WORD, without the addition of GOD, proves him to be a *subsistence;* and it being ſaid, that in the beginning he WAS, proves his *eternal* exiſtence; for that which had a being in the *beginning of time*, muſt be eternal. This therefore diſtinguiſhes Chriſt from all *creatures;* and denotes his co-exiſtence and equality with the Father, as well as the perfect unity and conſent between them. Hence, then, it follows, that the WORD, or Jeſus Chriſt, is truly and properly GOD.

As the names of God are expreſſive either of his nature, or of his relations to us, 'tis probable that the ſecond Perſon in the Godhead is called the WORD, on account of his intended *incarnation*. This St. John ſeems to indicate, when he ſays, "the WORD was made fleſh, and dwelt among us †:" For as there could be no communication of ideas between man and man, without the intervention of ſignificant words; ſo neither could there have been any communion between Jehovah and the creature man, without the intervention of this Mediator.

He is the days-man between God and his people. He is the bleſſed, the glorious, the gracious medium of acceſs, and the channel by which all the fulneſs of the Deity, and all the rich graces of the Spirit, are communicated to the poor ſinner. He alſo, in the character of a *Mediator*, is the medium by which the imperfect ſervices and prayers of the broken heart and contrite ſpirit aſcend to God. In this exalted and endearing character, John beheld the Lord Jeſus. "And another angel came and ſtood at the altar, having a golden cenſer; and there was given unto him much incenſe, that he ſhould offer it with the prayers of all ſaints, upon the golden altar which was before the throne ‡." Precious Jeſus! Come to him, O ye mourners in Sion, pour out all your ſorrows unto his boſom, and he will redreſs them. His eye

* *Heb. i.* 10. † *John. i* 14. ‡ *Revel. viii.* 3.

beholds the falling tear of woe; he hears the ſigh of anguiſh; and with infinite tenderneſs attends to the *groanings which cannot be uttered.* Come to him, O ye hungry and thirſty ſouls. He ſtands ready to receive your petitions, and will grant them all with a divine beneficence! "For we have not an High-prieſt, which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without ſin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."*

This name, the WORD OF GOD, denotes the WORK in which he is engaged. He clothed himſelf in mortal fleſh, that he might be capable of taking on him the ſins of his people. He was made under the law, that he might fulfil its requirements, and endure its penalties, and thus deliver thoſe who were under its curſe. This was the arduous work, in which the Son of God voluntarily engaged. This is the auguſt character, the *Logos, the Word of God!* Before him angels bow with profound reverence, and cherubims veil their faces.

"Archangels ſound his loſty praiſe,
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet,
And lay their higheſt honours down
Submiſſive at his feet." WATTS.

But *why* does the divine Redeemer appear "clothed in a veſture dipt in blood?" We reply, *he does it to diſcover his wondrous love to man,* whom he redeemed with his precious blood. As the coat of Joſeph was ſtained with the blood of the kid, ſo Jeſus appears clothed in a veſture ſprinkled and ſtained with his own blood, which he ſhed in procuring the redemption of a guilty world. Such was the malignity of the ſin of man, that none but JESUS, the eternal *Logos,* was found equal to the mighty undertaking. Not an angel in heaven had half the power, nor half the love. And ſuch were the difficulties to be ſurmounted, that even JESUS could not complete it without ſuffering the curſed, the excruciating death of the croſs: "For without ſhedding of blood, there could have been no remiſſion." Man had ſinned, and therefore *he* or *his Surety* muſt pay "the rigid ſatisfaction, death for death." This the eternal Word did for man!

And if we reflect on the *dignity* of the Perſon ſuffering, the love diſcovered will appear beyond expreſſion. It is that omnipotent Being, whoſe voice ſpread the heavens abroad, and laid the foundations of the earth; "for by him were all

* *Heb. iv.* 15, 16.

things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible ; whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers, all things were created by him, and for him*."

Behold the *objects* of this love, and our astonishment will be heightened. Not rebel angels : No, these were passed by in awful sovereignty : " He took not on him the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham."—Stupendous love !

" A rebel 'midst the thunders of his throne !
Nor I alone !—a rebel universe !
My species up in arms ! not one exempt !
Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies." YOUNG.

The *designs* of this love will enhance its value ; and these are no less than to redeem from death and hell ; to pluck immortal souls from everlasting burnings ; to translate them from the tyranny of Satan, into the liberty of the children of God ; to justify, purify, and adopt into the family of heaven the heirs of hell and misery ; to " make them heirs of God, and joint heirs with himself, and to put them in possession of an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away !"

We may observe also, that the manner of Christ's appearance denotes the *triumphs he has obtained over his enemies and ours :* " He was clothed with a vesture stained with blood," like a mighty and victorious general, arrayed in a garment sprinkled with the blood of his vanquished and slaughtered enemies. It was in this character, and clothed with this vesture, that Isaiah saw him in prophecy, when he says, " Who is this that cometh from Edom, with died garments from Bozra ! this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat ? I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me ; for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment ; for the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come." This wonderful appearance shows that the conflict was great. Many and powerful were the obstacles which stood in the way of the redemption of sinners. The inexorable *justice* of God, that jealous attribute, pleaded the purity of the commands of Jehovah, the unchangeableness of his word, and the necessity of fulfilling the threatenings of the violated law. The *law* pleads the ho-

* *Coloss. i.* 6.

nour of God and the injury of the ſin of man. But Jeſus atoned for the injury of ſin; he fulfilled all the demands of the law, and made it honourable; "made an end of ſin, and brought in an everlaſting righteouſneſs," and therefore theſe obſtacles are removed. But ſtill the *enmity* of the ſinner's heart oppoſes the reception of the bleſſed effects of this purchaſed redemption. This obſtacle is removed by the gift of the HOLY GHOST, whoſe office it is, to convince the *world of ſin*, "to take away the heart of ſtone, and impart an heart of fleſh," to illuminate the *mind* remove the ſtubborneſs of the *will*, and the carnality of the *affections*; and thus the ſinner becomes the willing ſervant of God, in the day of his power. *All the powers of darkness* unitedly oppoſed the ſalvation of man. The malice of Satan ruined man, and his hatred urged him and all his legions to prevent, if poſſible, the redemption of the apoſtate creature. Thus Jeſus had all the rage of man, and the dreadful malice of devils, to oppoſe and vanquiſh, before he could proclaim to earth and heaven, *It is finished!* This conteſt ſtained his garment; and therefore he appears, "clothed in a veſture dipt in blood." But although he ſunk beneath the weight into the grave, yet as a mighty conqueror, he burſt the feeble chains of death—he aroſe, and, "having ſpoiled principalities and powers, he made a ſhow of them openly, triumphing over them *. And when he aſcended, the angelic convoy, who accompanied his flight up to the heaven of heavens, called to the dazzling portals, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlaſting doors, and the King of glory ſhall come in!" The ſhining guards of the celeſtial city inquire, "Who is this King of glory?" The attendants of the Conqueror reply, "The Lord ſtrong and mighty, the Lord *mighty in battle*, the Lord of Hoſts, HE is the King of glory†!"

HORATIO.

* *Col. ii.* 15. † *Pſa. xxiv.* 7, 8, 10.

LETTER OF A DYING SOLDIER.

A copy of a Letter from a Soldier in America, to his Wife in England; written a short time after the battle of Bunker's Hill.

[This beautiful letter was printed a few years ago in a periodical publication, which we believe is in the hands but of very few of our readers.]

MY DEAREST LOVE,

BEFORE theſe lines reach you, grim death will have ſwept me off the ſtage of life, and filthy reptiles will be feeding on that form once ſo dear to thee. No more ſhalt thou repoſe in theſe arms; no more ſhall theſe eyes, now ſwimming in the ſhades of death, behold thy lovely perſon, or gaze with delight on thee or my dear infants. Yeſterday we had a bloody and obſtinate fight, in which we had great numbers killed and wounded. I received one ball in my groin, and another in my breaſt. I am now ſo weak with the loſs of blood, that I can hardly write theſe few lines, as the laſt tribute of my unchanging love to thee. The ſurgeons inform me that three hours will be the utmoſt I can ſurvive.—Alas! too true was the dire preſage which brooded in my mind, that we ſhould never meet again on this ſide eternity.

On our paſſage from England to America, I gave myſelf up to reading the bible, it being the only book I was poſſeſſed of. The Almighty parent of mankind, was pleaſed to draw my heart to him by the ſweet attractions of his grace, and at the ſame time to enlighten my mind. There is in the regiment a corporal who is a methodiſt. I had no knowledge of him, till one night when I had been earneſt in prayer to God, to guide me in the way of peace. During my ſleep, I dreamt of this ſame man, and was directed to him by name, which was Samuel Pierce. The dream made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on my mind, that next morning, I enquired if there was ſuch a perſon in the regiment, and was greatly aſtoniſhed to find him. I told him my dream, with which he was much pleaſed. We ſoon contracted a ſtrong friendſhip, and he was pleaſed to explain to me the amazing love of God in giving his ſon Jeſus Chriſt to bleed and die for mankind; he unfolded to me the myſteries of ſalvation, the nature of the new birth, and the great neceſſity of holineſs of heart and life; in

ſhort, he became my ſpiritul father, and to him, under God, I owe all the good I am acquainted with. My dear love I wiſh thee to become acquainted with this bleſſed way of life.

Soon after we landed, God was pleaſed to ſpeak peace to my ſoul. Oh! the bliſs, the unutterable joy that I then felt, through the blood of the Lamb! How I longed to tell the whole world what Jeſus had done for me! But how did I long, yea burn, to have thee, my dear love, to taſte and know the love of God in Chriſt Jeſus! I would have given the world to have been with thee, to have informed thee of the pearl of great price. My dear love, as we ſhall never meet more in this vale of tears, let me impoſe this laſt, this dying obligation upon thee; and, if I was ever dear to thee, let me intreat thee not to neglect the laſt advice of thy departing huſband; which is, that thou mayeſt give thyſelf up to God, read the bible and good books, and frequent the preaching of the people called methodiſts; and the Lord will guide thee in his way. And oh endeavour to bring up the dear little ones in the fear of God. Oh never fix thine heart upon the vain and unſubſtantial things of this world. Heaven and the love of God are the only things that demand our hearts, or are worthy of engroſſing them. Thou art yet young, nor can I wiſh thee not to enter again into the marriage ſtate when I am cold and in the duſt. But let me give thee ſome advice: marry with no one, however handſome or rich he may be, unleſs he fears and loves God. That is the only thing needful. During the four years we cohabited together, many things occurred which I forbear mentioning; but as I have obtained pardon of God, my awful judge, for all I have done, I moſt humbly beg of thee, that thou wilt pardon me wherein ſoever I have offended thee; and I moſt heartily acquit thee of any thing thou haſt done to diſoblige me. I have been a worthleſs huſband to thee, and an undutiful ſon to my parents, and a vile rebel againſt my God. O God, be merciful to me a ſinner! I die in peace with all the world. I die in a full aſſurance of eternal glory. A few moments, and my ſoul ſhall be ranged amongſt the diſembodied ſpirits, in the general aſſembly of the church of the firſt born, who are written in heaven. Oh, my love! I beg of thee, I beſeech thee, I charge thee, to meet me in the realms of glory! Oh, fly to the arms of the once bleeding Jeſus! Oh, cry to him, day and night, and he will hear and bleſs thee!

And you, my dear infants, though you have not the perfect knowledge of your worthleſs father, I beg you to pray to meet me in the realms of bliſs. The God who bleſſed Jacob and Joſeph will bleſs you. Seek him, and he will be found of you; call upon him, and he will hear and bleſs you.

What is the world but ſin and ſorrow. The rich are oppreſſed with their wealth ; the poor are groaning for the want of that which the others are burdened with. The men of power are afflicted with holding the reins, and guiding the helm ; the governed are oppreſſed with real or imaginary evils. The life of a ſoldier is blood and cruelty ; that of a ſailor dangers and death. A city life is full of confuſion and ſtrife ; a country life is loaded with toil and labour. But the greateſt of all evils flows from our own ſinful nature. Wherever we are, we may be happy ; we carry the key of bliſs in our breaſt. The world itſelf never yet made any one happy. God alone is the bliſs of a reaſonable ſoul ; and he is every where preſent, and we have every where free acceſs to him. Learn, then, my dear children, when you grow up, to ſeek for permanent happineſs in God, through a crucified Redeemer.

My dear love, ſhould the ſpirits of the departed have any knowledge of things here below, and at the ſame time any intercourſe with them (though unſeen) how ſhall I rejoice to be thy guardian angel, to attend thee, and ſmile to ſee thee combat ſin, conquer the world, and ſubdue the fleſh ; but if not, how ſhall I ſmile to meet thee on the bright frontiers of Heaven. Theſe hands ſhall weave for thee, with joy, thy triumphant crown. I firſt will hail thee to thy native manſions. I firſt will guide thy conquering feet to the celeſtial city, and introduce thee to the jubilant throng who tread the ſtreets of the New Jeruſalem. I firſt will lead thee to the ſacred throne of our God, where we will together bow, tranſported, at the ſublime ſeat of the ever-adorable Jeſus. Then, then will we ſtrike our melodious harps of gold, in the moſt exalted ſtrains of harmony and love. Then ſhall our love be conſummated, refined, and eternalized.

The world recedes, it diſappears ;
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears,
With ſounds ſeraphic, ring :
Lend, lend your wings ; I mount, I fly !
O grave, where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy ſting ?

Dear love, more would I ſay, but life ebbs out apace. My ſenſes ceaſe to perform their office. Bright angels ſtand around the gory turf on which I lie, ready to eſcort me to the arms of my Jeſus. Bending ſaints reveal my ſhining crown, and beckon me away. Yea, methinks, my Jeſus bids me come. Adieu ! Adieu ! Adieu ! dear love.

JOHN RANDON.

A CAUTION TO YOUTH.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Prov. i. 10.

IT is an awful truth, though little regarded or believed that our infernal enemy, however he may shift his ground, or vary his operations, uniformly aims at the accomplishment of *one* design, viz. *the final damnation of the soul.* In pursuing this destructive purpose, there is no engine he employs with more fatal success than the *social* affections of human nature.

Man was formed for intercourse ; and were it not for sin, this designation of the benevolent Creator must prove a source of unknown improvement and pleasure to intelligent creatures. To be *independently* happy is the sole prerogative of self-existent Deity : The happiness of created, dependant beings, must be entirely *relative.* Perfect creatures derive *all* their enjoyment from God. The scenes of creation are to them so many bright mediums of communion with Him ; and the communications of their kindred minds are divinely appointed to conduct each other to the Eternal *all.*

Through the channel of social affection sin first made its entrance into our world ; *the woman gave me of the tree, and I did eat*—And still the interests of darkness are promoted by the abuse of social influence : No man seems willing to be damned alone. Some appear even to derive consolation from the horrible persuasion, that their companions amidst the flames of hell will be very numerous. Ah deluded mortal ! dost thou then conclude, that, because the *smiles* of thy associates in transgression now contribute to heighten thy gust for the *pleasures* of sin, therefore *their agonies* will serve hereafter to alleviate *thine* ? or reconcile thy feelings to those horrible pains which are the *wages* of sin ?

The young endeavour to banish religion from their smiling circle, as an unseasonable intruder. Their emulation is to strew the paths of death with the fairest flowers of pleasure. *Come,* say they, *and while the roses bloom and opportunity beckons, come, cast in thy lot among us.* Let the concerns of futurity quietly rest among those forbidding glooms which envelope them. Avoid, as hell, the whining dupe of religious singularity. The majority is ours : And, if there be a God, he is too merciful to destroy so many of his creatures.—*My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not.* Re-

ſolutely ſtand aloof from their ſecret, and chuſe none of their ways. Trifle not with the ſhining bait; it conceals the hook of miſery. Wilt thou credit the flattering lips of thy moſt dangerous foe? or hang with pleaſure on thoſe ſyren ſounds, which allure thee to everlaſting ruin? God forbid! Can ſtern neceſſity compel thee to ſacrifice thy ſoul and heaven, for theſe momentary enjoyments? No, for Jeſus calls thee to nobler pleaſures. What are all the blandiſhments of the *harlot sin*, when compared with the reſplendent and original glories of Immanuel? What are the moſt liberal offers of this periſhing world, when contraſted with the treaſures of a Saviour's grace and the royal ſplendors of his kingdom? On *these* let your choice determine, and happineſs is all your own.

J. B.

ADVERTISEMENT.

An Infallible Medicine for the Cure of a dangerous Disorder, to be had GRATIS.

WHEREAS a moſt violent and dangerous diſeaſe has greatly prevailed in this neighbourhood, as well as in many other places, much reſembling the plague, a friend of mankind has thought it expedient to publiſh the following account of it, with its various ſymptoms and effects, and to recommend a method of cure, which has never failed in a ſingle inſtance.

This diſeaſe has long been known among the learned by a variety of names. The *Greek* phyſicians called it AMARTIA. It may be diſcovered by the following ſymptoms. The *head* is always affected, particularly the eyes, ſo that moſt objects are miſtaken for each other. The *understanding* is clouded. The patient is ſometimes *deaf*, eſpecially to certain ſubjects of diſcourſe. The *tongue* is ſo ſtrangely diſordered, that it ſpeaks perverſe and blaſphemous words. The patient has occaſional fits of *lameness*, eſpecially when it is propoſed to walk to a place of worſhip. But the heart is the principal ſeat of the diſeaſe, from the affections of which, the ſenſes and members are alſo diſordered. This diſeaſe is, upon good grounds, ſuppoſed to be hereditary, and may be traced back to the common parent of mankind. It is therefore *universal;* ſo that there never was but one Man in in the world exempted from a taint of it.

The preſent effects of this diſorder are very dreadful. It ſometimes produces a raging *fever*, inſatiable *thirst*, and extreme *restlessness*. The mind is at times alarmed and filled with *anxiety*. The patient diſcovers *pride*, *envy*, *malice*, *covetousness*, *luſt*, and *deceit*. His family, friends, and neighbours, are frequently ſufferers, as many in this place can teſtify. Magiſtrates are ſometimes forced to interfere, and though they ſeldom attempt a cure, they prevent his doing further miſchief.

But the final conſequences of this diſeaſe are formidable in the utmoſt degree. Unleſs timely aſſiſtance be afforded (which muſt generally be in the early ſtages of it), the patient inevitably periſhes. Death, dreadful death, muſt enſue; and that, attended with ſuch circumſtances of miſery, horror and deſpair, that humanity is conſtrained to draw a veil over the terrible ſcene.

It is neceſſary to add, that by far the greater part of thoſe on whom it preys, are utterly inſenſible of their condition, and unwilling to admit that they are ill. It is probable that ſome who read this advertiſement may feel themſelves angry with this repreſentation of their caſe, and be ready to throw it aſide with diſdain. A certain indication this, that the patient is dangerouſly diſordered. But this may, at the ſame time, account for the general and fatal neglect of applying in time to

THE PHYSICIAN.

This extraordinary Man is not indeed a *seventh son*, but the *only Son* of a moſt high and diſtinguiſhed Perſonage. He was intended for the profeſſion from his birth, and in all reſpects properly qualified for it. His ſkill, tenderneſs, and care, were never impeached by any one of the thouſands of patients, whom he has perfectly reſtored. His practice has been incomparably extenſive, and millions can teſtify, that by Him the blind have received their ſight, the lame have leaped as an hart, lepers have been cleanſed, the deaf have been made quick of hearing, and many dead perſons have been reſtored to life. After a life of the moſt benevolent exertions, he was put to death by the malice of ſome ignorant practitioners, who envied his fame and ſucceſs. However, the world ſtill reaps the benefit of that *specific medicine* which he prepared. Certain perſons, appointed by him, committed his advice to writing, and have recorded it in a moſt excellent family book, which has gone through a thouſand editions, and is commonly called

THE BIBLE.

Here we learn that *sin* is the great diſeaſe of the human race, that it has the moſt unhappy effects on the bodies and ſouls of men; that it has introduced all the miſeries under which they groan. Herein alſo we are taught that no man can cure himſelf of this diſeaſe; and though a multitude of quacks have recommended noſtrums of their own, there is only one medicine in the world that can effect a cure.

Reader, go and learn what that meaneth: *The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.*

Short argument for the Deity of the Holy Ghost.

AMONG all the ſins which we read of, none is repreſented as unpardonable, but the blaſphemy againſt the Holy Ghoſt.

Does not the nature of this horrible offence ſtrike every truly ſerious and conſiderate man with the deepeſt awe? Does it not inſpire the ſoul with an irreſiſtible perſuaſion, that the Perſonage againſt whom it is ſo peculiarly criminal, and ſo irrevocably deſtructive to offend, muſt be highly exalted indeed? "Can this, O my ſoul, be a mere creature? What would the Eternal Majeſty deny pardon to an offence committed againſt an infinitely *inferior* being (for all created beings muſt be *infinitely* beneath the Creator), while he has provided, promiſed, and offers it to rebels againſt HIMSELF? Surely no!" The blaſphemy againſt the Holy Ghoſt being irremiſſible, is therefore a cogent and awful proof of his true and proper Deity. Ananias was firſt expoſtulated with, as having yielded up himſelf as the vaſſal of Satan "to lie to the Holy Ghoſt;" and then was arrainged, convicted, condemned, immediately ſtruck dead, for having "lied not *unto men, but unto God.*" Should any inquire wherefore the blaſphemy againſt the Spirit is repreſented as emphatically criminal, and terribly deſtructive? Becauſe he is the great witneſs both of the Father and the Son, in the inſpired word, in miracles, and in all his operations on the heart and conſcience; ſo that they who oppoſe, blaſpheme, and ridicule his teſtimony, reſiſt the ſtrongeſt manifeſtation that ever was, or ever will be given of God to the children of men.

PNEUMATOPHILOS.

Pious advice to a Profligate Son.

"IT is *all a tale*," ſaid Will, to one of his female couſins, who ſpoke of going to church next day. "My brother and I are to have a ride into the country." the lady was ſhocked at the rudeneſs of the declaration, and inſtead of an approving ſmile, Will was rewarded with a frown. This young gentleman was placed early in life at a diſtance from thoſe whoſe more immediate duty it was to guide his unpractiſed years; and thus left at liberty in the choice of his companions and pleaſures, he ſoon exchanged the principles which had been carefully inſtilled into him, for others more flattering and faſhionable. When he made the above open and frank acknowledgment of his opinions, he was juſt come from a friend's houſe, where he had dined, and done honour to the excellent quality of the wines by bringing off a ſufficient quantity. Inſpired and elevated with the entertainments of the table from which he had lately riſen, Will was ambitious, in the abſence of thoſe whoſe years and experience would have been a reſtraint, of ſhowing his ſuperiority to vulgar weakneſſes and prejudices. Whether he imagined that ſuch a diſcovery would recommend him to the favour of the ladies, I will not determine.

As I found myſelf altogether unqualified to join in that ſort of polite converſation which the gentleman had introduced, and which he ſeemed deſirous of continuing with the help of his younger brother, who has embraced the ſame generous and enlarged ſentiments, I inſtantly withdrew, leaving Will and his couſins to manage the matter betwixt them. For my own part, I am ſtill reſolved to perſiſt in the primitive practice of obſerving the ſabbath-day, till my underſtanding ſhall be ſo far enlightened as to perceive, with Will, that the Chriſtian religion is *all a tale*. If it be *a tale*, as Will ſays (and he no doubt, has his reaſons), ſure it is a *good* one.

The young gentleman came down in the morning properly equipped, and finding their ſiſter was ready, they all three ſtept into the chaiſe which waited at the door. They had not proceeded far, before Euphronia, an able young lady, began to feel ſome uneaſineſs of mind and expreſſed her doubts whether it was lawful to take ſuch a journey of pleaſure on that day. "I ſaw my mother look a little diſpleaſed when we were preparing to ſet out"—'My mother is too

narrow and bigotted, you know." replied Will, " and ſhe will forget us all as ſoon as ſhe ſees her favourite preacher Mr. —— in the pulpit."—" I dare ſwear," ſays his younger brother, " ſhe has forgot us already, for ſhe is by this time on her knees in the little cloſet."—" She never forgets any of us there," ſays his ſiſter; " but I have been too eaſily prevailed on to engage in this expedition. Had I reflected that it would have given our dear mother ſuch uneaſineſs, or that I ſhould have been expoſed to hear ſuch converſation, I would not have heſitated a moment to ſtay behind. There is a dreadful cloud hanging over us! How black and diſmal it appears! It will certainly ſoon burſt upon us in a deluge of rain."—What have you to fear from the burſting of the cloud?" ſays Will: " We are all ſecure in this ſnug carriage, and in a ſhort time we ſhall have a good comfortable room and a hearty dinner; and if we can get no pleaſure out of doors, we ſhall amuſe ourſelves the beſt way we can within."—" But what will become of that poor fellow that rides before us?"—" Let him go to the ——."—" I am afraid, Will, ſome of us ſhall get there before him."—" Siſter, your notions are too antiquated. You have been too long in a confined ſphere among the canting whining hypocrites of ——. I muſt have you along with me. None of the people of ſenſe and faſhion with us trouble their heads about religion, or ever think of minding Sunday or going to church; they leave that to ſervants and mechanics."—" Then I fear they leave the beſt part to them and take up with the worſt themſelves. They forego, I am now inclined to think, the moſt rational gratification our natures can enjoy, and raſhly renounce all hopes of future happineſs, for the pomp and glitter of a day."—" You will judge otherwiſe when we have had you awhile amongſt us."—" I hope not: I am not at all ambitious of the honour you propoſe; and if ſuch be the circle to which you would introduce me, I chuſe rather to remain at home in peace and obſcurity. My friends, it is true, are of a different way of thinking from yours, and may not, perhaps, appear ſo gay and ſplendid, but they have as ſound heads and as honeſt hearts; and I feel myſelf perfectly happy in their ſociety, without any wiſh to make a change."—" An excellent parſon in petticoats, upon my word. Where, in the name of wonder, ſiſter, have you acquired all this fine rhetoric and divinity? Did you ſtudy at ——, or at ——? Couldſt thou get in amongſt the people called Quakers, I am confident thou wouldſt outſhine the beſt-gifted ſiſter of them all. But how wilt thou part with that high cap, child, theſe ſmart feathers, and all thy other fi-

nery? Seriouſly, ſiſter, I pity your weakneſs; and had I dreamed that your conſcience was ſo very tender and ſcrupulous, I would not have aſked you to be of our party."— "And I, brother, moſt ſincerely pity your wickedneſs; and had I known that your principles were ſo looſe, and that you could have talked in ſo profane and irreligious a ſtyle, no entreaties ſhould have moved me to accompany you. But I beg that for the future you will ſuppreſs, at leaſt when I am preſent, all ſuch impious reflections, to which my ears have hitherto been unaccuſtomed." The young gentleman, confounded and abaſhed at ſo ſpirited a remonſtrance, behaved during the remainder of the journey with decency and good manners; but notwithanding all their efforts to force an air of gaiety and cheerfulneſs, the day paſſed very dull and heavy. The weather too was unfavourable. In their return to town they had long intervals of ſilence, interrupted only by yawnings. At length the younger brother began to hum a faſhionable air, but was quickly reproved by the other, who thought it imprudent to ſhock any further the feelings of their ſiſter, leſt a diſcovery ſhould be made, which would draw upon him the diſpleaſure of his parents, and embitter the ſhort ſtay he intended to make among his relations. As ſoon as they landed at their father's houſe, the young lady repaired immediately to her own apartment, and the young gentlemen to a tavern in the neighbourhood, to ſpend the evening, according to appointment, with ſome very choice companions; where the miſcarriage of that day's excurſion, and the ridiculous ſqueamiſhneſs of their ſiſter, furniſhed no ſmall ſhare of the entertainment.

A little before the time fixed on for her brother's departure, Euphronia took an opportunity of relating the whole affair to her mother, and expreſſed her concern and regret for having acted ſo contrary to her mother's inclinations and her own ſenſe of duty. As it was the firſt offence, ſhe hoped to be forgiven, and promiſed ſhe would never ſuffer herſelf to be drawn in to give her countenance to ſuch an unworthy abuſe of that ſacred day. "Aſk forgiveneſs, my dear," ſaid her mother, "of Him whom you have chiefly offended, and take care to ſhow the ſincerity of your repentance by a greater purity of converſation, and a ſtricter regard to the inſtitutions of our holy religion." At this moment her brother entered the room, upon which ſhe went out, and left them alone together. Will ſoon dreaded, from the countenance of his mother, more in ſorrow than in anger, what had been the ſubject of their converſation; but ſhe did not keep him long in a ſtate of ſuſpenſe. With a

dignity, yet at the ſame time with tenderneſs, ſhe thus addreſſed him: "Sorry I am from the heart, my dear Will, to hear ſuch accounts of your conduct as cannot but leſſen you in the eſteem of all thoſe whoſe regard is worth poſſeſſing. I never expected to receive ſuch information concerning you. But the ſource whence I have derived it can leave no room for uncertainty and doubt. To have heard that you were ſeized with a violent fever, or had broken a limb by a fall from your horſe, could not have raiſed in me ſo great an alarm for your ſafety as this news has done. A mind, corrupted by evil principles and vicious indulgences, is worſe than all the dreadful diſorders and misfortunes to which the body is liable. With ſuch an inconſiderable ſhare of knowledge and experience as you muſt have acquired, how dare you ſo boldly diſpute the truth of a relation which has been credited by many much wiſer and better than yourſelf, or call in queſtion the exiſtence of things which it is impoſſible for you and all the ſons of Adam to diſprove? But I am ſtill diſpoſed to think favourably of you, and to believe that you are not as yet a real confirmed infidel, but have been betrayed into the profeſſion of theſe ſentiments merely by vanity and a fooliſh deſire of appearing as manly as your neighbours. You have unhappily choſen as models for your imitation the moſt contemptible of your ſex: Few, I hope, of ours are as yet infected with this libertine and abandoned ſpirit. As you are yet only a novice, I am not without expectations that a timely and ſerious warning may not be altogether loſt upon you. It has long been my ſtudy and deſire to preſerve on my mind a deep conviction of the uncertainty of all human enjoyments, and when I part with any of my family to conſider that I may never have the pleaſure of converſing with them again in this world. Hearken to this then, as if it were the laſt advice of an affectionate mother, who cannot but love you, though your conduct has not hitherto been ſuch as ſhe can honeſtly approve. Surely thoſe aſſociates who are ſo laviſh in their aſſertions of friendſhip, when perhaps heated and inflamed with wine, cannot feel ſuch ardent and ſincere wiſhes for your welfare as the parent who brought you forth and nouriſhed you all your infant days. O, my ſon! flee, I beſeech you, the company of the vain and licentious: They may endeavour to perſuade you that they are happy; but heed them not: It is a deluſion and a lie. They never can taſte of true and genuine ſatisfaction while they madly purſue ſuch a courſe. Venture not amongſt them again, though it were to make you maſter of a world: The ruin both of body and ſoul

muſt be the fatal conſequence of ſuch a connexion. If you cultivate the ſociety of the virtuous and the wiſe, you ſhall never have cauſe to repent of it. Their friendſhip is ſincere, and it will be improving, delightful, ſteady, and permanent; but God himſelf is the only powerful and unchangeable friend. Remember that you are obnoxious, as well as others, to misfortune, diſeaſe, and death. There are ſituations in human life when the moſt faithful and attentive friends can only behold and weep, but cannot afford the ſmalleſt relief: In ſuch a ſeaſon the certainty and reality of thoſe things, which you now affect to deride, will preſs upon your mind in all their native force and vigour; and though you ſhould obtain comfort, yet I almoſt tremble to think how dear your folly of mocking at religion will coſt you. Be intreated to read often, and with attention, that bleſſed book which the gay and thoughtleſs ſo much deſpiſe, and think it no ſhame or diſgrace to implore the direction of Him who hath made both it and you: It will tell you all things that ever you did. Do not haſtily believe it to be a falſehood invented to impoſe upon the weak and credulous, becauſe men of profligate manners, who wiſh it in their hearts, have been bold enough to ſay ſo, or becauſe a few, who call themſelves philoſophers, and pretend to be much more knowing than others, have, in the pride of their underſtanding, denied the truth and reality of all religion. With the greateſt bigotry and zeal have they propagated their deteſtable opinions; thus attempting, with the moſt inhuman barbarity, to rob the wretched of their only ſupport. But upon a diligent peruſal, I hope you will find to your comfort, that there is nothing weak or defective in the evidence, nothing abſurd or contradictory in the doctrines, nothing unreaſonable in the precepts; but that all is worthy of that wiſe and gracious Being from whom it comes, and wonderfully adapted to the miſerable ſtate of thoſe to whom it is directed. Be aſſured I ſhall not ceaſe to recommend you to the ſame God who has kindly conducted and comforted me, and in whoſe ſervice I have enjoyed infinitely more ſweetneſs and delight than the moſt ſucceſsful votary of vice from all his mean and fading pleaſures. And if my poor teſtimony can add any weight with you to the countleſs multitudes who have felt and proclaimed that God is true, I can moſt ſafely and heartily affirm, that in no one moment ſince I knew him have I found his word to fail, and I am perſuaded never ſhall. Many comforts has he poured into my cup; and this one, I truſt, is ſtill reſerved for me—to hear, before I leave this world, that my prayers for your conviction and amendment

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Religion and Learning Mutually Helpful.

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the learning of antiquity—would have been loſt; and that there was a time, when, had it not been for Learning, Chriſtianity could neither, humanly ſpeaking, have been known nor propagated. In the "diſmal night of ignorance," as it has been well called by an elegant writer*, which laſted through ſome of the middle centuries, the little learning that remained was confined to eccleſiaſtics; and would have been neglected even by them, had not they been eccleſiaſtics —nothing but their profeſſion inducing them to cultivate letters in any degree. And at that memorable period, the time of the reformation, how could Chriſtianity have been known, how could it have been propagated, had none poſſeſſed the advantages of learning, had none been acquainted with the original languages of the ſacred Scriptures? We may further aſk, with reſpect to the time ſince Religion and Learning have been revived amongſt us, have not ſome of the brighteſt luminaries in the learned world been miniſters of Religion? And has not the cauſe of Religion been moſt effectually promoted by men renowned for their literary accompliſhments? Let not any of the literati, then, ungratefully diſown their obligations to Chriſtianity: And let not Chriſtians deſpiſe Learning, nor diſcard it from the ſervice of Religion.

CANDIDUS.

A Letter to a young Gentleman, from his Tutor.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have juſt been conducted through a courſe of liberal education, and are now about to enter on the world of buſineſs and temptation. Will you permit your late inſtructor, to whom you have long looked up with reſpect and affection, to recal your attention to the moſt ſerious and important of all ſubjects, I mean that of *Evangelical Religion?* Though the gay and thoughtleſs ſtart at the name, as if ſome horrid form bolted on their ſight; though many who pretend to ſuperior knowledge, like the Roman annaliſt†, treat it as a miſchievous ſuperſtition, calculated to depreſs the ſpirits and enervate the faculties of the mind; you, through the providence of God, have been taught that Goſpel piety

* *Vicesimus Knox.* † *Tacitus.*

improves the underſtanding and refines the heart, being totally different from that melancholy thing, which uſurps its name, and tears us from all the endearments of ſociety to practiſe penance and unmeaning devotion within the gloomy receſſes of a cloiſter. Ignorance may fear, and prejudice miſrepreſent, the religion of Jeſus; but they who know and cordially embrace it will experience it to be a cheerful companion in youth, and an invariable friend amidſt all the changes and calamities of life, which will adminiſter ſupport and conſolation when ſtrength and ſpirits fail, and accompany us into the future ſtate, when all other friends have forſaken us and fled.

But, before I enter on the diſcuſſion of this ſubject, it will be proper for me to appriſe you of the dangers to which you will ſoon be expoſed, and the obſtacles you will meet with in the purſuit of true wiſdom.

A *ſpirit of diſſipation*, or love of pleaſure, pervades at preſent all ranks and orders of life, and threatens to expel every thing ſerious from ſociety. Againſt this diſpoſition, the more dangerous becauſe ſo general, I earneſtly intreat my dear young friend to be upon his guard. However innocent, and free from direct immorality, Worldly Pleaſure may appear; however faſcinating her garb; however ſoft and inſinuating her ſmiles and perſuaſions; however numerous and faſhionable her votaries; yet if you ſuffer yourſelf to be allured by the flattering voice of this ſyren, ſhe will inſenſibly conduct you into thoſe regions of miſery and deſpair, whence few return to recite the doleful tale of her fatal deluſions.

Pleaſure acts like an opiate; it gently ſtupifies the faculties. Accuſtomed to eaſe, the mind becomes indiſpoſed for manly exertion and the patient inveſtigation of truth, eſpecially truth of a ſolemn and ſpiritual kind. And as the light of the ſun is obnoxious to a diſeaſed eye; ſo truth itſelf, when it diſcovers and reproves the follies we love, will become painful, and therefore will be hated and avoided. Thoſe who are habituated to luxurious enjoyment, reluctate againſt every thing calculated to diſturb their repoſe, and rouſe their attention. Hence ariſes much, if not moſt of that diſguſt, which prevails in the faſhionable world, to ſerious religion. It is their enemy, in the ſame ſenſe as the prophet Micaiah was an enemy to the guilty monarch of Iſrael †, "it doth not propheſy good concerning them but evil, and therefore they hate it."

† 1 *Kings*, xxii. 8.

Every kind and degree of entertainment I would not condemn as unlawful: I only wiſh to caution you againſt making *amuſement your buſineſs*—againſt ſpending your precious hours in thoſe things which ought never to be uſed but as temporary relaxations, in order to fit both body and mind for vigorous action. If you would be wiſe and happy, you muſt reſolutely cultivate a habit of diligent and patient attention, and learn to deſpiſe thoſe poor contrivances which thouſands employ to ſquander away a ſhort life, and drown all ſerious reflection, till too late they begin to lament, "how they have hated inſtruction, and deſpiſed reproof."

Should you be thoughtful and inquiſitive about religion, you will probably be expoſed to the contemptuous ſneer, or witty remarks, of your gay companions. But, to elude their force, let me intreat you to exert the ſpirit of a man, and ſecretly implore that divine help which is never denied to the earneſt and humble ſuppliant.

Contempt and ridicule are very formidable, eſpecially to the young and inexperienced; but they are imaginary terrors, and, like ghoſts and apparitions, which ſcare the ignorant, are found to be unſubſtantial and harmleſs, when reſolutely faced and minutely explored. Conſider, my friend, whoſe contempt you are likely to incur. Is it the contempt of the wiſe and good—of thoſe whoſe reſpect is worth procuring upon the terms they propoſe? No. None but the groſsly ignorant, or the infamouſly vicious, will venture to treat ſober conſideration with contempt.

With the utmoſt degree of falſehood it has been ſaid, that ridicule is the teſt of truth; ſince there is nothing ſo wiſe, ſo excellent, nor ſo uſeful, but it may be firſt viewed through the medium of a diſcoloured imagination, and then placed by a profane wit in a laughable ſituation, by artfully combining with it ridiculous things which are foreign to its nature. Even Plato and Paul have been dreſſed by buffoons in fools-coats of their own making; but neither Plato's philoſophy, nor the Apoſtle's divinity, will be thought the worſe of, on theſe accounts, by thoſe who have ſtudied them for themſelves. The fineſt and graveſt poems have been parodied: Milton has been laughed at by Voltaire; Virgil has been traveſtied; but who that can read or reliſh thoſe ſublime compoſitions, will hold them in leſs eſteem? The moſt regular and beautiful countenances may be diſtorted into the moſt droll and horrid figures, by means of badly ground mirrors: Look to the faces themſelves, and immediately you are ſtruck with admiration. It is an eaſy thing to raiſe a violent exclamation againſt every thing decent, as formal and ſtiff;

every thing ſerious, as melancholy and ſuperſtitious; every thing devout, as fanatical and enthuſiaſtic; every thing that does not ſuit the conception of a proud reaſon, or which is not preſently obvious to a giddy diſſipated mind, as nonſenſe and abſurdity. Some, who arrogate to themſelves all reaſon and learning, and like the phariſees of old deſpiſe others, will tell you that certain notions and practices did well enough for our grandmothers and nurſes, but that we live in more enlightened times, and that it is a proof of a little and illiberal mind to hold ſuch opinions as are ſcouted by the wiſeſt philoſophers of the age. Theſe I call ſly tricks played off upon your weakneſs and vanity, and not ſober arguments addreſſed to your underſtanding. Learn to diſtinguiſh between wit and argument; between the haughty ſneer of aſſuming contempt, and the majeſty of convincing truth. Pray for magnanimity to maintain your rights, as a reaſonable creature, againſt the pretended infallibility of ſelf-exalted rationaliſts on the one hand, and of anathematizing bigots on the other: And thus may your mind be prepared for the reception of that divine truth, which alone can make you "wiſe to ſalvation." Upon this ſubject I will addreſs you again, ſo ſoon as leiſure will permit.

I am, with eſteem, your affectionate friend,

PAIDEUTES.

SERIOUS CONSIDERATION.

I KNOW that I muſt die: But what preparation have I made for it? O, my ſoul! what evidences haſt thou for heaven? I muſt die: But am I now dead to ſin? I muſt appear before God in judgment: But what account can I give of my life? Thoſe who are pardoned through faith in Chriſt, and ſanctified by the Holy Ghoſt, will be eternally happy: But is this *my* caſe? Am I pardoned? Have I repented? Have I forſaken ſin? and do I delight in God and in his ſervice, and carefully ſhun all evil company, and evil words and actions?—Lord, have mercy upon me; make me holy, and fit me for thy preſence. T.

Christian Philosophy.

THE SUN.

IN meditating on the wonderful works of God, the firſt object which generally ſtrikes the attention, is that glorious luminary the Sun. It appears to dwell in the heavens as in a grand pavilion *. The form of it is nearly, if not quite, ſpherical. Its magnitude is great indeed !—The diameter of it is computed to be 890,000 miles, which is more than equal to a hundred diameters of our earth. But what its ſubſtance is, whether it be a liquid or a ſolid globe, who can tell ? The general opinion, however, is, that it is a body of fire, that the heat of it is preſerved by its prodigious bulk, and that light and heat are emitted from it, as from an enormous maſs of red-hot iron. Others ſuppoſe that it affords us light without poſſeſſing any great internal heat ; and that its beams become hot to us by mixing with our atmoſphere.

The *diſtance* of the Sun from our earthly abode is truly aſtoniſhing; it being more than eighty millions of miles ! a diſtance ſo prodigious, that a cannon ball, flying at the rate of four hundred and eighty miles an hour, would not reach us in nineteen years. And yet the rays of light which iſſue from it, are ſaid to be no longer than ſeven or eight minutes in their paſſage—a rapidity ſo ſtupendous, as to be nearly equal to ſeven times the circumference of our world in a moment. Our merciful Creator has placed the earth at the moſt convenient diſtance from the Sun, near enough to be ſufficiently warmed by it, yet not ſo near as to be conſumed. The Sun is now generally acknowledged to be in the centre of our ſyſtem : It does not perform a circuit round the earth, as, from appearances, we ſhould naturally conclude, and as the ancient philoſophers ſuppoſed :—it revolves only round its own axis ; and does this once in the ſpace of 25 days, 6 hours †. Various experiments have produced evi-

* *Pſalm xix.* 4.

† *The enemies of revelation have not failed to avail themſelves of apparent diſcord which there is between the Scriptures of truth and the true philoſophy ; becauſe the Scriptures repreſent the ſun as revolving about the earth, as riſing, ſetting, &c. It might,*

dences in favour of the preſent, or, as it is commonly called, the Copernican hypotheſis; and ſuch, indeed, as almoſt amount to demonſtration. To theſe teſtimonies may be ſubjoined the doctrine of eclipſes. The cauſe of eclipſes is is obvious: When the moon paſſes between the earth and the ſun, ſo as to intercept his rays, he is ſaid to be eclipſed. This never happens but at the time of the new moon: becauſe it is only then that ſhe paſſes between the ſun and the earth. When the earth is interpoſed between the moon and the ſun, then the moon is eclipſed, and this is only at the time of the full moon.

Who can think of the vaſt bulk of the Sun without calling to mind its glorious Creator? He is emphatically ſtyled, "The Father of Lights." If the material Sun be ſo great, how inconceivably greater muſt He be who ſpake, and it was made, who commanded, and it ſtood faſt! The fixed ſtars alſo, which on account of their immenſe diſtance, appear to us ſo very ſmall, are, it is very probable, ſo many ſuns equal in magnitude to ours, and anſwering the ſame purpoſes in other ſyſtems as ours does in this. Each of them ſeems formed to communicate light and heat to a certain number of inhabited planets, kept by gravitation within the ſphere of its activity. "With what an auguſt conception does this furniſh us of the works of the Creator! Thouſands of thouſands of ſuns, attended by ten thouſand times ten thouſand worlds, all in rapid motion, yet calm, regular, and harmonious, invariably keeping the paths preſcribed them; and thoſe worlds

perhaps, be ſufficient to ſay, that ſince the deſign of the holy writings is to inſtruct men not in philoſophical but in divine truth, we ought to conſider theſe texts in which philoſophical matters are mentioned being ſpoken according to the appearances of things, and the vulgar notions which men have of them, not according to their reality, or philoſophical verity. But it has been proved by perſons well acquainted with the Hebrew Bible, that the Scriptures ſpeak exactly and philoſophically true in natural things. Whoever wiſhes to ſee this proved may read PHILOSOPHIA SACRA; *or, The Principles of Natural Philoſophy extracted from Divine Revelation; By the late Rev. Samuel Pike.*

"*It is true that the ſun ſeems to change his place daily; but whether the ſun or the earth moves, this appearance will be the ſame; for when the earth is in any part of the heavens, the ſun will appear in the oppoſite. It is well known to every perſon who has ſailed on ſmooth water, that however faſt the veſſel goes, he does not feel its motion. Now the motion of the earth is incomparably more ſmooth and uniform than that of a ſhip or any machine made and moved by human art, and therefore we cannot be ſuppoſed to feel its motion.*

peopled with myriads of intelligent beings! O how great, how wise, how good, must HE be, who made and governs the whole!"

In proportion as our thoughts of God are enlarged we must feel ourselves diminished, and say with David, "When I consider the heavens Lord! what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" How astonishing is the condescension of divine Providence, that, amidst the wide-extended universe, in all its unnumbered parts, amidst the myriads of beings it contains, notices each individual, provides for his support, and directs all his affairs! But how astonishing, beyond all possible conception, is it, that Jesus, who adorned those amazing luminaries with all their imperial grandeur, should abase himself so low as to become an inhabitant of the depraved and miserable world in which we live; that he should assume not the nature of angels but the seed of Abraham; that he should lay aside all his refulgent glory, take upon him the lowly form of a servant, bear the contradiction of sinners for thirty years, and at last expire on a cross to ransom guilty man! What are the dimensions of the heavens, vast as they are, compared with those of Jesus' love?

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And ev'ry man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretch'd from sky to sky."

The Sun is one of the brightest images of divine *goodness*. The idea of the Power which formed it, impresses me with holy awe; but the goodness displayed in furnishing such a source of blessings, fills me with gratitude.

"Praise him who made great lights;
For his mercy endureth for ever:
The Sun to rule the day;
For his mercy endureth for ever."

It is an invaluable blessing to us that the Sun does not make his appearance in a sudden and abrupt manner. He comes forth from his chamber full of mildness; he darts his rays with gradually-increasing force, until he attains his meridian height; and then as gradually retires.

When a certain confessor of the Romish church, who had been for many years confined in the dark prison of an Inqui-

ſition, was brought forth to ſuffer death, he no ſooner beheld the light of the Sun, than he cried out, "Who that has reaſon can worſhip any other than the Maker of that glorious creature?" For this devout exclamation, ſo derogatory to the worſhip of images, he was immediately gagged. Bleſſed be God, our tongues are at perfect liberty to record his ſublime perfections who made this great luminary, and who continues it as the inſtrument of light, heat and vegetation to the earth. Surely then

"An undevout aſtronomer is mad."

How *extenſive* is the divine goodneſs in the beneficial rays of the Sun, which viſit alike the juſt and the unjuſt, the ſaint and the ſinner! How cogent an argument this to induce diſciples of Jeſus to love their enemies! Let us reſemble our heavenly Father by diffuſing, as widely as poſſible, the benefits of that knowledge which we receive from the great Fountain of intelligence.

The time will come when men muſt account to God for the uſe which they make of light. Happy thoſe who, like their Redeemer, work the works of God while it is day! They ſhall ere long be tranſlated to that glorious ſtate which is called, "The inheritance of the ſaints in light." But thoſe who abuſe the natural light of the Sun to the purpoſes of ſin and rebellion, ſhall be confined in the blackneſs of darkneſs for ever.

The Sun is a lively emblem of *Jeſus Chriſt*. It is "the eye and ſoul of this great world;" and ſo is Jeſus of the church: He is the ſource of all wiſdom and knowledge. For thouſands of years he has freely communicated his enlightening, quickening, and comforting beams. Firmly fixed in the centre of the church, he diffuſes his invaluable bleſſings in all directions; nor could millions of ſaints and angels, thoſe inferior lights, in the leaſt degree ſupply his abſence. How beautiful is the expreſſion of the Evangeliſt: "In him was life, and, the life was the light of men!" In his illuminating rays his people will eternally rejoice; "for the Lord ſhall be our everlaſting light, and the days of our mourning ſhall be ended."

The *progreſs* of the light reſembles the path of the juſt. When the day-ſtar firſt ariſes on the heart, no ſmall obſcurity remains. To the newly-enlightened Chriſtian ſpiritual objects appear as men did to him who had been blind: They are *like trees walking*. But the good work of grace once begun, ſhall never be forſaken. The believer ſhall increaſe in the light of knowledge and peace, till he appear like the Sun in his meridian ſplendour.

Let us close our reflections by observing, that a blessed period will arrive, when God shall adorn our fallen nature with the glories of this magnificent luminary. Even now the church is clothed with the Sun: John beheld her in vision*, surrounded with rays of illustrious brightness; having put on Christ and his righteousness, and being irradiated with light, truth, comfort, and holiness. True, our Sun is often eclipsed, and covered with mists and vapours; but shortly all these shall be done away: "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the Sun in the kingdom of their Father†."

CONSPECTOR.

A FUNERAL MEDITATION.

I AM now in the house of mourning, but it may prove better for my soul than the house of feasting. This would tend to allure my heart from God, while that is calculated to wean it from the world, and raise it to heaven. Death that pale messenger and grim monster, that universal leveller and inexorable king of terrors and tyrants, has plundered and ravaged this sorrowful habitation. With him, however it is nothing strange or new. Where can I find the house, of almost any standing, in which there have been none dead? From Adam to Moses, Death reigned; and from Moses to this hour, he still reigns. Alexander, who conquered the world, was conquered by him. His fatal darts continue to fly, and never once miss their mark. On his pale horse he rides up and down the world, and has done so for near six thousand years, laying all flat before him. He will still go on conquering and to conquer, till time shall be no more. Once to die is appointed unto all men. Epictetus told an emperor, what no emperor dare deny, "That to be born, and to die, were common both to princes and beggars." The faithful page of history, and sculptured monuments, sacred to the memory of philosophers, poets, warriors, and others; together with the various graves and inscriptions found in church-yards; fully demonstrate the universality of Death. Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever? The places which knew them once, know them no more. Let me seriously consider, that what I now say of them, may ere long be said of me. Death, in every point of view, is a subject most solemn; and, as it is one in which all have an equal concern, it ought to be viewed with equal

* *Rev. xii.* 1. † *Matt. xiii.* 43.

concern by all. For any thing I know, it is within a ſtep of myſelf. It cannot be at a very great diſtance from any one. Time is ſhort: Compared with eternity, it is nothing. The wiſe man ſays, "There is a time to be born, and a time to die:" In which brief account of man, he paſſes over the time of his life, as if he judged it too inconſiderable for notice. The ſacred writers, ever remarkable for the juſtneſs and propriety of their expreſſions, repreſent human life as being but a *ſpan*; a hand's-breadth; an inch or two. They compare it to the withering graſs; the fading flower; the flying ſhadow: and the vaniſhing vapour. Surely then my life is but a dream, and mine age is nothing! Surely every man walketh in a vain ſhow, and, at his beſt ſtate, is altogether vanity.

When death appears, every effort to reſiſt his ſtroke proves ineffectual. Gold cannot bribe him, nor will he be awed by power. The pleas of youth, beauty, worldly buſineſs, or unfitneſs for the change, are equally inadmiſſible. Let me then ſo number, and improve, my few and fugitive days, as to apply my heart unto wiſdom. Let me diligently prepare for the all-important change I cannot poſſibly avoid. I will no more ſay to my ſoul, Soul, take thine eaſe, thou haſt goods laid up for many years; but I will ſay, Soul, prepare to meet thy God, for this night he may require thee to appear in his preſence. What a fool ſhould I be to ſtrive to keep my end out of ſight; as if the evil day would forget to come, on account of my forgetfulneſs of its coming. Whereas its coming would thereby be made ſo much the more terrible. I muſt not be like thoſe who think all men mortal but themſelves, but rather imitate holy Job, in waiting all the days of my appointed time for my ſolemn and final change. Human life is always ringing changes but Death, both to ſaints and ſinners, will be the greateſt as well as the laſt. Thereby, all diſtinctions, except thoſe of *righteous* and *wicked*, will be forever levelled and deſtroyed. The tall, the wiſe, the reverend head, muſt lie as low as others. His honour, his reverence, his lordſhip, his grace, and even his ſacred majeſty, with every other title, will all be loſt and ſwallowed up in thoſe emphatical words: *Earth to earth, aſhes to aſhes, duſt to duſt.*" To whom I was related, or to what inheritance I was born, will avail me nothing in a dying hour. No earthly object can either take away the ſting, or avert the ſtroke of Death. Their ſupports under it, likewiſe, are utterly feeble. Indeed, for ſenſual gratifications, no reliſh will remain. Money, fine houſes, garments, furniture, and ſumptuous fare; together with carnal mirth, friends, and

faſhionable amuſements; will all be miſerable comforters. Party names and empty notions in religion will then be found of ſmall importance. I may be a Papiſt, a Churchman, or a Proteſtant Diſſenter of any denomination, and ſtill be expoſed not only to the ſtroke, but alſo to the ſting and terrors of Death. What is it then, let me ſeriouſly inquire, that will avail, in the cloſing ſcenes of life? The inſpired volume informs me, that I muſt either have my guilt forgiven, or remain guilty for ever. As the tree falls, ſo it lies.

There are no acts of pardon paſt
In the cold grave, to which we haſte;
But darkneſs, death, and long deſpair,
Reign in eternal ſilence there. WATTS.

If I die in my ſins, I muſt be driven away in my wickedneſs. After death the judgment. So then, as Death leaves me, Judgment will find me. It is here, and not beyond the grave, that the fountain ſtands open for ſin and uncleanneſs. Only on earth doth the Son of Man exerciſe his forgiving power. Bleſſed be God, the Goſpel trumpet is ſtill ſounding in my ears, that acceſs to the door of mercy is free for all: But ſhould the curtain of time drop, before the Lord's mercy be found, to ſeek it afterwards would be utterly in vain. A ſingle drop of water, to cool a ſcorching tongue, would be denied. To ſolicit rocks and mountains to fall upon me and hide me from my judge, would all be labour loſt. The ſeaſon for prayer, repentance, and ſalvation, will then be over and gone for ever. O ſolemn thought! May I ſo improve it, as not to loiter another moment! My ſoul, expand thy wings, and fly for refuge to the hope exhibited in the Goſpel. Acquaint *now* thyſelf with God; and do it more and more. Whatever thou haſt to do, do it with all thy might; and ſurely there can be nothing of equal moment with thy own eternal welfare. Canſt thou bear the thought of being found unprepared? of being turned out of the body out of the world, and into hell? If thou canſt not bear the thought at a diſtance, how wilt thou bear the dreadful calamity when at hand?

To be ready for death, I muſt experience the renewal and ſanctification of my nature, as well as the pardon and remiſſion of my ſins. Except any one be born again of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. Without holineſs no man ſhall ſee the Lord. Without a divine nature none would, or could, be happy in the divine pre

ſence. Thrice happy are they to whom Chriſt is made wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification, and redemption. O how precious, in the near views of death, is this Jeſus to the eye of faith! Particularly in his *blood* and *righteousness*. Here is full atonement for ſin, and a clear indubitable title to the heavenly inheritance. If Death find me waſhed in my Saviour's precious blood, clothed in his perfect righteouſneſs, and completely ſanctified by the effectual working of his Holy Spirit, then I have nothing to fear, but much to hope. The end of life will be the end of grief. To die will be gain. I ſhall exchange my painful toils and labours, for a peaceful, ſafe, and everlaſting reſt. Leaving the tempeſtuous ocean of this world, I ſhall arrive ſafe, in the bliſsful harbour of Heaven. Then I ſhall end my race, and receive the prize. My foes, too, will all be ſlain. Sin, Satan, and the world, ſhall break my peace no more. I ſhall come off more than conqeror, and ſheath my ſword with ſhouts of *Victory, Victory!*

The days of mourning will not only be ended, but every deſire and wiſh ſhall be granted. I ſhall be near and like my God. Awaking in his likeneſs, I ſhall be fully ſatisfied with thoſe pleaſures which are at his right hand for evermore. Then, with angels and the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, I ſhall mingle my ſongs of endleſs praiſe. Yes,

> Praiſe ſhall employ my nobleſt powers
> While immortality endures. WATTS.

S. B.

TO MOURNERS IN ZION.

MY dear mourning friends, attend a little to theſe precious words, "Thus ſaith the Lord, the mighty God, Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou ſhalt glorify me *."

Whatever be your trouble, thus ſaith the Lord, the mighty God, who ſpake, and the earth was made, who commanded, and it ſtood faſt.—"Call upon ME, I will deliver thee." Fear not, I will do it, do it ſo abundantly, that "ye ſhall glorify me."

Doſt thou fear, doubting ſoul, that thou haſt no intereſt in the Lord Jeſus, ſo that he will be no Saviour to thee? Is this thy fear? Call upon the Lord, he will give thee faith; yea,

*Pſalm l. 15.

he hath promiſed, that he will give his Holy Spirit to them that aſk him, and " he ſhall teach them all things." But why doubt ye? Is not Jeſus a free and an all-ſufficient Saviour?—Yes, ſurely: But ſay you—" My heart is exceeding ſinful—I have no love to God—and very little deſire after holineſs." Is this thy trouble? Believe me, ſoul, the unregenerate careth for none of theſe things? therefore take courage, come to the Lord, here is a promiſe exactly fitted to thy condition; yea, I verily believe, this is a trouble from which the Lord delighteth to deliver.

Do outward circumſtances diſtreſs? fear not; the covenant God hath made for his people is well ordered in all things and ſure; and whatever they meet with, however dark it may appear, yet be aſſured it is part of the very covenant by which they are ſaved. Know ye not that *all things* work together for good to them that are called according to God's purpoſe? " O! but I fear I am not called." Well, let us examine a little; you are a ſinner—a great ſinner—everlaſting puniſhment is your *due*. Do you believe this? But have you not heard that Jeſus Chriſt came on purpoſe not to condemn, but to ſave ſuch as you? You have broken the law of God. Jeſus fulfilled every tittle of it for you. You deſerved death—eternal death. Jeſus ſuffered for you; and his ſufferings are a more valuable ſatisfaction to divine juſtice than the eternal puniſhment of ten thouſand ſuch ſouls as thine. Are you willing to be ſaved by Jeſus? Are you deſirous to commit your ſoul wholly to him? Do you deſire to be made holy by him, that you may be fit to dwell with him? Speak, O doubter; is it not your ſoul's deſire to be with Jeſus, and to have him for your all? If ſo, fear not; he hath loved thee with an everlaſting love, and therefore hath he drawn thee with loving-kindneſs. Be not afraid of the remains of ſin; it ſhall never have dominion over thee. Neither things preſent nor things to come ſhall ever ſeparate thee from the love of God, which is in Chriſt Jeſus our Lord; for the Lord hath promiſed to uphold thee with the right hand of his righteouſneſs.

Diſhonour God no more then by thy unbelieving fears; but render unto him glory for the work begun in thy ſoul, and look unto him in confident expectation of all the bleſſings he hath promiſed. Look unto him, and thou ſhalt be ſaved; and he ſhall give you the ſpirit of praiſe for the garment of heavineſs.

O ye ſons and daughters of affliction! God is merciful and gracious; but ye are unthankful. Take ſhame unto thyſelf, O ſoul of little faith, that thou ſhouldeſt have been

doubting and fearing, inſtead of glorifying God thy Saviour. Conſider his love, his unbounded goodneſs, which hath ſaved thee, which hath called thee, and which will, ere long, bring thee to his preſence, where there is fullneſs of joy; where there will be no more ſin, no more doubt, no more fear, no more ſorrow, but God will be thy everlaſting light, and the days of thy mourning will be ended.

OLD EVERTON's SON.

The actings of Faith in times of deſertion.

[*In a Letter to a Friend.*]

DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE read your valuable letter, and there appear to me manifeſt tokens of God's grace in you, while you complain ſo much of the want of it. You would be kiſſed with the kiſſes of Chriſt's mouth, a deſirable thing; but ſometimes we muſt be content, if, with Mary, we may kiſs his feet. Stay a little, and he will turn the ſhadows of death into morning. Much patience is required in bearing ordinary evils, but in nothing more than in times of deſertion to wait upon God in the conſtant uſe of means till comfort arrive. You, may ſee in the Book of Pſalms how holy David was exerciſed with thoſe temptations, when he ſaith, "Mine eyes fail with waiting ſo long upon my God." Young Chriſtians think they live by faith when they live by ſenſe, as young ſwimmers think they know how to ſwim while the bladders are under their arms. Faith is the ſubſtance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not ſeen. You ſay you have not an heart to pray or reſiſt ſin; but is there no balm in Gilead, is there no Phyſician there? Should we not truſt in Chriſt for ſanctification as well as juſtification? He is made unto us of God, wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification, and redemption. Let us endeavour to apply God's promiſes; a plaiſter will not heal if not applied to the wound. The Lord ſaith, *I will take away the heart of ſtone, and give them an heart of fleſh. I will ſubdue their iniquities. Sin ſhall not have dominion over you. He that has begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Chriſt.* St. Peter ſaith, *God has given unto us exceeding great and precious promiſes.* Now when we go to God in prayer for the ſubduing of any ſin, or the ſtrengthening of any grace, if we do

not endeavour to *believe* theſe promiſes, not only that they are true in themſelves, but alſo that God will make them good to us, we fail in that which is the moſt eſſential part. But, perhaps, you may ſay, I have prayed long for theſe bleſſings.—Well, if the viſion tarry, wait for it, for it will ſurely come, and will not tarry. The Lord is a Cod of judgment, and bleſſed are all they that wait for him, though they ſhould wait all their days. Call to mind paſt experiences of God's love, and when they are abſent to ſenſe and feeling, let them be preſent to faith, and account them as true pledges of preſent favour and of future happineſs. Say with holy David, "Why art thou caſt down, O my ſoul, and why art thou diſquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I ſhall yet praiſe him, who is the health of my countenance and my God." Do not ſay, I would have comfort, that I may believe; but rather ſay, I would believe, that I may be comforted.

CHRISTOPHILUS.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF THE POOR.

And now, without a friend to aid, I ſtand,
Abandoned to the gloom of my ſad thoughts!
Said I, *without* a friend? Suſpicion vile!
All-powerful Friend and guardian of the juſt!
Have I not *thee* to aid me in diſtreſs?
O let that thought ſupport my drooping ſoul!

HOW wonderfully the diſpenſations of Jehovah's providence harmonize in the accompliſhment of his infinitely great and precious promiſes! *When the poor and the needy ſeek water and there is none, and when there tongues faileth for thirſt, the Lord will hear them, the God of Iſrael will not forſake them. Their daily bread ſhall be given, and their water ſhall be ſure.* In the dark viciſſitudes of poverty the riches of divine munificence and love are ſupremely diſplayed. The Scriptures may be conſidered as preſenting to our view a map of a vaſt, barren, and inhoſpitable country, through which the ſubjects of grace are travelling, deſtitute, as the people of Iſrael in their way to the land of promiſe, and in which their wants are ſupplied by a conſtant ſucceſſion of extraordinary and miraculous interpoſitions. For Hagar in her diſtreſs, God made the wilderneſs of Beerſheba abound with conſolation in the moment when ſhe was abandoned by hope. His wiſdom ſuffered Joſeph to be carried a ſlave into Egypt, that his goodneſs might ſave the venerable

Jacob and his guilty ſons from the horrors of famine. The Prophet Elijah was fed by an *angel* under the juniper-tree, by the *ravens* at the brook Cherith, and afterwards by a *poor widow of Zarephath*, whoſe barrel of meal and cruiſe of oil were inexhauſtible while he was continued in a ſtate of exigence.

The word of God is the hiſtory of his providence, the truth and glory of which have been atteſted by the experience of the church in every period of extreme difficulty and diſtreſs. *We are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses*, who ceaſe not day and night calling upon us to follow them in the *kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.* By the proſperity of the world our minds may be debauched, and our ſouls ruined ; but by the poverty and afflictions of the croſs, the perfection of our holineſs and happineſs is ſingularly promoted. What dignity did the Saviour of the world ſtamp upon poverty ! What contempt did he pour upon grandeur ! The great multitude which ſtand triumphant on Mount Sion will be chiefly compoſed of ſuch as in this life are deſtitute of every thing eſteemed of *consequence* by ambition or avarice ; though many of the greateſt, and *all* the beſt men have ranked with the poor deſpiſed followers of the Lamb of God ; *men, of whom the world was not worthy* ; men, on whoſe account the righteous Judge of the univerſe has wrought the greateſt wonders of *judgment* and *mercy.*

The celebrated martyrologiſt, Mr. John Fox, was at one time reduced to the moſt forlorn condition ; apparently forſaken of God and man, a wretched outcaſt from the comforts of friendſhip in heaven and earth. In this ſtate he was ſitting in St. Paul's church, almoſt ſpent with long faſting, his bones ſtaring, his countenance pale, his eyes hollow and ghaſtly, and bearing in his perſon every evidence of a ſtarving, dying man ; when He who *sees* and *feels* the afflictions of his faithful ſervants, and has appointed a time for their deliverance, ſent a perſon to communicate a temporary ſupply, and direct his views to the proſpect of brighter days. The ſtranger accoſted him in terms of the kindeſt familiarity, and putting a ſum of mony into his hand, exhorted him to be of good cheer, to take proper care of himſelf, and to improve the means of prolonging his life ; for that within a few days new hopes would ariſe, with ample proviſion for his future neceſſities. He tried with great anxiety to find out this *son of consolation*, but his generoſity was *for a memorial before God*, not for the praiſe of men. However, his welcome prediction was happily fulfilled, for within three days Mr. Fox was raiſed to affluence and honour.

Lo, these are parts of his ways! Many such things are with him! The darkeſt nights are often ſucceeded by the brighteſt days, the drearineſs of winter is forgotten in the beauty and riches of ſummer, and the ſtorms which have threatened our deſtruction bear us to ſerene and peaceful regions. The degree and duration of adverſity are determined in the counſel of heaven; and as it ſhall infallibly ſubſerve the religious proſperity of the ſaints, it ſhould be welcomed as a friend, not deprecated as an enemy. A fretful mind and a murmuring tongue will render us both incapable and unworthy of conſolation, when deſtitute and afflicted: But if we cheerfully confide in God, who *clothes the lilies of the field, and feeds the birds of the air*, every ſituation will be a paradiſe, and from our bittereſt ſufferings we ſhall extract our choiceſt cordials. Faith has the hand of a Midas, it converts *every thing into gold.* In the poſſeſſions and exerciſe of it the diſciples of Jeſus glory in all the terrors of a mutable, diſſolving world:

Should the whole frame of nature round them break,
In dreadful ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
They, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world.

Happineſs generally ſhuns the abodes of grandeur, and takes up her dwelling with the humble poor. Behold Dives clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring ſumptuouſly every day, while Lazarus, expiring of diſeaſe and hunger on a dunghill, thinks of nothing but his diſmiſſion and the *glory that ſhould follow.* The ungodly who proſper in the world are the moſt pitiable objects in creation; ſurrounded with the means of happineſs, they are ſtrangers to intellectual, domeſtic, and ſocial pleaſures, madly devoted to the ſlavery of gain and gaiety; and thus they promote and aggravate the loſs of their ſouls. Their neglect of the poor, their contempt of the religious, will *pierce them through* with innumerable agonies, when from the depth of perdition they ſee the Lord Jeſus *leading* THEM *to fountains of living water.* The unregenerate, though they call empires their own, have no treaſure in heaven. Their ſplendid attire attracts the admiration of the vulgar, their high-ſounding titles, their ſumptuous fare, their magnificent houſes, may agitate the paſſions of the diſcontented; but the man who is illuminated by the grace of God will ſee the fire and brimſtone flaming about their boaſted poſſeſſions, and *eſteem the* REPROACH *of Chriſt greater* RICHES *than all the treaſures of nature.*

The happineſs of God's people is independent of the world. It is their prerogative to be humble and thankful in the uncertain ſmiles of the world, to be reſigned and joyful under its frowns, for *God is the ſtrength of their hearts and their portion for ever*; and in this reflection every fear is abſorbed, and every deſire ſatisfied. Our ſtreams may be dried up, but the fountain is inexhauſtible. Our gourds may wither and die, but the tree of life in the midſt of the city of God will for ever retain its beauty and fertility. The gain of the believer is *above*—above the reach of political anarchy, the ſtagnation of commercial proſperity, and all perſonal or relative tribulation. His treaſure cannot be loſt by accident, nor corrupted by time; as it was not acquired by his exertions, it is inherited without ſolicitude or oſtentation. However parodoxical it may ſound, the ſaints gain moſt by their loſſes; they are enriched by poverty; they are moſt enlarged when in their greateſt ſtraits; *they are ſtrengthened by weakness;* that which is the death of the worldling is their life. Though deſtitute they *poſſeſs all things*, and while they are deſolate and deſerted they bear precious fruit, and exult in the friendſhip of God and the elect myriads of his ſpiritual kingdom. Aſſured that he has pledged the honour of his immutable love on their behalf, they *run with patience the race that is ſet before them* unſpeakably thankful that he has given them the *lot* of thoſe who fear him, in the momentary ſufferings of life, and the reverſion of eternal happineſs in heaven.

GOD AND MAMMON IRRECONCILEABLE.

No man can ſerve two Maſters, Math vi. 24.

THE ingenuity of many is ever on the ſtretch for the diſcovery of ſome expedient, by which to accommodate the oppoſite claims of God and Mammon. They are unwilling to relinquiſh the hope of heaven, yet reſolved to continue, for the purpoſes of preſent convenience, in the intereſts of hell. They are for a Saviour, without a croſs; the triumphs of future glory, without the conflicts of the preſent warfare. The experience of every preceding age and generation declares the folly and impracticability of ſuch an endeavour; yet each one is willing to ſuppoſe, that, however others may have failed, *he* ſhall certainly ſucceed. He flatters himſelf that his keener foreſight, or more zealous

addreſs will be fully adequate to every occurrence, and enable him to ſurmount thoſe dangers, which, to thouſands, have proved ſo fatal. Beſotted ſoul! Can there be conceived an attempt ſo fraught with impiety and baſe ingratitude as this? What is the deſign? To blend the intereſts of light and darkneſs: To eſtabliſh a friendly commerce between heaven and hell: To reconcile Chriſt and Belial in the ſame communion.—No; let it be had in everlaſting remembrance that *our divine Immanuel can never be served with a divided heart*: Is He not ſupremely worthy of the *whole?* How ſhamefully diſingenuous, then, to entertain the moſt diſtant deſire to alienate his property, or partially to deny his claim!

Duplex can laugh in the theatre, or be ſerious in the houſe of God: Can peruſe the pages of inſpiration, or diſplay his talents in the ſtudies of the card-table. With the ſame hand he gathers the profits of injuſtice, or contributes to the public cauſe of religion. Without embarraſſment, he puſhes round the cup of intoxication, or receives the memorials of a bleeding Saviour. Does the friendly voice of admonition warn him of the iſſue of ſuch proceedings?—he pleads neceſſity, and vindicates or excuſes his ſinful compliances by obſerving, *We must live:* But why ſhould *Duplex* be ſo unwilling to remember, that, *We must also die?*

If a man commence a profeſſor of the Goſpel without regeneration, though his name be changed, the principles of nature ſtill rule. He toils or dreams through the duties of religion, but is only unbent and happy among the pleaſures of ſin. This is the genuine ſource of time-ſerving in religion: This the fatal, though hidden root, from which ſprings that frequent apoſtacy which blackens the records of the Chriſtian Church.

Who feels himſelf inclined to imitate the conduct of the idiot, who, perceiving the river too deep to ford, reſolved to wait till all the ſtream ran by? Yet he adopts a reſolution equally egregious, and infinitely more ruinous, who attempts to ſerve two maſters, the views and ſervices of whom are eternally oppoſite and irreconcileable. Of neceſſity, *Either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other: Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.*

FIGLINUS.

To the Editors of the Evangelical Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following letter was written by the Rev. Mr. Kinſman, to a Lady at Briſtol, to whom the care of the education of his daughter was committed. If it ſhould prove even the leaſt check to that ſad conformity to a ſinful world, ſo expreſsly forbidden in Scripture, and now too common among the profeſſors of religion, my end in ſending it, and your's in publiſhing it, will be anſwered.

THE confuſion attending the change of your habitation, perhaps, made you forget what I told you when I firſt placed my daughter under your care. I ſhall anſwer your's fully by juſt repeating it.

I then ſaid I did not put my daughter abroad to learn to be the fine lady, but to be the houſewife, &c.; that I neither deſired nor expected her ſtation in life to be exalted; and that her improvement in ſpelling, writing, and plain-work, next to her better part, was all we expected while ſhe was with you; and I am fully perſuaded, this will be of greater advantage to her, in future life, than to make a fine courteſy. As for *dancing*, I *abhor* and proteſt againſt it as a Chriſtian, and a preacher of the Goſpel: I ſee the dreadful evils in this populous town, which *that one thing* is an inlet to. It is true, I read in the New Teſtament of one dancing match, and that ended, as Biſhop Hall ſaith, in ſending John Baptiſt's body to the grave, and Herod's ſoul to hell. Theſe may be unwelcome things to the miſtreſs of a boarding ſchool.

But, dear Madam, you know my character in life, and I muſt act conſiſtently, as I expect to give an account. You may remember, when ſuch a matter was talked of, you ſaid, you could, without the help of ſuch a maſter, undertake to teach my girl to behave decently, and we ſhall be quite ſatisfied with ſuch a courteſy as Mrs. B. is capable of teaching her. Nay, I would quite excuſe all ſuch ceremony, if at every convenient ſeaſon you would ſpend a few minutes in teaching her to bow the knee to the God and Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt; and by thus bowing the knee together, governeſs and ſcholar, you would bid fair, however aukward you might appear before the ſons of earth, to bow at laſt among higher company in realms of bliſs. Whenever you

have begun, I ſhall be glad to hear from you about the beſt of things. The hurry of buſineſs is enſnaring. Guard againſt too much care. Watch and pray.

BAD COMPANY.

THE very ſound of the expreſſion, *Bad Company*, is painful to a prudent and pious ear. The ſoul of a good man trembles at the idea of being the companion of the wicked. And what is the reaſon? He has many reaſons for it. He has reaſons which relate to time, and reaſons which relate to eternity. He knows ſuch company to be diſgraceful. The wiſe and good, judge of men by their company; and with them it is always accounted diſreputable to be ſeen in the ſociety of thoſe whoſe character is ſtained. Evil company alſo hinders religious improvements: takes off the heart from God; gradually leſſens the fear of ſin; imperceptibly draws men into the commiſſion of iniquity; and in this way deſtroys both the *uſefulness* and the *comfort* of life. It has been the ruin of thouſands and tens of thouſands. By it multitudes have been led on to actions and crimes, at the bare thought of which their ſouls once ſhuddered. By means of evil company they have had their minds filled with fears, and their conſciences overwhelmed with horror; and for one that has eſcaped by true faith and ſincere repentance, there is reaſon to ſuſpect many have gone down to hell.

If therefore you value your credit and comfort in life, your peace in death, or your happineſs in eternity, ſhun evil company as deſtruction; and remember, that under the idea of dangerous ſociety we are to include, not only the drunkard, the profane ſwearer, the unchaſte, or the diſhoneſt; but likewiſe all who do not love God and obey the Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt. Lord keep me near thyſelf!

Parlour Religion exemplified in the practice of Honorio and his Family and Friends.

THOSE to whom the Lord has given a plenty of the good things of this world, have it in their power to anticipate ſomething of the employments and enjoyments of heaven, ſo far as the imperfection of the preſent ſtate will permit; for they have all things richly to enjoy, they may

chooſe their company, their time, and entertainments, and in all things follow the pious diſpoſition of their hearts. It is an happineſs for a religious man to viſit, or to be in a houſe, that has a good man at its head. Such a houſe as that of Honorio.

In the morning the parlour is decently prepared, and warmed for the reception of the pious heads of the family, who come from their chamber ſmiling with gratitude to God, and good-humoured with their diligent ſervants. The little family during their infancy are in the nurſery, and every thing that might interrupt, is prohibited from entering the parlour, which is at this hour a chapel for devotion. The clock having ſtruck the well known-hour, Honorio and his beloved wife are ſeated, with the book of God before them; the ſervants enter with looks expreſſive of the happineſs they feel in having the privilege of being God's freemen, and joining their maſter and miſtreſs in his ſervice. Under the direction of Honorio, a ſong of praiſe to God for his mercies is offered up by this primitive church; and a portion of ſcripture is read, that their minds may become more familiarly acquainted with the ſacred oracles. This being done, they all bow their knees to Him by whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, and the good Honorio calls upon his Lord and Maſter in heaven, with expreſſions of profound homage and humility; bleſſing him for the favours of the paſt night, and the pleaſure of ſeeing the light of the returning day. Like the great High-Prieſt he bears on his heart all his family before God, and intreats for particular mercies according to the known ſtate of his houſehold, and puts himſelf and all his affairs, both temporal and ſpiritual, into the hands of his heavenly Father. He then gives them his benediction, and they all ariſe. The happy ſervants cheered and warmed with the aids of devotion, return to their duty, each according to his place, and the heads of the family, with their gueſts (if ſuch are preſent), ſit down to breakfaſt on the overflowing bounty of God's providence. Buſineſs, or works of piety, perhaps, call the maſter away, and the miſtreſs, having given directions in her family, takes her uſual ſeat and employment in her parlour. The Bible is laid near her, to be referred to as her beſt friend and director, her richeſt cordial in trouble, and moſt faithful monitor in doubtful caſes. Nor is ſhe fearful that any viſitor ſhould find her with this companion, for ſhe deſires no company but thoſe who love the ſcriptures. She is rather of the ſentiments of a well-known female, who brought her family Bible into her parlour, and laying it on the table, ſaid, "Lie there, thou beſt

of books, and keep thou thy place whoever comes in." A pious viſitor or two, or a miniſter of Chriſt perhaps, drops in, in the forenoon. If ſo, the time is not waſted in unprofitable talk, but the parlour is honoured by being changed into the ſimilitude of the holy mount. The heavenly woman and her gueſts enter into diſcourſe, as Moſes and Elias did, on what once paſſed at Jeruſalem, when Jeſus gave his life a ranſom for many; and their experience ſo confirms their intereſt in that work of love, that their hearts burn within them, and like St. Peter, they find it good to be there.

The hour to dine being come, Honorio returns, and probably brings a religious friend or two to his hoſpitable manſion. The table being ſpread with plenty, without oſtentation, the proviſion is ſanctified by the prayer of Honorio, penetrated with a ſenſe of having forfeited every thing by ſin, but having recovered all by the merit of his great Saviour, a remembrance of whoſe love makes every thing more ſweet and refreſhing. Having uſed, but not abuſed, the bounties of Providence, grateful acknowledgments are returned to the great Giver of every good gift; and the pious few mingle profitable diſcourſe with their wine, or concert ſome plan for ſupplying the wants of thoſe who are in diſtreſſing circumſtances. Towards evening, a ſelect company grace the tea-table; and the intereſts of the Goſpel, with the beſt means of ſpreading its influence around them, become the ſubjects of their converſation. Should national affairs happen to be introduced, they expreſs their loyalty towards their lawful ſovereign, and their thankfulneſs to God for the many invaluable privileges enjoyed by their country. The hour of parting being come, the praiſes of God introduce the devotion of the evening, in which, as in the morning, the ſcriptures are read, and all the family called to unite. Care is taken not to protract this ſervice to an immoderate length, leſt the children, on account of their tender years, and the ſervants, wearied with the labour of the day, might be inclined to ſleep when their minds ought to be attentive. Nor is it hurried over as though it were of no importance; but ſufficient time is taken reverently and decently to thank God for his goodneſs, earneſtly to entreat him to pardon their ſins, and to commit themſelves into his care and protection.

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diately upon my knees. I could bear threatning, but knew not how to withſtand intreaty; eſpecially the intreaty of a reſpectable old man. At the appointed time I returned. At dinner, I was treated with great reſpect. The two gentlemed alſo dined with us. I found they had been informed who I was, as they ſometimes caſt their eyes towards me in ſome ſuch manner as one would glance at a monſter. After dinner, his lordſhip took me into the garden. 'Well, Berridge,' ſaid he, 'have you conſidered of my requeſt?'—'I have my lord,' ſaid I, 'and have been upon my knees concerning it.'—'Well, and will you promiſe me, that you will preach no more out of your own pariſh?'—'It would afford me great pleaſure, ſaid I, to comply with your lordſhip's requeſt, if I could do it with a good conſcience. I am ſatisfied, the Lord has bleſſed my labours of this kind, and I dare not deſiſt.'—'A good conſcience!' ſaid his lordſhip, 'do you not know that it is contrary to the cannons of the church?' 'There is one cannon, my lord.' I replied, 'which ſaith, *Go preach the Gospel to* EVERY CREATURE.'—'But why ſhould you wiſh to interfere with the charge of other men?' one man cannot preach the Goſpel to all men.'—, If they would preach the Goſpel themſelves,' ſaid I, 'there would be no need for my preaching it to their people; but as they do not, I cannot deſiſt.' His lordſhip then parted with me in ſome diſpleaſure. I returned home, not knowing what would befall me: but thankful to God that I had preſerved a conſcience void of offence.

"I took no meaſure for my own preſervation, but Divine Providence wrought for me in a way that I never expected. When I was at Clare Hall, I was particularly acquainted with a fellow of that college; and we were both upon terms of intimacy with Mr. Pitt, the late lord Chatham, who was at that time alſo at the univerſity. This fellow of Clare Hall, when I began to preach the Goſpel, became my enemy, and did me ſome injury in the eccleſiaſtical privileges, which before hand I had enjoyed. At length, however, when he heard that I was likely to come into trouble, and to be turned out of my living at Everton, his heart relented. He began to think, it ſeems, within himſelf, we ſhall ruin this poor fellow among us. This was juſt about the time that I was ſent for by the biſhop. Of his own accord he writes a letter to Mr. Pitt, ſaying nothing about my methodiſm, but, to this effect: 'Our old friend Berridge has got a living in Bedfordſhire, and, I am informed, he hath a ſquire in his pariſh, that gives him a deal of trouble, has accuſed him to the biſhop of the dioceſe, and, it is ſaid, will turn him out of his li-

ving: I wiſh you could contrive to put a ſtop to theſe proceedings.' Mr Pitt was at that time a young man, and not chuſing to apply to the biſhop himſelf, ſpoke to a certain noblemen, to whom the biſhop was indebted for his promotion. This noblemen within a few days made it his buſineſs to ſee the biſhop, who was then in London. 'My Lord,' ſaid he, 'I am informed you have a very honeſt fellow, one Berridge, in your dioceſe, and that he has been ill-treated by a litigious ſquire who lives in his pariſh. He has accuſed him, I am told, to your lordſhip, and wiſhes to turn him out of his living. You would oblige me, my lord, if you would take no notice of that ſquire, and not ſuffer the honeſt man to be interrupted in his living.' 'The biſhop was aſtoniſhed, and could not imagine in what manner things could have thus got round: It would not do however to object; he was obliged to bow compliance, and ſo I continued ever after uninterrupted in my ſphere of action*."

After this intereſting narration was ended, which had alternately drawn ſmiles and tears from my friend and his companion, they requeſted him to pray with them one five minutes before they departed: No;" ſaid the good old man to my friend; "you ſhall pray with me."—"Well, but if I begin, perhaps you will conclude? He conſented. After my friend had ended, he, without riſing from his knees, took up his petitions; and with ſuch ſweet ſolemnity, ſuch holy familiarity with God, and ſuch ardent love to Chriſt, poured out his ſoul, that the like was ſeldom ſeen. They parted, and my friend declares, he thinks he ſhall never forget the favour of the interview to his dying day.

J. SUTCLIFFE, *Olney.*

An Argument againſt the Doctrine of Univerſal Salvation.

THE Doctrine of Univerſal Salvation implies that all who by the righteous Judge of the world may be doomed to hell, will be finally delivered from their ſufferings, and

* *The ſquire having waited on the biſhop to know the reſult of the ſummons, had the mortification to learn, that his purpoſe was defeated. On his return home, his partiſans in this proſecution fled to know what was determined on, ſaying,* "*Well have you got the old Devil out?*" *He replied,* "*No; nor do I think the very Devil himſelf can get him out.*"

made eternally happy. Now if it can be proved of any one who hath ever exiſted, that he will never be made thus happy the *univerſality* of ſalvation is at once deſtroyed. Let the reader recollect, is a caſe in point, what our Lord ſaid of Judas, Matt. xxvi. 24. *It had been good for that man if he had never been born.*

I cannot help remarking that the diſcourſe, of which this expreſſion is a part, is not a figurative deſcription of any character or event; but a plain recital of facts. Neither is the expreſſion itſelf a mere proverbial ſaying, borrowed from common uſage, and applied to the particular caſe of Judas; for no traces can be found of any ſuch proverb amongſt the Jews. We muſt therefore conclude that the paſſage ought to be underſtood according to the plain literal import of the words it contains. Thus underſtood, it muſt neceſſarily refer to the whole exiſtence, both here and hereafter, of the perſon of whom Chriſt ſpeaks. If a man ſhould ſpend many years upon earth, and ſpend them wholly in ſuffering, his life might be called a miſerable life; yet, if endleſs happineſs were to follow, he could not, on the whole, be pronounced a miſerable character. So, on the contrary, if a man ſhould enjoy upon earth many years of uninterrupted happineſs; yet, if endleſs miſery were to follow, it would demonſtrate that his exiſtence, on the whole, is wretched. Theſe remarks are equally applicable to every individual of the human race.

With regard to Judas in particular, the meaſure of his miſery, according to our Lord's declaration, muſt exceed that of his happineſs. If he had never been born, it is true, he would have been prevented from enjoying a certain degree of pleaſure: But it is equally true that he would alſo have eſcaped a larger proportion of pain; ſo that, on the whole, the balance would have been in his favour. But if it were poſſible for him to be finally plucked as a brand from the burning, the aſſertion of Chriſt would be found untrue. Let us ſuppoſe him to ſuffer ten thouſand millions of ages in hell, and that every moment of pain, when laid in the balance, would be found equal to the enjoyment of ten thouſand million of ages ſpent in the bliſsful preſence of God; yet, if that bliſs be endleſs, there will arrive a period when his happineſs will be more than equal to all his ſufferings. If judas is to be finally received into heaven, and there to remain forever, can it then with any propriety be ſaid of him, that it had been good for that man, if he had never been born? Surely no. The advocates for univerſal ſalvation are conſequently reduced to this dilemma: Either they muſt, on

the one hand, ſuppoſe that the everlaſting joys of heaven are ſo poor and mean, that they cannot compenſate for a limited ſtate of ſuffering; or on the other hand, admit that Judas will be eternally excluded from heaven with all its enjoyments.

There is no arguing ſucceſsfully againſt matters of fact. The plain illiterate Chriſtian may be perplexed by the ſophiſtical methods of reaſoning uſed in defence of the doctrine which I oppoſe: But let him remember, that however ſpecious or plauſible they may appear, they muſt be falſe, becauſe they expreſsly contradict the teſtimony of Chriſt in the caſe of Judas. Many who read this paper may perhaps not be able to detect and expoſe the fallacy of ſuch pretended reaſonings; But they may be ſatisfied with the perſuaſion that the Bible can never contradict itſelf. And I am ſure that if they are earneſtly and ſincerely ſeeking after truth, they will receive the teſtimony of Jeſus Chriſt in preference to that of any fallible mortal whatſoever. May they, and all who profeſs to receive the Goſpel, daily pray for true ſpiritual wiſdom; that while they adore the Son of God as the righteous governor of the univerſe, whoſe deciſions are all founded in equity and truth, they may alſo rejoice in him as the author and finiſher of their ſalvation.

IMLAH.

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.

MY dear brethren and ſiſters! My ſoul longs for your ſalvation! What can I do to promote it? I ſee the dangers to which you are expoſed in this evil world: What can I do to preſerve you from ſhame and ruin? I tenderly feel for you. I earneſtly pray for you. I beg of God to bleſs you, and to ſave your ſouls. But this is not enough. You muſt pray for yourſelves; and you muſt *watch* for yourſelves. I therefore adviſe you in the moſt affectionate manner, to pray frequently and fervently for the Spirit of God to guide you; to enlighten you; to make you wiſe and happy; to ſanctify your nature; to overcome your pride; to make you humble; to fill you with a holy fear of doing the leaſt evil; to make you watchful over your thoughts, your deſires, your words, and all your actions, and to preſerve you from the ſnares of evil company and evil example. Remember, the eye of God is ever upon you. Think much of death, of judgment, and eternity. Think often on the ſufferings of Jeſus Chriſt,

and delight yourſelves with the proſpect of eternal joys in God's kingdom. T.

AGAINST UNBELIEVING FEARS.

AT the preſent time, when many entertain a ſerious apprehenſion of a *foreign invaſion*, and timorous people are very ready to paint to their imaginations all its attendant calamities in the darkeſt colours, it is not to be wondered at, if the enemy of ſouls ſhould ſuggeſt to the minds of weak believers the moſt diſtreſſing ideas on this occaſion. Knowing this to be the caſe in ſeveral inſtances, I beg leave to call upon them to fortify their minds againſt every poſſible event by the conſideration of their ſafety from real evil.

You fear the Lord in the moſt proper ſenſe, and have therefore nothing elſe to fear. What can the moſt enraged adverſaries do but kill the body? They cannot deſtroy the Chriſtian's peace with God, nor ſet aſide his eternal hopes: They are built on too firm a baſis to be affected by the united force of earth and hell. With reſpect to the time and manner of believers leaving the preſent ſtate, it is all appointed in the unalterable councels of *their* God. As a ſparrow falls not to the ground without their Father's permiſſion, ſurely he will not permit *them* to fall by the hand of violence, or in any other way, but as the effect of infinite love and faithfulneſs. If the Lord takes ſuch care of his people as to expreſs it in language like this, "Even the very hairs of your head are numbered;" and if his tenderneſs towards them is deſcribed to be like that of a father towards his helpleſs but beloved children; we cannot ſuppoſe that they ſhall want protection, aid, or conſolation in the hour of diſtreſs.

Let this then be the triumphant language of the believer, "The Lord is my light and my ſalvation, whom ſhall I fear? the Lord is the ſtrength of my life, of whom ſhall I be afraid?"

"Should all the hoſts of death
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their moſt dreadful forms
Of rage and miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe, for Chriſt diſplays
Superior pow'r and guardian grace."

Go then, timorous Chriſtian, commit thyſelf and all thy dear concerns by faith and prayer into the hands of thy great

and good Shepherd; live near to him; but do not diſtreſs thyſelf about what may never happen, or, although it ſhould come to paſs, *can do thee no real harm.*

DIACONUS.

Diſconſolate Sinners encouraged to believe in Chriſt to the ſaving of their ſouls.

MY dear fellow-ſinners, the time is happily arrived, when you are no longer wiſe in your own eyes, nor prudent in your own ſight. You are become fools, that ye may be wiſe for evermore. In times paſt, like Saul before his converſion, ye were alive without the law; but now, the commandment is come, and your conſcience tells you that ye have been altogether in the wrong. You will acknowledge that you have thought yourſelves ſecure and feared no danger, not becauſe there was none, but only becauſe you ſaw none. You will now confeſs that the God of this world blinded your eyes and took you captive at his will; and you are now afraid, that to ſuffer with him and his angels for ever, ſhould prove your melancholly portion. But, let me tell you, it is the ſame old enemy who ſoothed your vain hopes before, that encourages your preſent deſponding fears. Yours is a clear caſe and affords the very beſt encouragement. That God, who is light and love, hath ſhined into your hearts by his word and ſpirit; hence, in ſome meaſure, you perceive the ſinfulneſs of your hearts and lives; of courſe, you conclude, that if you be rewarded according to the works you have done, you muſt endure the bitter pains of eternal death. You have begun to fear, and, as ſuch, you wiſh to flee from the wrath to come. Behold there is a refuge for you: There is a Saviour of God's providing. Satan wiſhes to have you to himſelf, and is unwilling for you to look to that Deliverer, who will ſhortly bruiſe his head. Perhaps he now ſuggeſts, that ſuch is the multitude and magnitude of your offences, as even to exceed the ability or willingneſs of Chriſt to ſave. Believe not this father of lies. Be aſſured that your preſent fears and diffidence are juſt as groundleſs as your former preſumption and confidence. Hark! how the Goſpel trumpet ſounds. It is indeed a joyful ſound. It proclaims a mighty Saviour for the vileſt ſinner His name is *Jeſus*: A name incluſive of all you need or

can desire: A name precious as ointment poured forth, and besides which, there is no other under heaven given among men, whereby we can be saved. There needs no other. This is all-sufficient. Jesus is Jehovah. To Jesus, not only the name Jehovah, but likewise all the titles, perfections, attributes, and works of Jehovah, are abundantly ascribed in the sacred oracles. His name is called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God. By the beloved Apostle John, he is called the *true God*; and St. Paul calls him the *great* and the *only wise God*. We also read that he was in the beginning; that he is the first and the last, the Almighty; yesterday, to-day, and for ever the same: That he laid the foundation of the earth, and that the heavens are the works of his hands. While on earth he gave many proofs of infinite power: Winds and waves, diseases, death and devils obeyed his word. Surely nothing is too hard for him to perform, which he shall think proper to undertake! Then let your sorrowful hearts rejoice, for he has most kindly and mercifully undertaken to save just such as you are. It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Yes, he left his Father's bosom, with the glory he had with him before the world was, and came to seek and to save that which was lost. He came to minister and to give his life a ransom. He undertook your great concern. He became surety for you, and engaged to do all that law and justice could demand of you. They required death, as the punishment due for sin, and a perfect righteousness for a title to eternal life. Well, Jesus your Surety fulfilled the law for you. He brought in an everlasting righteousness, and is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. He also bore your sins in his own body on the tree. He died the just for the unjust, that he might bring sinners to God. He made it his meat and drink to accomplish what he had undertaken. It is well known he met with very great opposition, but the astonishing love which brought him into the world, carried him through all difficulties. Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end. He left no part of his great work unfinished. Behold the place where he now is, and consider the benefits he has to bestow. He is passed into the heavens, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father Almighty. There he ever liveth to make intercession for them that come unto God by him. He has for you all the blessings you can desire of him. There is that which has satisfied divine justice, and must pacify your conscience. There is pardon for the guilty, and cleansing for the filthy;

health for the ſick, and ſtrength for the weak. He has food for the hungry, drink for the thirſty, reſt for the weary, and clothing for the naked. In a word he is made of God both wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification, and redemption. In the Lord Jeſus, you have both prophet, prieſt, and king. He is the tender ſhepherd, the ſkilful phyſician, and the kindeſt friend. In him all fullneſs dwells. Come then, and receive out of his fulneſs grace for grace.

Conſider for your further encouragement to come to him, that he will make you heartily welcome. His gracious words to the weary and heavy-laden are, Come unto me, and I will give you reſt: Ye ſhall find reſt unto your ſouls. He ſays to the thirſty, Come unto me and drink: Yea, whoſoever will, let him take of the water of life freely: Him that cometh to me I will in no wiſe caſt out. Such, my diſconſolate fellow-ſinners, is the ſweet and endearing language of your merciful and compaſſionate Redeemer. You have no reaſon to call in queſtion his ſincerity. There is no one inſtance to be found in which he has been worſe than his word. His grace, mercy, and love, have not only exceeded the fears, but unſpeakably ſurpaſſed the moſt ſanguine hopes and expectations of all, who in his appointed way have made their application to him. Numberleſs millions of ſinners have waſhed their robes, and made them white in his blood. That fountain is now open for your ſin and uncleanneſs. Jeſus is this moment as willing and ready to receive and ſave you, as he was to pardon the perſecuting Saul of Tarſus, the impure Magdalene, the thief on the croſs, or any others. He is Jeſus Chriſt, the ſame. His precious blood has not loſt its efficacy: It ſtill cleanſeth from all ſin. He ſtill receiveth ſinners, and will not reject you. As one ſays, "If he yielded himſelf into the hands of them that ſought his life, will he hide himſelf from the hearts of them that ſeek his mercy? If he was willing to be taken by the hands of violence, can he be unwilling to be taken by the hands of faith?" Poor trembling ſinners, come and try: Venture on him, venture wholly, and ye ſhall be ſaved.

Finally, forget not that your preſent deep concern is the beginning of your great ſalvation. The enemy of your ſouls has not convinced you of your ſins. No, it is the good Spirit, whoſe office it is ſo to do; and he will take of the things of Chriſt and ſhow them unto you. He has wrought all the fitneſs your Saviour requires, which is to feel your need of him. The good work then is begun, and ſhall be finiſhed in due time. Conclude not bitter things againſt yourſelves, as Manoah once did, but rather argue like his wife

on that occaſion, and ſay, "If the Lord were pleaſed to kill us, he would not have ſhowed us all theſe things." You have in yourſelves a token for good. You feel you are ſinners; ſuch, and not the righteous, Jeſus came to call. Ye are the loſt, whom he came to ſeek; the thirſty, whom he invites to take of the water of life freely; and the weary, whom he invites to come unto him for reſt. See then that ye refuſe not the invitation. Add not the ſin of unbelief to all your other offences. Refuſe not the Saviour's benefits by your own deſpairing reflections; but throw yourſelves upon him, and he will not let you periſh. That you may receive him by faith ſo as to rejoice in him with a joy unſpeakable and full of glory, is the ſole aim and fervent wiſh of a friend to your very beſt intereſts. S. B.

The Pedigree and Residence of Happiness.

A VISION.

The viſions of my head troubled me. Dan. vii. 15.

SO ſaid Daniel a long time paſt: I may truly repeat his declaration, and ſhall think it a favourable circumſtance if they do not trouble the reader alſo. In my dream I found myſelf upon a lofty hill whoſe ſummit was enveloped in clouds, and every thing upon it had a moſt extravagant appearance: Every perſon ſeemed moſt fantaſtically dreſſed and whimſically employed; ſome were bottling up the air in phials to diſcover what it was made of; ſome were making ſcales to weigh the planets in; ſome finding out a new method of guiding the tides, and ſome a new way of forging thunderbolts; ſome were buſy in mending the Bible by their reaſon, and ſome accommodating religion to their paſſions and failings; ſome decked themſelves in cobwebs; ſome ſtrutted along in ribbons; ſome were making themſelves wings of wax, and ſome building pyramids of ſnow. "Bleſs me," ſaid I, rubbing my eyes, "where am I got to?" A decent-looking man who had the appearance of a Methodiſt preacher, and happened to be near me, replied, "This, Sir, is the *Hill of Conceit*; and theſe are the ſelf-made philoſophers and doctors of the place; take care you are not infected with their madneſs; make haſte to yonder valley, or you will ſoon catch the peſtilence of the place." Thanking him for his

advice, and inquiring his name, I turned my ſteps downward. "I am *Plain Truth*," ſaid he; "mind how you proceed." This caution was neceſſary, for I was ſoon ſurrounded by a hoſt of projectors, and propoſers, and authors, and ſuch-like perſons, who ſolicited my ſubſcription and patronage for their different ſchemes and propoſals; I forced myſelf from them, and made my eſcape at the expenſe of a few ſhillings, over-hearing, as I paſt, the title of empty fellow, want of taſte, &c. liberally beſtowed on me by thoſe I had forſaken. The way downward was intricate and dangerous, from the narrowneſs of the path, and the many pits and precipices before me, and the windings on either ſide; and to add to my diſcouragements, the people on the top of the hill pelted me as long as I was within their reach; among other things one large folio ſmote me violently on the head, and cauſed me conſiderable uneaſineſs for ſome time. The valley at firſt view preſented no extraordinary appearance, I ſaw but few perſons, and thoſe few ſeemed rather reſerved, and but plainly clad—I ſaw nothing like magnificence, but there was no meanneſs—I ſaw no ſpacious parks, but the land was highly cultivated, and the fields were covered with flocks—I ſaw no ſigns of extreme riches, but there was no poverty viſible. "Pray," ſaid I to a damſel employed in weeding a neat litttle garden, "what place is this?" "This, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "is *the Valley of Lowliness*; will you pleaſe to ſtep into our cottage, my father will make you welcome." I thankfully accepted the offer, being weary with my journey. Putting on the air of a gentleman, I walked in an erect poſture to the entrance, and unfortunately held my head ſo high as to ſmite it againſt the top of the door-way. A venerable old man, father of the damſel, ſaid to me, "Sir, you muſt ſtoop before you can enter here:" Taking his advice I found myſelf within the neateſt and cleaneſt habitation I ever beheld; it was furniſhed with primitive ſimplicity and the trueſt taſte, nor was any ingredient of real elegance wanting. The walls were ornamented with drawings of Scripture ſubjects, ſketched by the hand of the ingenious damſel; one corner of the room was occupied by a muſical inſtrument, which aided the family in the harmony of praiſe; and a great variety of books filled the ſhelves, which were ranged beneath the pictures, and formed the ſolid viands of the mental entertainment. After gazing awhile on theſe unexpected excellencies, the old gentleman reached me a ſtool, deſiring me to reſt myſelf; it was rather *low* and hard, but I ſoon found that I was ſafely and comfortably ſeated. "I am glad," ſaid my hoſt, "to ſee you here; we find a pleaſure in entertaining ſtrang-

ers. To-morrow is to be a day of joy with us, my daughter is then to be married, and you will add to our pleaſure by your company." After returning thanks to my kind hoſt, and partaking of a plain but plentiful repaſt, I requeſted, if it would not be diſagreeable to him, that he would explain to me ſomething of the good family by which I was ſo hoſpitably entertained. He thus readily complied with my requeſt: "You perceive," ſaid he, "that our valley is ſituated between two lofty hills; from the firſt all the inhabitants have deſcended, and after having procured a ſufficient inheritance in the practice of huſbandry, our deſign is to remove to the hill on the oppoſite ſide. My father's namewas *Guilt* he ſquandered away a fine family eſtate, and left me and my brother in an embarraſſed condition; my mother's name was *Weakness*, and myſelf, their eldeſt ſon, was called *Folly*. The early part of my time was thrown away in ſearch of pleaſure, and rioting in all ſort of extravagance; but finding myſelf like to be ruined byit, I turned my mind ſeriouſly to buſineſs, and ſet up *robe-making*, and went about to eſtabliſh for myſelf a trade and reputation of my own; but as I could never get good materials to work with, and could never fit myſelf, nor any one elſe, my buſineſs failed, my work turned to rags, and I found myſelf, with all my induſtry, poor and naked. I accordingly quitted the trade, and became miſerable and melancholy, when a perſon called in upon me one Sunday morning, and without any ceremony, ſaid to me; 'Ariſe, go hence; this is not your reſt, it is polluted;' and ſo plainly repreſented to me the folly of my projects, and the amount of my debts, that I began to tremble for the conſequence. At his advice I committed the ſettling of my affairs into his hands, and finding it neceſſary, I changed my name from *Folly* to *Repentance*, and immediately ſet off for this valley. On my arrival here I became acquainted with an honeſt character called *Faith*, who introduced me to a good ſort of a perſon called *Gratitude*, with whom I ſoon married, and ſhe it is who enables me ſtill to diſcern and reliſh the principal enjoyments of my exiſtence; I may truly ſay ſhe makes my joys double, and baniſhes all repining from my habitation. The fruit of our union is the daughter who firſt addreſſed you; her name is *Humility*, and a meek and cheerful daughter ſhe is. The Lord of our village, who reſides on the hill above us, frequently viſits every inhabitant of the valley, and always has his eye upon us. He has introduced to my daughter a cheerful youth of great proſpects, named *Content* and to-morrow they are to be united in marriage."

I felt myſelf inſtructed by the narration, and much edified with the expreſſions of thankfulneſs which the good lady *Gratitude* mingled with the diſcourſe. After the cheerful ſervice of praiſe, with which the evening was concluded, their ſervant *Dutiful* ſhowed me to reſt. In the morning I was early ſummoned to unite with them in the ſong of thankfulneſs; after which the youth *Content*, blith as the enraptured lark when he hymns his oblation to the riſing ſun, led the damſel to the altar, accompanied by all the family, myſelf an humble follower in the train. The Lord of the village honoured the company with his preſence at dinner, and when it was concluded, tenderly embraced the young couple, and thus pronounced on them his prophetic benediction:

"The union of *Humility* with *Contempt* ſhall be bleſſed; their cup ſhall be full, and there portion ſhall be great; they ſhall have a goodly heritage. From them ſhall proceed a ſon, and his name ſhall be *Happiness*; he ſhall be the joy of his family, the companion of the religious, and all men ſhall ſeek his friendſhip." After which he repeated the following ſong, which all the company ſung:

I.

THRICE happy the ſouls in this lowly retreat,
Remote from the mountain of *Guilt* and *Conceit*,
Where weary *Contrition* a refuge ſhall find,
And *Faith* his ſweet union with *Gratitude* bind.

II.

Repentance and *Gratitude* here ſhall bring forth
Humility, faireſt of daughters on earth;
In happy alliance her life ſhall be ſpent
In the riches and pleaſures that ſpring from content.

III.

Content and *Humility* here ſhall be crown'd
With *Happiness* ſweet as on earth can be found:
Ye ſpirits by pride or by ſorrow diſtreſt,
Come, dwell in the valley, and you ſhall find reſt.

As I joined heartily in the ſong, the exertion waked me from the pleaſing viſion, and, alas! I found myſelf ſtill in the country of *Conceit*; but I alſo felt a reſolution, by divine direction, to ſeek for a ſettlement in the valley.

ALIQUIS.

Copy of a letter of the late Rev. John Berridge, of Everton, Bedfordshire, to the Rev. Mr.———, a Gospel Clergyman at C———.

IF every parish church were blessed with a gospel minister, there could be little need of itinerant preaching; but since these ministers are thinly scattered about the country, and neighbouring pulpits are usually locked up against them, it behoves them to take advantage of fields or barns to cast abroad the Gospel seed. But all are not designed to be *rural deans*. How are we to judge who are? If you are enabled to preach without notes—feel an abiding desire to spread the Gospel—meet with calls for this purpose—comply with the calls—find the word sealed, and, if persecuted and threatened, have the word given for support: Where these concur (and these are just my own experience), I have no doubt but such a minister is designed for a *rural dean* or a *rambling bishop*.

When you open your commission, begin with laying open the innumerable corruptions of the hearts of your audience: Moses will lend you a knife, which may be often wetted at his grindstone. Lay open the universal sinfulness of nature, the darkness of the mind, the frowardness of the will, the fretfulness of the temper, and the earthliness and sensuality of the affections. Speak of the evil of sin in its nature—its rebellion against God as our sovereign—ingratitude to God as our benefactor—and contempt both of his authority and love. Declare the evil of sin in its effects—bringing all our sickness, pains, and sorrows—all the evils we feel, and all the evils we fear—all inundations, and fires, and famines, and pestilences—all brawls, and quarrels, and fightings, and wars, with death to close these present sorrows, and hell afterwards to receive all that die in sin.

Lay open the spirituality of the law, and its extent, reaching to every thought, word and action, and declaring every transgression, whether by omission or commission, deserving of death. Declare man's utter helplessness to change his nature, or to make his peace. Pardon and holiness must come from the Saviour. Acquaint them with the searching eye of God, watching us continually, spying out every thought, word, and action, noting them down in the book of his remembrance, and bringing every secret thing into judgment, whether it be good or evil.

When your hearers are deeply affected with these things (which is seen by the hanging down of their heads), preach Christ. Lay open the Saviour's almighty power to soften the hard heart, and give it repentance—to bring pardon to the broken heart, a spirit of prayer to the prayerless heart, holiness to the filthy heart, and faith to the unbelieving heart. Let them know that all the treasures of grace are lodged in Jesus Christ for the use of the poor needy sinner, and that he is full of love as well as power—turns no beggars from his gate, but receives all comers kindly—loves to bless them, and bestows all his blessings *tithe-free*. Farmers and country people chop at that. Here you must wave the Gospel flag, and magnify the Saviour supremely. Speak it with a full mouth, (*ore rotundo*), that his blood can wash away the foulest sins, and his grace subdue the stoutest corruptions. Exhort the people to seek his grace, to seek it directly, seek it diligently, seek it constantly, and acquaint them that all who thus seek shall assuredly find the salvation of God.

Never preach in working hours; that would raise a clamour. Where you preach at night, preach also in the morning; but be not longer than an hour in the whole morning service, and conclude before six. Morning preaching will show whether the evening took effect, by raising them up early to hear.

Expect plain fare and plain lodging where you preach, yet, perhaps, better than your Master had. Suffer no treats to be made for you, but live as your host usually lives, else he may grow weary of entertaining you: And *go not from house to house**. If the Clergy rail at you where you go, say not a word about it, good or bad†. If you dare be zealous for the Lord of Hosts, expect persecution and threats; but heed them not. Bind the Lord's word to your heart. The promise is doubled for your encouragement‡. The chief blocks in your way will be *the prudent Peters*, who will beg, intreat, and beseech you to avoid irregularity. Give them the same answer that Christ gave Peter‖; they savour of the things which be of men: Heed them not. When you preach at night, go to bed as soon as possible, that the family be not kept up, and that you may rise early. When breakfast and morning family prayer are over, go away directly, that the house may be at liberty. Don't dine where you preach, if you can avoid it: It will save expense, and please the people. If you would do work for the Lord, as you seem designed,

* *Luke*, x. 7. † *Matt.* xv. 14.

‡ *Jer. i.* 19. *Idem*, xv. 20. ‖ *Matt.* xvi. 23.

you muſt venture for the Lord. The Chriſtian's motto is, *Truſt, and go forward*, though the ſea is before you*. Do then as Paul did, give up thyſelf to the Lord: work, and confer not with fleſh and blood, and the Lord be with thee.

Dear Brother,
Your's affectionately,
J. B.

The Myſteries of Revelation, no proof that it is not of God.

Great is the myſtery of godliness. 1 Tim. xii. 16.

"*GODLINESS is profitable unto all things, having promiſe of the life that now is, and of that which is to come:*" Hence ariſes the divine excellency and infinite importance of true religion. It ſecures our intereſts in *both* worlds. And as man it compoſed of two parts, MORTAL and IMMORTAL, ſo real godlineſs is calculated to promote the welfare of body and ſoul. It will create a calm in the mind in the midſt of the ſtorms of life, and ſpeak peace to the troubled conſcience. But more eſpecially does it purify and expand the ſoul, elevate the proſtrate affections, and capacitate us to hold communion with the Deity, which is the higheſt dignity and richeſt privilege of created beings.

Godlineſs has various ſignifications. But we are now to conſider it as meaning the *whole ſyſtem of the Chriſtian religion;* and it may be ſtyled *godliness*, becauſe it teaches us how to *worship* God aright, and how to *walk* before him in all holineſs. And the inſpired writers probably uſe this term, in oppoſition to the myſteries of the Heathen philoſophers (particularly the Pythagoreans and Platoniſts), whoſe ſyſtem of religion had nothing more than the mere appearance of virtue and morality; for even the wiſeſt and the beſt of them were ſhamefully deficient in the firſt principles of integrity, and even recommended to their diſciples ſome habits and actions for virtue and duty, which in Scripture are repreſented as vices and ſins. But herein does the GOSPEL OF CHRIST tranſcend every other ſyſtem of religion;

* *Exod. xiv.* 15.

it is a doctrine according to godlineſs; it is perfectly pure; holineſs runs through every part of its wondrous ſcheme. This ſyſtem of religion the Apoſtle Paul ſtyles, the GREAT MYSTERY OF GODLINESS. A myſtery, in this connexion, ſignifies a thing both ſacred and ſecret; and the Goſpel of Jeſus may, with propriety, be ſtyled a *mystery* for the two following reaſons:

Because it contains doctrines which could never have been discovered by the light of nature, or unassisted reason. Reaſon *alone* did enable many of the heathens to diſcern the degeneracy of the human mind. And they generally agree in this, that man did not come out of the hands of his Creator, in that corrupt ſtate, in which they beheld him. But the grand difficulty, which puzzled the learned among them in every age was, UNDE PECCATUM, from whence thoſe evils? By what means did man fall from his primæval ſtate of purity and felicity?

Reaſon again taught them to conſider the DEITY as omnipotent, pure, juſt, and benevolent; therefore, they concluded, very properly, that he would receive the *just*, the *pure*, and the *upright*. But nothing in *nature*, or unenlightened reaſon, *could* inform them, by what means an *offending* creature might receive a *pardon*. Therefore that precious truth, contained in the declaration of the apoſtle, was an entire *secret* to them, *the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin*, and muſt *ever* have been hid from them, without the aid of revelation.

The *resurrection of the body* to a ſtate of immortality is a truth which the heathen philoſophers knew not; or, if they had any glimmerings of this grand and intereſting doctrine, they were indebted to revelation for them, which they derived from tradition. Mr. Gale, in his admirable treatiſe, ſtyled the *Court of the Gentiles*, has ſatisfactorily proved, that every thing amiable and approaching truth, which is found in the heathen mythology, may be traced to that ſource.

The Goſpel is a revelation of the myſteries, which had been kept ſecret from the former ages of the world: *The preaching of Jesus Christ* was a *revelation of the mystery, which was kept secret since the world began**. So teſtifies the ſame inſpired writer: *But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden mystery, which God ordained before the world to our glory*†.

* *Rom. xvi.* 25.

† 1 *Corin. ii.* 7.—*Vide also Ephes. iii.* 9.; *and Colos. i.* 25.

Again, the Goſpel of Jeſus is a myſtery,

Because the truths it contains are beyond the power of human reaſon fully to comprehend. If it be granted that man is fallen from his original purity, it will follow that his *intellectual* powers muſt have been materially injured; the light of reaſon greatly obſcured; the faculties of the human ſoul contracted. Thus man is not able to form adequate ideas of ſpiritual things. The incarnation of the Son of God; the redemption obtained through his blood; the reconciliation of an offended God to guilty man, *through the blood of his croſs;* and the reconciliation of the carnal mind to God, *by the Spirit of God;* the reſurrection of the body, and the re-union of the ſoul and body, and the everlaſting union between Chriſt Jeſus, as the head, and beleivers as the members of his myſtical body: Theſe are myſteries—the deep things of God, which can never be *fully* comprehended by finite beings. *The wind bloweth where it liſteth, and thou hearest the ſound thereof, but canſt not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth;* SO IS EVERY ONE THAT IS BORN OF THE SPIRIT*. The redemption of a guilty world "outſhines the wonders of the ſkies." It is the product of ſovereign love, infinite wiſdom, inflexible juſtice, omnipotent power, ſpotleſs purity, and unmerited mercy; therefore we need not wonder that it is myſterious.

"Redemption! 'twas creation more ſublime!
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the ſkies!
Far more than labour, it was death in heav'n!
A truth ſo ſtrange, 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder ſtill to diſbelieve." YOUNG, N. 4.

But let it be obſerved *that the Goſpel of Chriſt being a myſtery affords no argument againſt its being divine;* becauſe we muſt on the ſame ground diſbelieve creation, the exiſtence of a GOD, our *own* exiſtence, and a thouſand objects of our ſenſes. We need not aſk, are there myſteries in *nature?* Yes, there are myſteries all around us! If we look upwards towards the heavens, and ſurvey that ſuperb luminary the ſun, which ruleth the day, the moon and ſtars, which give their light by night, and aſk, *Whence came they?* the reply is, OUT OF NOTHING! How is the mind overwhelmed with the idea! and who will be hold enough to deny it? Look around and beneath, and we behold creatures, in an infinite variety, ſwarm through the air, and earth, and ſea; and all, all, from the huge *Leviathan*, to the ſmalleſt *inſect*,

* *John, iii.* 8.

which eludes the eye, ſtarted into life by the FIAT of that dread BEING, *who ſpake and it was done!* The keeneſt philoſopher meets a thouſand proofs of the weakneſs of his reaſon, the ſcantineſs of his mind, and the infinite wiſdom and power of God. In a multitude of inſtances his mind is conſtrained to believe, where reaſon cannot *comprehend.*

Therefore the *mysteries of Godliness* afford no argument againſt its truth. It ought alſo to be remembered, that *as we have a full proof of the divine inspiration of the Bible, we are bound to believe all it contains.* That the Bible was written by *holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost* *, has been proved by the fulleſt evidence. This ſacred volume has ſtood the teſt of friends and foes, and been miraculouſly preſerved through a thouſand dangers in every age. And much of the wiſdom and the goodneſs of God appears in giving a revelation of his will to men; for without this ſtandard, this touchſtone, by which all doctrines are to be tried, we ſhould wander in the mazes of wild conjecture. Did men pay a greater veneration to the Bible, we ſhould not hear of half the errors, which are now ſo induſtriouſly circulated. And it is a preſumptive proof that a cauſe is bad, when its advocates are under the neceſſity to blot out of their Bibles many paſſages, and call in queſtion every verſe which bears teſtimony againſt their favourite hypotheſis. Interpolations, and falſe tranſlations, are the grand refuge to which the advocates of error conſtantly fly. But every ſerious Chriſtian will receive the Scripture as an unerring guide in all matters of *faith and practice*, neither will he pretend to diſpute the reality of the doctrines, which he finds are plainly revealed in the oracles of truth, becauſe he cannot fully comprehend them. "We are to uſe our reaſon" (ſays the learned Abraham Taylor) "in inquiring after ſupernatural truths, and we ought not to receive any thing as truth, which is directly ſhocking to right reaſon; for it is impoſſible that a God of infinite wiſdom ſhould reveal a thing which is inconſiſtent with the higheſt reaſon: but we have very little acquaintance with ourſelves, and know ſcarce any thing concerning the weakneſs of our underſtanding, if we take upon us the freedom to arraign a thing revealed, as contrary to reaſon, becauſe the *manner* of it may perhaps tranſcend our low capacities. There would have been no need of a revelation, had we known all things neceſſary for us to know; and it would ſcarce have been worthy of God, had it contained nothing but what

* 1 *Pet. i.* 21.

our poor heads can fully comprehend. Such would do well to conſider the judicious direction a learned Jew*: "In every inquiry which is reſolved by reaſoning, inferring one thing from another, if it agrees with the dictates of revelation, we ſay of it, it is a rightly regulated ſearch, becauſe, what we conclude from it, agrees with revealed truth. And here we have in our hands, two lights, the light of Scripture, and the light of our own underſtanding; but if what we gather by reaſoning is not agreeable to the dictates of revelation, then we muſt own that we cannot get to the bottom of the matter by mere human ſagacity, and we muſt by faith receive what revelation declares: Had it been poſible for human underſtanding to have taken in every thing fully and completely, there had been no need of a revelation; but for this end was a divinely inſpired revelation afforded us, that we may gain ſome knowledge of thoſe things, which we cannot attain by the light of our own underſtanding: Beſides, this revelation is backed with the ſigns and wonders which ſometimes altered the very courſe of nature, that men may know that deep ſecrets are revealed, though it may ſurpaſs the comprehenſion of human underſtanding."—"The deſign of revelation was not to *destroy* our reaſon, but to *improve* it; and though it makes known to us things, which we never could have found out, and which, after they are revealed, we cannot fully comprehend, yet it never contradicts right reaſon: So that it is a great weakneſs in any to inſinuate, that we are not to uſe our reaſon in ſearching into divine things; it is alſo a moſt intolerable piece of arrogance, for us to make our ſhallow underſtanding the ſole judge about things which are the proper province of faith. It would be very ſtrange if creatures who are of yeſterday, and in compariſon know nothing, ſhould have a liberty to arraign as ſolly, what the ANCIENT OF DAYS, a God of wiſdom and truth, has revealed, when there is that in the moſt inconſiderable works of nature, which never has been accounted for, by all the ſearches into natural ſecrets from the beginning, and we may venture to ſay never will be, by all who come after them†."

From hence then it follows, that *there could not but be mysteries* in the revelation of the Goſpel of Chriſt. If we

* *Rabbi Elias Ben Moses, a Karaite of Constantinople, in a manuscript Treatise, quoted by M. Triglandt, Dissert. de Karaio, p.* 153, *who lived toward the end of the fifteenth century.*

† *Abraham Taylor's Treatise on Saving Faith, Part iii. p.* 174.

conſider the nature of God, and our ſcanty conceptions, we muſt confeſs that myſteries are unavoidable. "*Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know*?*" Sin has ſo debaſed the mind, and drawn ſuch a veil of ignorance over the faculties of the ſoul, that *the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: Neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned*†. But we may venture to aſſert that had man remained in his original purity, and his mind retained its original expanſion, he could not have comprehended the Deity, for *angels desire to look into these things, and they learn of the church the manifold wisdom of God.* If the mighty God behoves to ſpeak to his creature, and to give a revelation of himſelf there *must* neceſſarily be myſteries attending it; nay, this circumſtance may be conſidered as a collateral proof that the revelation came from God, in that it contains ſome things above human reaſon.

——"The more of wonderful
Is heard in him, the more we ſhould aſſent;
Could we conceive him, God he could not be:
Or, he not God, or we could not be men.
A God alone can comprehend a God‡." YOUNG.

Let theſe conſiderations impreſs on our mind a holy reverence of God. Every thing we hear and know of God is myſterious. Therefore we ſhould tremble at the moſt diſtant idea of arraigning the ſovereign Judge of the Univerſe to our bar, or call in queſtion thoſe declarations he has made in his word. And let the humble Chriſtian look forward to that day when all the myſteries of nature, of providence, and grace, ſhall begin to be unfolded. Such a day there will be; and it will be no ſmall part of the delightful employment of eternity to unravel theſe myſteries, and trace the wiſdom, the juſtice, and the love, which pervade every part of the divine conduct towards his covenant children.

* *Job, xi.* 7, 8. † 1 *Cor. ii.* 14.

‡ *When the hearers of Epictetus said to him, "Sir, you have uttered many excellent things of God, but we cannot as yet understand* WHAT HE IS;" *he replied, "Were I able fully to set forth God, I should either be a God myself or God himself would cease to be what he is."*

And while we are ſojourners here below, ſurrounded with many a dark cloud, and encountering many a diſtreſſing providence; while we *here know but in part*, and ſee *through a glaſs darkly*: let us bleſs God that we have the Bible in our hands, *which is a light ſhining in a dark place, to which we ſhall do well to take heed.* And when the ſublimity of the myſteries of godlineſs puzzles and perplexes our mind, let us ſay,

"But, O my ſoul, if truths ſo bright
Should dazzle and confound thy ſight,
Yet ſtill his written will obey,
And wait the great deciſive day."

HORATIO.

A SERIOUS REFLECTION.

SINCE I am only a creature of a day, born to exiſt but a ſhort time in this lower world, and as, upon my leaving it, I muſt be fixed in a ſtate of unſpeakable happineſs, or remedileſs ruin, it behoves me ſeriouſly and attentively to conſider what ground I have to hope or expect I ſhall eſcape the miſery of hell, and obtain the bliſs of heaven. I am informed, by an unerring book, that by nature I am a child of wrath, that I fell in my firſt parent Adam (who was the head and repreſentative of the whole human race), and thereby became obnoxious to the curſe and vengeance of a righteous ſin-hating God; and, indeed, I have given demonſtrative proof of the corruption and depravity of my nature, by repeatedly committing actual tranſgreſſions. The ſame divinely inſpired, and, conſequently, infallible book further informs me, that except I am born again, I cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. My nature muſt be renewed; a divine change muſt be effected; the current of my ſoul muſt be turned; in ſhort, I muſt become a new creature, or I can never dwell with a holy God. Now, if this be the caſe, let me knock at the door of my heart, and inquire of conſcience, God's vicegerent within, whether or not I have had any experience of ſuch a change, and examine if its effects are viſible in my life and converſation; and may God help me to be ſincere and impartial in this truly important and momentous concern.

1. Have I ever been convinced of the evil nature of *ſin*, as being utterly contrary and infinitely odious to a holy and juſt

God? Have I ever felt the burden, groaned under the weight or ardently longed for deliverance from ſin; and has the conſequence of all been the forſaking of it?

2. Have I been led, under a deep ſenſe of my own vileneſs, and utter inability to help or ſave myſelf, to the Lord Jeſus, the ſinner's friend and only Saviour; Have I been enabled by a divine faith to lay hold upon him; and to receive him as my wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification, and redemption? Is Chriſt precious to me in all his offices? Do I ſee a peculiar ſuitableneſs in him? Am I willing to renounce all for him, to deny myſelf, take up my croſs and follow him, through evil as well as good report, regardleſs of the ſcoff of infidels or the ridicule of the ungodly? Do I walk in the way of his commandments and ordinances, and pant after more conformity to his image? Is it my earneſt deſire not only to get to heaven, but alſo to glorify Chriſt upon earth? Do I love all who bear the Saviour's image, notwithſtanding many of them may differ from me as to the circumſtantials of religion; and is it my ſincere wiſh to be inſtrumental in promoting his intereſt? If I am totally unacquainted with theſe things, which are all Scripture evidences of a work of grace upon the ſoul, I am yet in the gall of bitterneſs, and in the bond of iniquity, under the curſe of a violated law, and my ſtate is not a moment to be reſted in. But if, on the contrary, I know ſomething of theſe matters by experience, and bear theſe evident marks of one truly regenerated, let me call upon my ſoul, and all that is within me, to praiſe and bleſs the Lord for his diſtinguiſhing goodneſs towards me the moſt unworthy of his creatures; in ſelecting me from an ungodly world, dead in treſpaſſes and ſins; in quickening my lifeleſs ſoul; and in enabling me in the day of his power to flee for refuge to the hope ſet before me in the everlaſting Goſpel.—Let me adopt the language of the evangelical Prophet, "O Lord! I will praiſe thee: Though thou waſt angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comforteſt me." K.

A MEDITATION ON THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

THE death of Chriſt is a ſubject of the firſt magnitude, and unſpeakably intereſting to the children of men. It is ſuited to all perſons, ſeaſons, and circumſtances. Young and old, rich and poor, the healthy and the afflicted, will find it a profitable ſubject; not only on Good Fridays and ſacra-

mental occaſions, but likewiſe all the year round, and all their lives long. It affords the choiceſt delight in proſperity, and the beſt conſolation in adverſity. It is the grand pillar that ſupports the church militant, and the ſweet theme which will for ever be ſung by the church triumphant. It occupied the deep counſels of heaven from eternity, and may well employ the ſongs of the redeemed to eternity. To make known the *cauſe*, the *nature*, and the *fruits* of the death of Chriſt, is the chief glory of the Bible. Savingly to know them, is the higheſt honour, glory, and felicity of man. God forbid ſaid the great Apoſtle of the Gentiles, that I ſhould glory, ſave in the croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. If the ſelf-righteous Jews of old eſteemed it ſcandal, and the philoſophic Greeks, like ſome of our moderns, accounted it fooliſhneſs, the reaſon is not its meanneſs, but their blindneſs. Souls enlightened from above, have always beheld in it a glory utterly unſpeakable. An event ſo wonderful and aſtoniſhing did never before, nor ever will again happen in the world. On this occaſion, the earth quaked, the graves opened, the rocks were rent, and the ſun was darkened. Preparatory and ſubſervient to this all-important event, were the riſe, the revolutions, and the decline of all preceding empires and monarchies. Every thing that happened in the world, is to be conſidered as leading to it, and making way for it. All hiſtory, except as it relates to this, ſays M'Laurin, "is but a hiſtory of trifles or confuſions, dreams, and vapours of ſick-brained men." To this, all the ſaints under the Old Teſtament diſpenſation looked forwards, and on it erected their lively hopes; and believers, ever ſince its accompliſhment, have looked back to it, as the grand ſource of all their comforts here, and better hopes above.

Man's inattention to this ſubject is folly in the extreme. How very far are ſuch men from doing the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven, where the angels are deſiring to look into the wonders and glories of the croſs, and where the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect chuſe it as the delightful burden of their everlaſting ſong! There are many and weighty reaſons, not yet mentioned in this paper, to excite the moſt ſerious and devout attention to the death of Jeſus Chriſt. In it we find the ſubſtance of the ancient types, and muſt own that, in reference hereto, they had a ſignificancy in them, worthy the infinite wiſdom by which they were inſtituted: Whereas, conſidered apart, and in themſelves, they would appear *cruel*, *lavish*, and *unmeaning*. But it is not only the ſubſtance of the types and ſhadows;

it is alſo the great fulfilment of ancient prophecy; in which the Redeemer's ſufferings and death are ſet forth in a manner more like hiſtory than prophecy. There is ſuch an agreement between the prediction of Chriſt's death, and its accompliſhment, that ſome infidels have had the audacity to ſay, that the pretended prophecy was penned after the event therein predicted had come to paſs. But we ſee with our own eyes, predictions of the ſame prophets daily fulfilling; and, at the appointed time, every prophetic viſion ſhall ſpeak ſo as to ſilence and confound the gainſaying infidel. But let not my thoughts wander from my Saviour's death, in which I further ſee the ſum and ſeal of every promiſe. Herein the great Teſtator's will is abſolutely and for ever confirmed; and all the great and precious promiſes are yea and amen unto the glory of God. Beſides, here I behold the brighteſt diſplay of every divine perfection. Religious philoſophers may admire, and that juſtly, the wiſdom, power, and goodneſs of God, manifeſted in his works of creation and providence. The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament ſhoweth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth ſpeech, and night unto night ſhoweth knowledge. Not only the ſun, moon, and ſtars, but alſo the air, the earth, and ſeas, abound with wonderful productions of God's infinite power and ſkill: But none of theſe, nor all of them together, can tell me what is needful for me and every ſinner to know. No page of the huge volume of nature can inform me, whether God will certainly forgive ſin, what kind of ſins he will forgive, how many, and upon what conditions; much leſs, how he is faithful and juſt to forgive ſins; how he can be juſt, and juſtify the ungodly; But on the croſs, I ſee him, who knew no ſin, made ſin for us, that we might be made the righteouſneſs of God in him. There I behold the juſt dying for the unjuſt, that he might bring us to God. The good ſhepherd lays down his life for the ſheep. He bore our ſins in his own body on the tree. Here I behold the manifold wiſdom of God in contriving a way at once to pardon and puniſh iniquity; to honour and magnify the law, and yet ſave the tranſgreſſor. Here mercy and truth meet together: Righteouſneſs and peace kiſs each other. There is the ſweeteſt harmony in all the perfections of Deity. Glory to God in the higheſt degree, and peace on earth to ſinful men. This ſcheme of human redemption is the maſter-piece of divine wiſdom. We may ſay with Dr. Watts:

"God in the perſon of his Son
Has all his mightieſt works outdone."

But his love is not leſs evident than his wiſdom. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and ſent his Son to be the propitiation for our ſins. God ſo loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoſoever believeth in him ſhould not periſh, but have everlaſting life. In the croſs we may clearly ſee, not only that God loves, but abſolutely that he is love itſelf. And what tongue can expreſs, or heart conceive, the love of Chriſt herein ſet forth? Surely we may ſay with the apoſtle, *It passeth knowledge.* "Compariſons," ſays one of my favourite and aforecited authors, "can give but a very imperfect view of this love: Though we ſhould ſuppoſe all the love of all the men that ever were, or ſhall be on earth, and all the love of the angels in heaven, united in one heart, it would be but a cold heart, to that which was pierced on the croſs with the ſoldier's ſpear." May the Saviour's love be ſhed abroad in the reader's heart, that he may ſay of him, as the apoſtle once ſaid, and that with the ſame pleaſing emotion of mind, "He loved me, and gave himſelf for me."

In the death of Chriſt we ſee God's utter abhorrence and deteſtation of ſin; more ſo than in the expulſion of Adam from Eden; the deluge of the old world; the deſtruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, with all the miſeries that at any time have befallen the children of men; yea more than in the torments of the infernal regions. In a word all the perfections of God are diſplayed at once in the death of Chriſt. We may truly ſay,

"Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhine,
The juſtice or the grace."

Whatever is neceſſary for our holineſs or happineſs, here or hereafter, we ſhall find in the death of Chriſt. Do we wiſh to know the worth of our ſouls? Let us go to Mount Calvary, there to view the price of their redemption. The redemption of the ſoul is precious. Corruptible things, ſuch as ſilver and gold, were a price infinitely inadequate: It coſt the precious blood of Chriſt. From his croſs flow bleſſings more than ſufficient to ſatisfy the ſoul's moſt unbounded deſires. Here we find pardon and peace, grace and glory. Do we wiſh to have ſin imbittered, and holineſs in heart and life promoted? Let us meditate on the croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, by which the world and ſin will be crucified unto us, and we unto them. No incentives to obedience like the ſufferings of Chriſt. Here it is the love of Chriſt

conſtraineth us to live, not unto ourſelves, but unto him that died for us. Do miniſters deſire a ſubject whereon to preach, that will anſwer all good purpoſes to their own ſouls, and the ſouls of their hearers? Let them turn their thoughts to the croſs of Chriſt. Paul was determined to know nothing but Jeſus Chriſt and him crucified. Do private Chriſtians deſire a ſubject whereon to diſcourſe for their mutual edification? They cannot have a better, nor any that will anſwer their purpoſe ſo well as the death of Chriſt. This was the ſubject of Moſes and Elias in the holy mount of transfiguration. They talked with Jeſus of his deceaſe which he ſhould accompliſh at Jeruſalem. The trembling, burdened, ſelf-deſpairing ſinner will here find reſt, peace, and conſolation. It is at the croſs the Chriſtian pilgrim loſes his heavy burden. In my converſe with diſtreſſed ſouls, I have always found it of the greateſt utility to direct them to think much about the death of Chriſt. This is the beſt ground of encouragement too for returning back-ſliders, and the never-failing remedy for dejected ſaints. How lamentable then that the dying Jeſus is ſo little in our thoughts! That he is ſo ſeldom mentioned even in the pulpits of ſome preachers! How dreadful to think that ſome are even enemies to the croſs of Chriſt! Reader, is this thy caſe? Oh! for thy ſoul's ſake do not make light of a crucified Jeſus, but fly to him for refuge; ſo ſhalt thou have ſtrong and everlaſting conſolation.

S. B.

FRIENDLY HINTS TO CHRISTIANS WHO HAVE PROSPERED IN THE WORLD.

[IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO INTIMATE FRIENDS.]

O how portentous is PROSPERITY!
Is heaven tremendous in its SMILES? Moſt ſure.
And in its FAVOURS, formidable too.
Its favours here are trials, not rewards:
A call to duty, not diſcharge from care. YOUNG.

Fidelio.

WELL, my dear *Secundus*, you go on very ſucceſsfully. What a charming houſe you have built here! how beautiful are your proſpects! I have been to your London reſidence, and ſeen over your capital manufactory and ware-

houſes there. Every one of our acquaintance admires them: And I moſt ſincerely rejoice in every thing truely *advantageous* to my friend. Many, either in words or looks, are giving you joy, on the alteration in your ſtile of living, appearance and company, and that you can now *enjoy yourself* and your friends. But, will you permit your old boſom friend to whiſper a caution againſt the new ſnares which ſurround you?

Secundus. Why yes, Sir, I have made ſome *good strokes in trade* of late, and have got a *good windfall* or two; thank God, I go on comfortably here; and you know Solomon ſays, "In the day of proſperity be joyful." Come, will you look round my premiſes? here is my garden, and there are offices.

Fidelio. Very convenient and neat! But we were ſpeaking about *proſperity* and its ſnares. I confeſs it is promiſed and beſtowed by God as the fruit of diligence; Prov. x. 4.: And when it is enjoyed with a *humble*, *watchful*, *dependant*, and *prayerful* ſpirit; when it is uſed with *liberality*, and to purpoſes of doing good, both to the ſouls and bodies of the poor, after the pattern of the late truely honoured LIBERO; proſperity is a token of high favour, and comes with the ſmiles of heaven. But, as Archbiſhop Leighton ſomewhere ſays "It is a difficult thing to carry a full cup even;" and multitudes have been much enſnared by the temptations of a riſing fortune. *Saul* before his elevation was "little in his own ſight," 1 Sam. xv. 23.; but afterwards became lofty, cruel, and ſo rebellious as "to reject the word of the Lord."

Secundus. *Saul*, you know, was never reckoned ſincerely pious. But don't we read of ſome truly good men in Scripture, who were favoured with temporal wealth and dignity? Were not Abraham and Job rich; and Joſeph, David, and Daniel advanced to high honours?

Fidelio. Granted. But worldly proſperity *in itself* is no token of ſpecial divine favour, or of a man's being a child of God. Eccleſ. ix. 1. Nay, on the other hand, it is generally ſeen, that "the ungodly proſper in the world," and it is awfully declared concerning them, "Surely they are ſet on ſlippery places, and caſt down into deſtruction." Pſalm lxxiii. 12. 18. And though ſome few good men have been entruſted with affluence and honour, yet you know it is not the *general* method of God "to call the mighty and the noble," but, on the contrary, "to chuſe the poor in this world to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom." James, ii. 5.

Secundus. Muſt a man's ſincerity in religion, then, be called in queſtion becauſe God has bleſſed him? Cannot he

be ſucceſsful, and get a fortune without the inſinuation, that he is not one of God's people? I hope no one has a right to accuſe him of any thing baſe and diſhonorable becauſe Providence ſmiles, nor—

Fidelio. Be not apprehenſive, my friend, of inſinuations never intended. The uprightneſs of the heart is what we have no right to judge of, but by its fruits. The fairneſs of your conduct I do not mean to impeach. You uſed, *Secundus*, to allow me to be free with you: I took the liberty of long and endeared friendſhip: But if you wiſh, I will drop the ſubject, or I will withdraw, and keep a reſpectful diſtance.

Secundus. No: Pardon me, I do not think you mean to offend. Let me hear what you have further to ſay, *Fidelio.*

Fidelio. Under your leave, I will remark that "the love of money is the root of all evil." 1 Tim. vi. 10. We need not recur to the old and awful examples of *Baalam* and *Judas*, as an illuſtration of it; you remember the deſperate caſe of *Orientus*, the great nabob; he had a ſerious education, but ſtifled all convictions; at laſt he could not bear to be alone, his conſcience ſo tormented him, becauſe of the rapacious means in which he had heaped up his riches; and you well knew poor *Mercatou*, who was once a tall profeſſor, and who, when he came to die, ſaid to his ſurrounding family, "My children, I have procured you all, what the world calls, good fortunes; but I fear, I have loſt my own ſoul."—Ah, my dear Sir, how many, "while they have coveted money, have firſt erred from the faith, and pierced themſelves through with many ſorrows;" and ſome at length have plunged themſelves into perdition. 1 Tim. vi. 9, 10.

Secundus. But this has never been the caſe with any of the real people of God. "We know, that all things work together for their good." And the Lord has promiſed, that "he will keep them from falling."

Fidelio. True. I do not mean to call in queſtion "the immutability of the Lord's counſel" and covenant. "He is abundantly willing that the heirs of promiſe ſhould have ſtrong conſolation."—But, my dear friend, ſuffer me to obſerve, that is the *tried* ſaint who is the *true* ſaint, as the old Puritans uſed to ſay, "bleſſed is the man that *endureth* temptation;" and nothing has made more diſcoveries than the touchſtone of proſperity. It has brought to view the concealed deceitfulneſs of the hearts of hypocrites; not that I mean to ſay you are inſincere. Alſo, it has too often injured the real people of God. When *Hezekiah* was "magnified in the ſight of all, his heart was lifted up; and there was wrath upon him," 2 Chro. xxxii. 25, 26. And how was *David*

drawn aſide into a confident preſumptuous ſpirit, Pſ. xxx. 6. And I believe therefore it is generally ſeen, from ſcripture and experience, that, reſpecting the lot of his people, as the Lord has put power, wealth and conſequence into one ſcale, he hath put ſome weighty trial into the other, to keep the balance even.

Secundus. You think then, I now ſee that I am not what I was. But who can charge me with any irregularity? Am I not a conſtant attendant at our place of worſhip when I am in town? And I hope I am not backward in advancing my mite to ſeveral charities.

Fidelio. My freedom hurts you: I do not mean to accuſe, to reproach, but to warn you: But if I am not ſo happy as to make myſelf underſtood, I will take my leave.

Secundus. Pray proceed. I will not interrupt you again with my petulance. You have thought much more on this ſubject, than I, who am more deeply intereſted, have done.

Fidelio. Remember your promiſe. I muſt then remind you, that *covetousness* is a frequent attendant on growing wealth. And therefore God ſays, "If riches increaſe ſet not your heart upon them." Pſal. lxii. 10. I have known ſome, who were once very compaſſionate, kind and good to the poor out of a ſmall ſtore, who, ſince they have grown rich, look upon the poor with a haughty ſpirit of diſdain, and ſteel themſelves with hard-hearted arguments againſt their ſuffering caſes. Many, who were once *temperate* in all things, have yielded to *excesses* they would before have trembled at; "their tables have become there ſnare;" and though they are not chargeable with drunkenneſs, "yet have been overcharged with ſurfeiting," which blunts, confuſes and diſorders the faculties of the mind.

Noah planted a vineyard, and gathered the fruit thereof; it became a temptation to him, Gen. ix. 20, 21; and I fear this has been eſpecially the ſnare of thoſe who have entered into clubs, political ſocieties, muſic meetings, corporations, &c. Have we not often ſeen new and gay *connexions*, the conſequences of riſing fortunes, great ſnares? How was Solomon's heart "turned away?" 1 Kings, ix. 3. How many, once plain, grave and decent perſons as they have got up in the world, have by degrees become thoughtleſs, light and trifling in their ſpirit and converſation; andthey and their families (though the *forms* of religion have not been given up) have gone into faſhionable and diſſipating amuſements; and the *card-table*, the *concert* and the *theatre*, are not only viſited, but even vindicated by them. Once, they kept up conſtant and lively family devotion in their houſes. But now, they

have not time and leiſure, at moſt not oftener than once a day, or it may be once a week.—The buſtle of buſineſs, and the late riſing of the family, prevent *morning* prayer; and at *night*, company at home, or engagements abroad, break the lovely order once ſeen in their houſes. No wonder that the converſation and conduct of children in ſuch families ſhould become frivolous, frothy, and, in ſhort, like the reſt of the world; and that they ſhould diſcover enmity againſt, and throw contempt upon every thing ſeriouſly religious, while perhaps ſome aged relative, or ſerious ſervant, who loved "the good old ways," feels and laments the ſad alteration.

Secundus. Sad indeed, where matters are come to ſuch a paſs!

Fidelio. But where things are not ſo bad, there may be *secret departure* in heart from God; a ſad declenſion as to the life and power of religion; a backwardneſs to a cloſe converſe with God; a ſhyneſs at the throne of grace; a miſgiving of heart that all is not right between him and us; a ſervile fear of him, and an unwillingneſs to look into our ſpiritual ſtate and frame; all which make it unpleaſant to viſit the cloſet of devotion, and induce a careleſs, haſty, ſuperficial performance of duty, juſt to ſatisfy the demands of conſcience; and what is the conſequence? a worldly, trifling ſpirit, eager to catch at any thing, not immediately unlawful, to amuſe the thoughts, and to join in any converſation that is not ſearching and ſpiritual, and endeavouring to avoid the moſt ſerious, plain and faithful friends.

Secundus. My dear *Fidelio*, you have touched my very caſe, you have faithfully drawn my picture. I am the man. I have endeavoured to evade your deſign; but I thank you for ſo kindly compelling me to come to the point I wiſhed to avoid. It is not with me, as in months paſt. As I have increaſed in worldly comforts, I have been inſenſibly removed from peace; I have grown in pride and preſumption, and have forgotten ſpiritual proſperity. Tell me how I ſhall recover the ſtrength I have loſt.—Leave me not without your friendly counſels.

Fidelio. I rejoice to ſee your ſpirit ſo melted. What can I adviſe better than in the language of our Lord, Remember from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the firſt works. Rev. ii. 5.

*The bleſſed doctrine of God's unchngeable love to Jeſus, in you hinted at in a wrong place, and, I was afraid drops of wrong purpoſe, may well encourage you in your proſperity to "*remember former days*;" to*

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father's houſe, acknowledging the good hand of our God upon us, crying out, "what am I?"—*Cultivate, my friend, a liberal ſpirit*, and lay by for the poor as God hath proſpered you. This is a good way to *preſerve* what you have gained, and to get good intereſt upon it; I mean the bleſſing of the Lord, without the bitter addition of ſorrow. Prov. x. 24. Ever remember the words of the Lord Jeſus, how he ſaid, "It is more bleſſed to give than to receive, Acts, xx. 35. Whenever any of God's people have proſpered one way, in his all wiſe and all gracious adminiſtration, he generally embitters their earthly comforts in another way, leſt "their hearts would be divided," and drawn away. You have, my dear friend, you abatements and trials: A worm is in every gourd. Inſtead of giving way to peeviſhneſs and repining, admire, eſteem, and bleſs his faithful care, in not giving you up, in (may I uſe the language?) beſtowing ſo much attention and pains on you. You ſhould humbly aſk, "Shew me wherefore thou contendeſt with me? and earneſtly pray that he would by his good Spirit, in your conſcience, give a clear and determinate anſwer, correſpondent to his gracious deſigns. Above all, *Secundus*, keep ever in view the *uncertainty* of all worldly poſſeſſions, many affecting proofs of which we have all around us. Remember the nearneſs of a dying moment; and the account to be given of your ſtewardſhip. But I muſt take my leave.

Secundus. Thank you my dear *Fidelio*, for opening to me my caſe. I feel myſelf eaſier already. May I have wiſdom and grace to attend to your kind counſel! Farewell.

KAPPA.

Remarks on the prophecies and promises relating to the GLORY OF THE LATTER DAY.

WHEN the Chriſtian ſeriouſly reflects on the ſtate of mankind at large, a melancholy gloom ſpreads over the mind. How large a part of the inhabitants of the earth "ſit in darkneſs, and in the region and ſhadow of death!"—The perſon, therefore, who is concerned for the honour of God, and the beſt intereſt of his fellow-creatures, cannot but ardently pray, that the way of the Lord may "be known upon earth, and his ſaving health among all nations." And a more pleaſing idea can ſcarcely be indulged than the approach of that period, when, "from the riſing of the ſun, even to the going down of the ſame, the name of the Lord ſhall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incenſe ſhall

be offered unto his name, and a pure offering: For my name ſhall be great among the heathen, ſaith the Lord of Hoſts*."

CHRISTIANITY is a ſyſtem of benevolence. Its principles expand the heart, and ennoble the mind!—The ſupplications of the Chriſtian are not confined to the narrow circle of a particular ſociety; nor to the welfare of a particular nation, but are extended to men of *every clime*. The language of the religion of Jeſus is, "God is no reſpecter of perſons, but in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteouſneſs, is accepted of him †." Having his heart warmed with the love of God; having been enabled to ſee the danger of his own ſituation by ſin; having beheld the infinite value of Chriſt, and his ſalvation, with the full conſent of his ſoul, and with the moſt fervent deſires; the pious Chriſtian can join in that admirable petition, "Thy kingdom come! thy will be doneon earth as it is done in heaven!"—Like his Divine Maſter he earneſtly prays that the glorious Goſpel may be known and enjoyed by "every nation, kindred, people, and tongue!"

That there is a time of peace, proſperity, and purity, awaiting all the nations of the earth, appears evident from the prophecies and promiſes in the ſacred Scriptures which relate to the enlargement of the kingdom of Chriſt in the world, and an abundant out-pouring of the Spirit upon all fleſh. And this day, we hope, is not far diſtant.

It may not therefore be unintereſting to enumerate a few of thoſe paſſages, which ſpeak of the glory of the church of Chriſt in the latter day, and which yet remain to be accompliſhed.

In the 2d Pſalm ‡, God the Father ſays unto the Son, "Aſk of me and I ſhall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermoſt parts of the earth for thy poſſeſſion. The Lord ſaid unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thy enemies thine footſtool ‖." David ſpeaks of the noble adminiſtration of Chriſt's regal authority: "The Lord ſhall ſend the rod of thy ſtrength out of Zion ‡;" that is, the ſceptre of his Goſpel: And he deſcribes the wonderful ſucceſs, which ſhould attend the preaching of the everlaſting Goſpel: "Thy people ſhall be willing in the day of thy power: In the beauties of holineſs, from the womb of the morning, thou haſt the dew of thy youth *:" Probably meaning, that converts to the religion of Jeſus, in the latter day, ſhould be as innumerable as the drops of morning dew, as wonderfully and as rapidly produced; for

* *Mal. i.* 11. † *Acts, x.* 34. ‡ *Ver.* 8. ‖ *Pſa. cx.* 1.
‡ *Ver.* 2. * *Ver.* 3.

a *nation shall be born in a day.* And the whole of the eleventh chapter of Iſaiah's prophecies appears to be a deſcription of the happy effects of the Goſpel of Chriſt. In the *preceding* chapter the prophet had been denouncing the judgments of God againſt the enemies of his people; but in *this* he makes a pleaſing tranſition from that awful ſubject to a theme far more delightful: And, under the idea of the *temporal* deliverance of the church, the prophet leads on our thoughts to that great ſalvation, which, in the fulneſs of time, ſhould be wrought out by the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, whom he ſtyles a *rod out of Jeſſe*, and of which all the temporal mercies were types and figures. As ſoon therefore as the prophet had ſpoken of the deliverance of Jeruſalem from Senacherib's army, he immediately introduces a prophecy of the promiſed MESSIAH, whom he particularly deſcribes*; and then proceeds to ſpeak of the acceſſion of the *Gentile* nations, and with them the remnant of the *Jews*. From thence to the end of the chapter he repreſents, in elevated and charming ſtrains, the pleaſing effects of the reign of Jeſus the *Prince of Peace*: "The wolf alſo ſhall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard ſhall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion, and the fatling, and a little child ſhall lead them: And the cow and the bear ſhall feed, their young ones ſhall lie down together; and the lion ſhall eat ſtraw like the ox; and the ſucking child ſhall play on the hole of the aſp, and the weaned child ſhall put his hand on the cockatrice den †." Theſe expreſſions may, in ſome meaſure, have received an accompliſhment, when the Chriſtian diſpenſation was inſtituted, and in the wonderful influence of Goſpel truths on the hearts and lives of multitudes, who were once the moſt determined enemies to the religion of Jeſus. But I apprehend theſe expreſſions look forward to a far more illuſtrious day, when the ſtriking words of the prophet ſhall be fulfilled: "They ſhall not hurt nor deſtroy in all my holy mountain: For the earth ſhall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the ſea." "And I queſtion," ſays the learned Jonathan Edwards, "whether it be poſſible to find out a more ſtrong expreſſion, to ſignify an abſolute univerſality of the knowledge of the true religion through the habitable world; *q. d.* as there is no place in the vaſt ocean where there is not water, ſo there ſhall be no part of the world of mankind, where there is not the knowledge of the Lord: As there is no part of the wide bed, or cavity poſſeſſed by the ſea, but what is covered with water, ſo there ſhall be no part of the habitable world, that ſhall not be viſited by the light of the Goſpel, and poſſeſſed

* *Ver.* 1—5. † *Iſa.* xi. 9.

by the true religion. Waters are often, in prophecy, put for nations, and multitudes of people: So the waters of the main ocean ſeem ſometimes to be put for the inhabitants of the earth in general; as in Ezekiel's viſion of the waters of the ſanctuary *, which flowed from the ſanctuary, and ran eaſt, till they came to the ocean, and were at firſt a ſmall ſtream, but continually increaſed, till they became a great river; and when they came to the ſea, the water even of the vaſt ocean was healed †, repreſenting the converſion of the world to the true religion in the latter days. It ſeems evident that the time will come, when there will not be one nation remaining in the world, which ſhall not embrace the Chriſtian religion.

In the 60th chap. of Iſaiah alſo, we meet with many promiſes relating to the proſperity of the church, which cannot receive an accompliſhment until that period arrives in which Jew and Gentile ſhall meet in *one fold under one ſhepherd.*

The New Teſtament ſpeaks the ſame language. "Other ſheep I have, which are not of this fold: Them alſo muſt I bring, and they ſhall hear my voice; and there ſhall be one fold and one ſhepherd ‡." The Lord Jeſus was addreſſing himſelf to the Jews, and he ſtyles the Jewiſh church his fold: And he had often diſcovered great affection for the loſt ſheep of the houſe of Iſrael, and often dropt the tear of pity over the hardneſs of their hearts. But here he humbles the pride, and tarniſhes the vain-glory, of the Jews, who thought the bleſſing communicated to them by the Meſſiah ſhould be wholly confined to their own nation.—No—ſays Jeſus, *Other ſheep I have, which are not of this fold.* Here the merciful Redeemer had an eye to the heathen nations, to *us*, who (at that time) were involved in groſs darkneſs. Thus did Jeſus diſcover the infinite benevolence of his heart, and the generous nature of that religion he came to eſtabliſh.

And in the 12th chap. of the ſame evangeliſt, Jeſus ſays, "I, If I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." "It is fit," ſays the fore-mentioned author, "that when the Son of God became man, he ſhould have dominion over all mankind: 'Tis fit, that ſince he became an inhabitant of the earth, and ſhed his blood on the earth, he ſhould poſſeſs the whole earth; 'tis fit, ſeeing here he became a ſervant, and was ſubject to men, and was arraigned before them, and judged, condemned, and executed by them, and ſuffered ignominy and death in a moſt public manner, before Jews and Gentiles, being lifted up to view on the croſs upon an hill, near that populous city, Jeruſalem, at a moſt public

* *Chap. xlvii.* † *Ver.* 8. ‡ *John*, x. 16.

time, when there were many hundred thouſand ſpectators from all parts; that he ſhould be rewarded with an univerſal dominion over mankind, and he has declared that he ſhall be."

The apoſtle alſo, in the 11th chapter of his Epiſtle to the Romans, teaches us to look on that great out-pouring of the Spirit, and in-gathering of ſouls unto the kingdom of Chriſt, that was in thoſe days, firſt of the *Jews*, and then of the *Gentiles*, as the *first-fruits*, as a ſign that all the remainder of both ſhould, in due time, be gathered in.

There is another paſſage which ſpeaks in the ſtrongeſt terms of the univerſal triumph of Chriſt, who "was raiſed from the dead, that he might be ſeated at the right hand of God, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but alſo in that which is to come, and hath put all things under his feet; and gave him to be head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fulneſs of him that filleth all in all*."

In the Revelations † we read theſe ſtriking words: "And I ſaw another angel fly in the midſt of heaven, having the everlaſting Goſpel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." It is remarkable that this glorious event will not take place long before the final overthrow of Antichriſt, that ſpiritual Babylon; and in the laſt great conflict, between the church of Chriſt and her enemies, before the commencement of the glorious time of the church's peace and reſt, the kings of the earth, and the whole world, are repreſented as *gathered together*‡. Then the *ſeventh angel pours out his vial into the air*, which limits the kingdom that Satan has, as god of this world, in its utmoſt extent,—and that kingdom is repreſented as utterly overthrown‖. In another deſcription of that great battle*, Chriſt is repreſented as riding forth "having on his head many crowns, and on his veſture, and on his thigh, a name written, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords;" which, we may well ſuppoſe, ſignifies, that he is now going to that conqueſt, whereby he ſhall ſet up a kingdom, in which he ſhall be King of Kings in a far more extenſive manner than either the *Babylonish*, *Persian*, *Grecian* or *Roman* monarchs were. An angel afterwards appears, *ſtanding in the ſun*,†† that overlooks the whole world, calling on all the fowls that fly in the midſt of heaven, to come and eat the fleſh of kings, &c. and, in conſequence of the great

* *Ephes. i.* 21—23. † *Chap. xiv.* 6. ‡ *Rev. xvi.* 14.
‖ *Ver.* 17, &c. ** *Chap. xix.* †† *Ver.* 17, &c.

victory Chriſt gains at that time, "an angel comes down from heaven, having the key of the bottomleſs pit, and a great chain in his hand; and lays hold on the devil, and binds him, and caſts him into the bottomleſs pit, and ſhuts him up, and ſets a ſeal upon him, that he ſhould deceive the nations no more." Satan's being diſpoſſeſſed of that higheſt monarchy on earth, the Roman empire, and caſt out in the time of Conſtantine, is repreſented * by his being caſt *down from heaven to the earth*: "But now there is ſomething far beyond that—he is caſt *out of the earth*, and is ſhut up in hell, and confined to that alone; ſo that he has no place left him in this world of mankind, high or low†."

Thus we have enumerated a few of thoſe paſſages in the word of God, which appear to look forward to a far more brilliant diſplay of the light, liberty, and purity of the Goſpel, than the world has ever yet experienced. And have we not every reaſon to hope that the Lord God is now about ſpeedily to uſher in this illuſtrious and moſt deſirable day?

Our Lord reproves thoſe who *could diſcern the face of the ſky, but could not diſcern the ſigns of the times.* Now from a conſideration of the many *prophecies* yet unfulfilled, and from a ſerious attention to the *ſigns of the times*, we may indulge the hope that this grand jubilee is at hand. The preſent period is a criſis replete with great events. The Lord of Hoſts is *ſhaking all nations.* And ſhall Chriſtians be ſilent and inactive ſpectators? No: 'Tis our duty to pray for the day, "when the eyes of the blind ſhall be opened, and the ears of the deaf unſtopped; when the lame man ſhall leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb ſhall ſing; When in the wilderneſs ſhall waters break out, and ſtreams in the deſert."

The power of Antichriſt is falling;—the ſpirit of civil and religious liberty is ſpreading: The day has begun to dawn, and one of its moſt pleaſing harbingers is this—the day-ſtar of light is ariſen; the dark ſhades of bigotry and ſuperſtition are retiring. Men begin to read and think for themſelves, even in thoſe countries where every avenue of intellectual light was nearly ſhut. The nations begin to ſee the folly of ſubmitting their *perſons* to *civil*, and their *minds* to *religious* tyranny.

The ſlaying the witneſſes, probably has already taken place at the revocation of the *Edict of Nantz*‡. At the refor-

* *Chap. xii.*

† *Edwards's Humble Address, p.* 29—137.

‡ *The Edict of Nantz was an act paſſed by Henry IV. of France,* 1598, *granting toleration to Proteſtants. This edict was revo-*

mation in Germany, the great day of goſpel light and liberty began to break on the nations, and ever ſince that period, the *papal power* has been gradually decaying. It has received a ſurpriſing and unexpected blow, by thoſe late events, which have taken place in a neighbouring nation, and ſtill alarm the world. And we have reaſon to conclude, that the angel is even now pouring out the ſixth vial on the kingdom of the beaſt. "And the ſixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates, and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the Eaſt might be prepared.*" As the river Euphrates was the ſupport and defence of Babylon *literally* taken, ſo here it is to be underſtood *metaphorically:* By the great river Euphrates we may underſtand every thing that tended either to ſupport or defend the *popiſh power:* And the *drying up this river*, is a taking away the incomes and ſupplies, and thereby haſtening its downfall. How remarkably are the incomes and ſupplies of the *Roman* church dried up by the revolution which has taken place in France!—What vaſt ſums of money are now withdrawn from that *man of ſin!*—So that a way is made for the kings of the Eaſt—*i. e.* Jeſus Chriſt and his Miniſters (called *Michael*† and his angels), the *only* kings who will deſtroy the popiſh tyranny. And as Cyrus, the chief of the kings of the Eaſt, who took and deſtroyed *literal* Babylon, was a type of Chriſt, ſo it intimates that the Lord Jeſus, and his miniſters, ſhall deſtroy Antichriſt, by preaching the everlaſting Goſpel, which is the *ſword proceeding out of his mouth!* Never was there a time in which theſe prophecies appeared to receive a more literal accompliſhment. We may encourage the hope, therefore, that ſoon the ſeventh angel will pour out his vial‡.

Let us now inquire *by what means* the Lord will introduce this deſirable day. The God of infinite wiſdom can never be at a loſs for means or inſtruments to effect his deſigns. All nature ſhall obey his ſovereign mandates. If he but ſpeak the word, *a nation ſhall be born at once.* Yet let it be remembered, that, moſt probably, it will be a *gradual* work; like the light of the ſun, it will ſhine more and more unto the perfect day.

We have reaſon to ſuppoſe that the *method* obſerved will be ſomewhat like the following: *The Lord will remove the*

ked by Louis XIV. in 1685, *and immediately a moſt horrible perſecution enſued. See this ſubject treated at large in Edwards's Attempt, part iii. p.* 90.

* *Rev. xvi.* 12. † *Rev. xii.* 7. ‡ *Rev. xvi.* 17.

OBSTACLES *which lie in the way of the conversion of the heathen nations.* And theſe obſtacles are two-fold, viz. thoſe *around*, and thoſe *within* them. When reflecting on thoſe which are *external*, we cannot but feel a conſiderable degree of grief, that they are ſo numerous and of ſuch a nature.

One obstacle is the unhappy contentions and divisions which subsist among Christians. Theſe prejudice the minds of men againſt Chriſtianity, and lead them to conclude, that it is not ſo excellent in its nature, and ſo amiable in its tendency, as its advocates pretend. The heathen nations form their opinion of it, from the conduct of its profeſſors. And, alas! what a melancholy picture does it exhibit! But before the nations of the earth ſhall be brought in, both Jew and Gentile ſhall be united. And I am inclined to think, that the preſent diverſity of opinion ſhall, in a great meaſure, ceaſe, and that golden age of Chriſtianity return, in which it ſhall again be ſaid, *the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul.*

Another obstacle is, the impurity of those who are styled Christians. The unholy lives of profeſſors caſt a ſtumbling-block in the way, and harden the wicked in their oppoſition to the Goſpel.

One obſtacle more cannot eſcape our notice; and that is, the *horrible cruelties committed by those who profess the Christian religion.* Theſe cruelties are too well known to be now enumerated: And truly, they are too horrible to be related, without torturing all the finer feelings of the mind, and harrowing up the very ſoul! The dreadful barbarities committed—by whom? muſt I ſay by Chriſtians? by the followers of the meek and compaſſionate JESUS?—in the Eaſtern and the Weſtern Indies, and particularly on the coaſt of Africa—are more than ſufficient to prejudice the minds of the natives againſt Chriſtianity. Can we wonder if theſe poor uncultivated Indians abhor that ſyſtem of religion, which is embraced by thoſe by whom their houſes are burned, themſelves and their families dragged to miſery, to torture and to death—a lingering death, rendered a thouſand times more terrible by all the tortures which helliſh ſagacity can invent? The SLAVE TRADE, therefore, that infamous commerce in human blood, which has diſgraced this nation, for more than two hundred years; this trade, I ſay, muſt be relinquiſhed, before the inhabitants of Africa will receive the Goſpel*.

* *Haruey, a Cazique in the island of Cuba, being taken prisoner by Diego Velasquez, a Spanish general, who had undertaken the conquest of that island, according to the barbarous maxims of the*

Theſe are ſome of the *external* obſtacles; but there are alſo *internal* difficulties in the way of the univerſal ſpread of the Goſpel of Chriſt, viz. the *ignorance of the mind*, the *rebellion of the will*, and the *ſenſuality of the affections*: "The carnal mind is enmity againſt God." Now theſe muſt be removed, and this work will the Lord moſt certainly effect, *by ſending the Gospel to these nations*: "For how ſhall they call on him in whom they have not believed? or how ſhall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how ſhall they hear, without a preacher? and how ſhall they preach, except they be ſent?"

The Goſpel was once preached through all the world*. But the glorious light continued not long: Groſs darkneſs now covers the nations. But the Lord will again cauſe his name to be known to the uttermoſt parts of the earth. And all the commotions in nations and kingdoms are probably deſigned to prepare the way of the Lord Jeſus, as the earthquake, the tempeſt and the fire, prepared Elijah for the *ſtill ſmall voice* in which God was. The Goſpel is the grand inſtrument in the hands of the Eternal Spirit, by which he will ſubdue all things unto himſelf. The Lord has ſent many miniſters as heralds to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, to thoſe poor and long-benighted nations, for *whose ſouls no man cared*. O, may a double portion of the Spirit reſt on theſe miſſionaries, and crown their labours with abundant ſucceſs! "The harveſt truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few: Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harveſt, that he would ſend forth labourers into his harveſt."

The Lord will effect his great work, by *the operation of the Spirit on their hearts*. The nations of the earth are as the valley full of dry bones; but the Spirit of God, that divine breath, will come from the four winds, and will breathe on them, and they ſhall live.

Spaniards, was condemned to the flames, as a slave who had taken arms against his master. When he was fastened to the stake, a Franciscan friar, labouring to convert him, promised him immediate admittance into the joys of heaven, if he would embrace the Christian faith: "Are there any Spaniards," says he, after some pause, "in that region of bliss which you describe?"—"Yes," replied the monk, "but only such as are worthy and good."—"The beſt *of them," returned the indignant Cazique, "have neither worth nor goodness: I will not go to a place where I may meet with one of that accursed race."*

Dr. Robertson's Hist. of South America, vol. i. p. 279.

* *Doddridge, Family Expositor, vol. ii. sect.* 16. *note n.*

Now this shall be accompanied by an out-pouring of the spirit of prayer, on individuals, and on churches. This appears to be one of the ſtrongeſt arguments to ſupport the pleaſing idea, that this ſeaſon of proſperity awaiting the church of Chriſt, is now faſt approaching: For with pleaſure be it recorded, that a large number of churches in this kingdom have (for ſome time paſt) engaged to ſet apart *one hour* in the evening of the *firſt Monday in every calendar month*, to join in fervent prayer to God for a bleſſing on the Goſpel, and on thoſe *miſſionaries*, who are now engaged in the arduous undertaking of preaching the Goſpel to the Indian nations. Would to God, that this pious cuſtom more generally prevailed! "The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much." And it is a grand, an animating idea, that thouſands of pious perſons are ſurrounding the throne of grace, at one and the ſame time, and all engaged in ardently ſupplicating the ſame bleſſings.

With a view to enforce the more general obſervation of this duty, and to warm the hearts of all who pray for the peace and proſperity of Sion, let us reflect on the *delightful conſequences*, which will attend this univerſal ſpread of Chriſtianity. Theſe are beautifully expreſſed by the prophet Iſaiah, in a fore-quoted paſſage: "They ſhall not hurt nor deſtroy in all my holy mountain: For the earth ſhall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the ſea." *Knowledge in general*, ſhall ſpread as the rays of the ſun: For at the firſt approach of Goſpel grace, the mind ſhall be illuminated, and ignorance, the parent of iniquity, diſappear. *Knowledge in particular*: The knowledge of God, as the great Creator of all things: The knowledge of the Lord Jeſus, as the promiſed Meſſiah and only Redeemer; The knowledge of themſelves, as undone ſinners; and a knowledge of the Goſpel, as revealing the only method of ſalvation. Then all cruelty and oppreſſion ſhall ceaſe. Wars ſhall no more be known throughout the earth. "Nation ſhall no more riſe up againſt nation, nor kingdom againſt kingdom, but they ſhall beat their ſwords into ploughſhares, and their ſpears into pruning-hooks."

Knowledge and purity ſhall abound in the higheſt degree, and in the wideſt extent. Holineſs to the Lord ſhall be engraven on every heart; yea, ſays the Prophet, "In that day ſhall there be upon the bells of the horſes, Holineſs unto the Lord.*" O joyful day! Knowledge and purity ſhall "cover the earth, as the waters cover the ſea." This emphatical expreſſion probably conveys theſe ideas.

* *Zech. xiv.* 20.

It ſhall be *immenſe*: The knowledge of God ſhall be as extenſive and copious as the waters of the ſea: "They ſhall know me, from the leaſt of them, unto the greateſt of them, ſaith the Lord*."

It ſhall be *profound*: Deep as the ſea; not a ſuperficial knowledge, but heart-felt and experimental. It teaches us alſo, that the progreſs of this knowledge ſhall be *irresistible*: No created power can reſtrain the fury of the ocean. He who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand, alone can huſh the tempeſt, and ſay to its proud waves, "hitherto, but no farther." So no human power ſhall be able to ſtop the progreſs of Goſpel light and liberty. Jeſus, the omnipotent Captain of ſalvation, ſhall aſcend the chariot, and ride forth from conquering to conquer, until all his enemies be made his footſtool.

Then *perfect harmony and security* ſhall enſue. All animoſities ſhall ceaſe. "Their peace ſhall be as a river, and their joy like a flowing ſtream." Then all the ſheep of Chriſt, the great Shepherd, ſhall be brought in, and there ſhall be but *one fold*. Jew and Gentile, Barbarian, Scythian, bond and free, ſhall meet in the ſweeteſt harmony. All invidious diſtinctions ſhall vaniſh: And all men ſhall be of one mind, of one heart, and one ſoul; for Jeſus ſhall have "broken down the middle wall of partition, and ſlain the enmity by his croſs."

"O when, almighty Lord,
Shall theſe glad ſcenes ariſe,
To verify thy word,
And bleſs our wond'ring eyes?
That earth may raiſe,
With all its tongues,
United ſongs
Of ardent praiſe." Doddridge.

HORATIO.

A remarkable interposition of Divine Providence.

To the Editors of the Evangelical Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN I reflect on the many happy hours in my youth, ſpent in private conference, and praying ſocieties, I can neither forget the men, nor yet the diſtinguiſhed mercies of the Lord, who rendered them a bleſſing to my early

* *Jer. xxxi. 34.*

inſtruction, edification, and conſolation. And ſuch as are able to realize the ideas of paſt friendſhip, and to aſſociate the feelings of gratitude for the paſt, with the hope of enjoying in a very few days, or years, a ſtill more pure and perfect communion with endeared but departed ſaints, will not condemn me for bringing to light, and reſcuing from oblivion, any ſingular inſtance of the Lord's care and kindneſs towards his hidden ones, in the days of their pilgrimage and the following, I hope, will prove both entertaining and inſtructing to the poor of Chriſt's flock.

It has been often obſerved, that the Chriſtian's greateſt extremity is the time of God's gracious opportunity. Few things are more evident, than that ſome of the darkeſt diſpenſations, in the experience of the ſaints, have been opportunities for the divine care and kindneſs to be made known and manifeſted towards them, and thoſe temporal ſupplies, that are given in an extraordinary way, ſuch as the ravens feeding Elijah, in a particular manner anſwer the deſigns of our Lord; they are the fruit of the wiſdom of him who hath ſaid, "*I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee.*"

THOMAS HOWNHAM, the ſubject of the following providence, was a very poor man, who lived in a lone houſe or hut upon a moor, called Barmour-moor, about a mile from Lowick, and two miles from Doddington, in the county of Northumberland. He had no means to ſupport a wife and two young children, ſave the ſcanty earnings obtained by keeping an aſs, on which he uſed to carry coals from Barmour-coalhill to Doddington and Wooler; or by making brooms of the heath, and ſelling them around the country. Yet, poor and deſpiſed as he was in conſequence of his poverty, in my forty years acquaintance with the profeſſing world, I have ſcarce met with his equal, as a man that lived near to God, or one who was favoured with more evident anſwers to prayer. My parents then living at a village called Hanging-Hall, about one mile and a half from his hut, I had frequent interviews with him, in one of which he was very ſolicitous to know whether my father or mother had ſent him any unexpected relief the night before. I anſwered him in the negative, ſo far as I knew: At which he ſeemed to be uneaſy. I then preſſed to know what relief he had found: and how? After requeſting ſecrecy, unleſs I ſhould hear of it from any other quarter (and if ſo, he begged I would acquaint him); he proceeded to inform me, that being diſappointed of receiving money for his coals the day before, he returned home in the evening, and to his pain and diſtreſs found that there was neither bread, nor

meal, nor any thing to ſupply their place, in his houſe ; that his wife wept ſore for the poor children, who were both crying for hunger ; that they continued crying until they both fell to ſleep ; that he got them to bed, and their mother with them, who likewiſe ſoon went to ſleep, being worn out with the ſufferings of the children, and her own tender feelings.

Being a fine moonlight night, he went out of the houſe, to a retired ſpot, at a little diſtance, to meditate on thoſe remarkable expreſſions in Hab. iii. 17—19. Here he continued, as he thought, about an hour and half ; found great liberty and enlargement in prayer ; and got ſuch a heart-loathing and ſoul-humbling ſight of himſelf, and ſuch intereſting views of the grace of God, and the love of his adorable Saviour, that though he went out on purpoſe to ſpread his family and temporal wants before his Lord, yet having obtained a heart-attracting and ſoul-captivating view of him by faith, he was ſo enamoured with his beauty, and ſo anxious to have his heart entirely under his forming hand, that all thought about temporals was taken away.

In a ſweet, ſerene, and compoſed frame of mind, he returned into his houſe ; when, by the light of the moon through the window, he perceived ſomething upon a ſtool or form (for chairs they had none) before the bed ; and after viewing it with aſtoniſhment, and feeling it, he found it to be a joint of meat roaſted, and a loaf of bread, about the ſize of our half-peck loaves. He then went to the door to look if he could ſee any body ; and after uſing his voice, as well as his eyes, and neither perceiving nor hearing any one, he returned in, awoke his wife, who was ſtill aſleep, aſked a bleſſing, and then awoke the children, and gave them a comfortable repaſt ; but could give me no further account. I related this extraordinary affair to my father and mother, who both heard it with aſtoniſhment ; but ordered me to keep it a ſecret as requeſted ; and ſuch it would ever have remained, but for the following reaſon : A ſhort time after this event I left that country ; but on a viſit, about twelve years after, at a friend's, the converſation one evening took a turn about one Mr. Strangeways, commonly called Stranguage, a farmer, who lived at Lowick-Highſteed, which the people named Pinch-me-near, on account of this miſerly wretch that dwelt there. I aſked what had become of his property, as I apprehended he had never done one generous action in his life-time. An elderly woman in company ſaid, I was miſtaken ; for ſhe could relate one, which was ſomewhat curious : She ſaid, that ſhe had lived with him as a ſervant or houſekeeper ; that about twelve or thirteen years

ago, one Thurſday morning, he ordered her to have a whole joint of meat roaſted, having given her directions a day or two before to bake two large loaves of white bread. He then went to Wooler market, and took a piece of bread and cheeſe in his pocket, as uſual. He came home in the evening in a very bad humour, and went ſoon to bed. In about two hours after he called up his man ſervant, and ordered him to take one of the loaves and the joint of meat, and carry them down the moor to Thomas Hownham's, and leave them there. The man did ſo, and finding the family aſleep, he ſet them at their bedſide, and came away.

The next morning her maſter called her and the man ſervant in, and ſeemed in great agitation of mind. He told them that he intended to have invited a Mr. John Mool, with two or three more neighbouring farmers (who were always teaſing him for his nearneſs), to ſup with him the night before; that he would not invite them in the market-place, as he purpoſed to have taken them by ſurpriſe near home, as two or three of them paſſed his houſe, but a ſmart ſhower of rain coming on, they rode off, and left him before he could get an opportunity; that going ſoon to bed he did not reſt well, fell a dreaming, and thought he ſaw Hownham's wife and children ſtarving for hunger; that he awoke and put off the impreſſion; that he dreamed the ſecond time, and endeavoured again to ſhake it off, but that he was altogether overcome with the nonſenſe the third time; that he believed the devil was in him, but that ſince he was ſo fooliſh as to ſend the meat and bread, he could not now help it, and charged her and the man never to ſpeak of it, or he would turn them away directly. She added, that ſince he was dead long ago, ſhe thought ſhe might relate it, as a proof that he had done one generous action, though he was grieved for it afterwards.

This is the fact; let thoſe that read make their own reflections.

Deptford, Oct. 4, 1793. J. R.

A DREAM.

I AM well acquainted with a miniſter, now living, who, for ſome time after his entrance upon the ſacred miniſtry, was frequently harraſſed with fears that he ſhould not be able to proceed in the work. Often, on a Lord's day evening, he would think within himſelf, "Now, I am quite exhauſted. I

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have ſaid all I can ſay. How ſhall I ever be able to compoſe another ſermon? Is it poſſible for me to go on in the miniſtry, where people are expecting things new as well as old from time to time?" It always happened to him better than his fears; for by the next time of preaching, ſomething occurred to his mind whereon to preach, which proved of benefit to ſome. But there was one week in particular, through the whole of which he could not bring his mind to fix, for any time, upon any ſubject. He turned over his Bible and Concordance from day to day, and ſupplicated the throne of grace. At times he ſeemed to have an inſight into a paſſage of Scripture, but could not long purſue any meditation before he found himſelf almoſt obliged to give it up, through embarraſſment and perplexity. In this unhappy ſtate he continued till very late on the Saturday night, when he retired to his bed, almoſt in deſpair of being able to appear in the pulpit on the following day; nor did he expect to ſleep, the anxiety he felt was ſo great; but, contrary to his expectations, he ſoon went to reſt; and before he waked, he dreamed that he went to a pariſh church, where, in former days, he had ſtatedly attended, and that with unſpeakable pleaſure, upon the miniſtry of the Rev. Mr. Venn. After the prayers were over, with tears of joy he beheld his dear miniſter aſcend the pulpit, who after a ſhort, but comprehenſive and animated extemporary prayer, took for his text Matt. viii. 2. "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canſt make me clean. After a very ſtriking introduction, in which he exhibited the ſenſe of the paſſage in the cleareſt point of view, he took occaſion from thence, and that in a manner almoſt peculiar to himſelf, to point out the uncleanneſs, pollution, and impurities of fallen man, together with the ability and willingneſs of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt to make him clean; and alſo the poor ſinner's earneſt ſolicitude for the benefit, when once he becomes ſenſible of his abſolute need thereof. At the concluſion of the ſervice, the Miniſter awaked from his ſleep, ſurpriſed to find himſelf in bed, but very much refreſhed by his ſleep, and ſtill more by his dream. He could not doubt of inviſible agency over the human mind, both by night and day, when men awake, and when they ſleep. He thought he retained in his mind all that in his ſleep he had heard; and found himſelf happy in being thus provided with what he ſo very much wanted—a ſubject whereon to diſcourſe that day to his people. It ſerved him for the whole day, which was a comfortable one to himſelf, and a time of refreſhing to many of his flock.

The reader will make his own reflections. S. B.

THE CONVERSION OF A SOCINIAN.

A MR. W. a reputable farmer in Northamptonſhire, was a ſtated hearer of the Goſpel; but by reading the writings of *Dr. Foster*, *Mr. Lindsey*, and others of the ſame ſentiments he imbibed the Socinian ſcheme, and by degrees forſook the houſe of God, and the faithful labours of Mr. Denny, the Miniſter whom he formerly attended. Mr. D. took frequent occaſion to warn him againſt the dangerous conſequences of rejecting Chriſt, and neglecting his ordinances, as well as of the pernicious effects which his example might produce among his children and family. After much affectionate exhortation, which ſeemed to make no impreſſion on Mr. W. Mr. D. had the following remarkable dream. He thought himſelf deeply engaged in converſation with his friend, labouring hard to convince him of his fatal errors, when, at length, he fancied he heard a voice, ſaying, "Thou haſt gained thy brother." This affected him ſo much, that he immediately awoke, and broke out into a flood of tears, rejoicing in the happy event.

Mr. D. took an early opportunity of waiting on Mr. W. and related to him his dream, when, taking him by the hand he added, "If it pleaſe God to realize my dream, I ſhall account it one of the happieſt events of my life." To which Mr. W. ſtruck with his diſintereſted friendſhip, replied, "If it would be ſo happy for you, Sir, how much more ſo for me?" But no change as yet appeared to take place in his views.

Some months after this Mr. W. was taken ill, and his diſorder proved a conſumption. Mr. D. viſited him again, and renewed the theme with great earneſtneſs. Mr. W. was now offended, and ſaid, "Sir, I am now quite fixed in my ſentiments, you only make me uneaſy; I deſire that I may never hear any thing more of this ſubject." Mr. D. took leave of his friend with a heavy heart, ſaying within himſelf, "What is become of my pleaſing dream! but reflected as he went home, that however fixed Mr. W. was in his dangerous ſentiments, God was able to unfix him again, and ſettle him at laſt on the Rock of ages: He therefore retired to his cloſet, and with much importunity beſought the Lord on his account.

Early next morning a meſſenger was ſent from Mr. W. intreating his immediate attendance. He gladly obeyed the

ſummons. Mr. W. who was in bed, ſtretching out his arms to receive him, and cried out, "O Mr. D.! I am one of the moſt miſerable beings in the world. I have loſt my God!" "I hope not," ſaid Mr. D. "I hope it is in great mercy to your ſoul, and that God is about to bring you to the knowledge of Chriſt;" to which Mr. W. added, in a moſt earneſt tone, "God Almighty grant that it may!" He now deſired Mr. D. to talk to him, to tell him of Chriſt and his ſalvation, and to pray for him, which he readily did. Mr. W. appeared to be quite melted and broken down; and begged that Mr. D. would renew his viſit every day while he lived. He ſeemed to be truly ſerious, and, above all things, concerned for an intereſt in the blood and righteouſneſs of Chriſt which before he had diſcarded. About three days before his death he was filled with joy, and in the hearing of a pious ſiſter, broke out in a kind of extaſy, repeating thoſe excellent lines of Dr. Watts:

"Chriſt and his croſs is all our theme,
The myſteries that we ſpeak,
Are ſcandal in the Jew's eſteem,
And folly to the Greek;
But ſouls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;
They ſee what wiſdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord," &c. &c.

He died an eminent inſtance of the ſovereign grace of God.

G. B.

Suitable meditation for the beginning of the year.

"Our life is ever on the wing, and death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin, we all begin to die.
The year rolls round and ſteals away the breath that firſt it gave.
Whate'er we do, where'er we be, we're travelling to the grave."

WATTS.

BUT this I say, Brethren.—In this beautifully abrupt manner does the apoſtle introduce ſome very important ſentiments. *This I say, brethren.* I ſolemnly pronounce it is a momentous truth, though, alas! but ſlightly regarded, and which, therefore, it becomes me repeatedly to urge upon your attention; this I declare with all the authority of an apoſtle, a meſſenger from heaven, and I demand your

moſt ſerious conſideration of what I am going to deliver—THE TIME IS SHORT *.

I had almoſt ſaid, What occaſion for this formality in introducing a matter ſo commonly known, and ſo generally acknowledged? but I check myſelf. The notoriety of the ſubject is the very reaſon why it is overlooked; ſo that it requires all the addreſs of an inſpired apoſtle to fix the attention of a thoughtleſs world on a truth ſo obvious, and withal ſo important.

Shame on me! What pains have I taken to avoid this friendly admonition! Though it has forced itſelf upon me with an evidence that I could not reſiſt, yet I have ſeldom ſuffered it to have a ſuitable influence upon my temper and practice, but have lived as if I believed my continuance upon earth were long and even everlaſting.

Bluſh, O my ſoul! at ſuch unbecoming conduct, and endeavour to think and act in future as one who believes this uncontroverted declaration, *that the time of thy continuance in this world is short.* How much of thy time is already gone? How little remains, who can ſay? "My breath is in my noſtrils, and wherein am I to be accounted of?" I dare not "boaſt myſelf even of to-morrow for I know not what a day may bring forth." This is all I know with certainty, *That it is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment.* Alarming conſideration! and do I ſincerely believe it? Let me then no longer think of delay, nor contrive fatal artifices to put off the grand work of my everlaſting ſalvation. May I work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh when no man can work †. Whatever my hand findeth to do, may I do it with all my might ‡, and give all imaginable diligence to make my calling and election ſure.

The time—the time of life is *absolutely* ſhort:

"A ſpan is all that we can boaſt, an inch or two of time;
There are but few whoſe days amount to threeſcore years and ten."
WATTS.

How ſhort the ſpace between the cradle and the grave! How ſhort the journey from infancy to old age, through all the intermediate ſtages! The firſt breath we draw is the harbinger of our laſt, "and every beating pulſe we tell leaves but the number leſs." From the moſt accurate calculations it appears that one half of the human ſpecies leave the world under ſeven years of age; probably about a fourth arrive to

* 1 *Cor. vii.* 29. † *John, ix.* 4.
‡ *Eccl. ix.* 10.

manhood; but few, very few indeed, are permitted to advance to old age.

TIME, *how short!* ETERNITY, *how long!* is a motto that meets our eye, and ſeems to arreſt our attention in almoſt every burial-ground we enter. Converſing now and then on this ſerious ſubject with ſome of my friends, who carry the marks of old age in grey hairs, wrinkles, weakneſſes, and pains, I am ſurpriſed when they aſſure me (ſhaking their hoary locks) that when they look back upon their tireſome pilgrimage, it appears to them as though they commenced men and women but yeſterday—as though but yeſterday they exchanged their childiſh ſports for more rational and manly employments. But there are very few, let me recollect, that drag out their lives to ſo late a period. It is the remark of a writer, who was no ſuperficial obſerver of what paſſed around him, "that old men can hardly find contemporaries. A new race has ſtarted up, and they are become almoſt ſtrangers in their own neighbourhoods."

But *looking forwards* into another, an everlaſting ſtate of being, in this compariſon even the long life of a Methuſelah and the other antediluvians, ſhrivel into a mere point—a nothing. And O! may I never be unmindful, that the extreme brevity of this life is a cogent proof of the certainty of another *, and that I and all my fellow-mortals, now exiſting, muſt aſſuredly, in a little time, be hurried into an awful eternity! Yes, in a few years at fartheſt, we muſt be, every one, in ſome apartment of that unknown, untried world! The merry, unthinking, irreligious multitude in the doleful manſions of *Hell*†, and the pious, penitent, believing few in the bliſsful ſeats of *Heaven*.

* "*It would not be worth while, it would not be conſiſtent,*" *ſays a writer of the firſt talents,* "*with the wiſdom and goodneſs of the Deity, to ſend ſo many infant millions of reaſonable creatures into this world, to live the low life of a vegetable or animal, for a few moments, days or years, if there were no other world for theſe young immortals to remove to, in which their powers might open, enlarge, and ripen. Certainly men are not ſuch inſects of a day: Certainly this is not the laſt ſtate of human nature: Certainly there is a Heaven and a Hell. Otherwiſe we might expoſtulate with our Maker as David once did upon that ſuppoſition,* wherefore haſt thou made all men in vain?" Pſ. lxxxix. 47.

† "*Region of ſorrow! doleful ſhades! where Peace*
And Reſt can never dwell! Hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed
With ever-burning ſulphur unconſum'd."
Paradiſe Loſt, book 1, *line* 65.

Surely then a creature, treading every moment on the brink of the grave, and juſt ready every moment to ſhoot into the gulph of eternity, and launch away to ſome unknown coaſt, ſhould be conſtantly in a poſture of ſerious expectation ſhould be every day in his own mind taking leave of this world, breaking off the connexions of his heart from it, and preparing for that laſt, that all-important remove into a ſtate where he muſt reſide, not for a few months or years, as in the preſent, but throughout a boundleſs everlaſting duration.

And canſt thou, O my ſoul! be in a ſituation like this, and not endeavour to exerciſe thyſelf in habitual conſtant thoughtfulneſs, in abſtraction from this vain and fooliſh world, and ſerious preparation for death and eternity? And when ought my mind to be peculiarly ſolemniſed, if not when I am brought *the to close of the year*, and, with all my ſagacity, cannot aſcertain what events may befal me *in the progress of that upon which, at present, I am about to enter.*

O! that I may be helped to improve every ſuch period as a *memento mori*—that I may be rouſed from that ſupine and inactive diſpoſition I feel myſelf ſo prone to indulge, and *arise and trim my lamp* *. While, like a faithful monitor laying his hand upon my breaſt, it gives me the ſignal of the approach of the laſt enemy, may it conſtrain me to let go my graſp of this unſatisfying world, and ſet me upon looking out and preparing for another! One great reaſon, I am inclined to ſuppoſe, of the exceſſive attachment of mankind to the preſent ſtate, and their ſtupid neglect of the concerns of a future, is their forming too high an eſtimate of the affairs of time, in compariſon with thoſe of eternity. *But this I say*—I ſay it to my own ſoul, and I wiſh it to be powerfully impreſſed on the minds of every one arround me—*the time is short.* The time, in which we have any thing to do with terreſtrial concerns, is a poor, ſhort, contracted ſpan. *It remains, therefore*, that I endeavour, without a moment's delay, to ſet my houſe in order—that I uſe the world as not abuſing it; for the faſhion, the pomp, the parade, the pageantry *of this world passeth away*—and away let it paſs, provided at laſt, I may but obtain a better country, that is a heavenly †. O Jeſus, Maſter, fill me with thy love! Spirit Divine, ſeal me, ſeal me "unto the day of redemption!"

LUDOVICUS.

* *Alluding to Matt.* xxv, 7. † *Heb.* xi. 16.

REMARKS ON THE OBSERVATION OF THE LORD'S DAY.

THE meaning of no command ſeems to be more eaſily conceived, than that of the *fourth*.

"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," plainly ſuggeſts to any perſon of common underſtanding ſome ſuch interpretation as the following: By no means forget to devote the Sabbath-day to religious or pious purpoſes.

As the command is eaſily underſtood; ſo, obedience to it is a reaſonable and eaſy duty: It is far from being grievous.

Had God required by much the greater part of our time to be dedicated to his immediate ſervice, he had not required *near* ſo much as he is juſtly entitled to. Had he required us to remember to *keep holy* the half of our time, his equity herein might have been deſervedly extolled; and a moſt ready and cheerful obedience to his authority, in this reſpect, might have been naturally expected, and ought to have been rendered. But his requiring only every ſeventh day for this purpoſe, is laying upon us a much eaſier precept than we could have been ſuppoſed to lay upon ourſelves, had God only commanded us to dedicate weekly a certain portion of time to religious exerciſes, but left the portion to our own diſcretion.

But, *plain* and *easy* as the command is, if we may judge from the conduct of mankind, none ſeems to be more groſsly miſunderſtood, and more univerſally diſregarded.

A great, a very great part of thoſe that aſſume the name of Chriſtians obſerve it no other way, than as a periodical time of ceſſation from the ſeverer occupations of life, and of following amuſements perhaps a little different from, but not leſs innocent than thoſe of other days; though in the body of the command, all recreations are expreſsly prohibited.

Another claſs approach a little nearer towards the ſanctification of the Sabbath. They, in a pretty conſtant manner, frequent ſome place of public worſhip, *twice*, or at leaſt *once*, on the Sabbath; and on this account they reckon themſelves to be very good obſervers of the Lord's day.

But, if you take notice of their conduct on the morning and evening of this day, you will find little or no difference between *their practice*, and *that* of thoſe who totally neglect any obſervance thereof. They act as if the words had run

thus: "Remember a part of the Sabbath-day, and keep it holy;" whereas *the day*, the *whole* day is mentioned, without any exception.

A third claſs go ſtill farther in the obſervance of the Lord's day; they not only in public, but alſo in private, obſerve it. On this day they *read* the Scriptures; *pray* in ſecret, *pray with* and *examine* their families; are ſeldom heard to introduce any converſation of a vain and worldly nature. But they often greatly fail in their duty, from not being poſſeſſed of that manly firmneſs that ſhould render them proof againſt ſuch temptations as they occaſionally meet with. Is one of them called upon by a friend for ſome worldly purpoſe, how does he behave? Though his conſcience ſecretly condemns all *worldly* converſation, yet he gives up, for that time, his religious duties, countenances and ſupports the converſation.

Is his company requeſted at an entertainment on the Lord's day with ſome of his neighbours, or thoſe with whom he is intimately acquainted? He does not ſtay to conſider whether the company be of that *religious* deſcription that would make a Sabbath-day's viſit both a duty and pleaſure to the ſincerely good man. Nay, though he is aſſured, that the company is compoſed of ſuch as not to admit any thing of a religious tenor, he readily complies with the invitation.

All perſons that behave in thoſe ways that I have now mentioned, I conſider as profaners of the Sabbath.

Such of my readers as belong to the firſt and ſecond claſs cannot be ſuppoſed to attempt a vindication from this charge. Some of the laſt claſs, however, may perhaps reckon themſelves injured.

Had the fourth commandment indeed been *less particular*; had the negative part been the whole of it; and had we not met with any thing farther reſpecting the Sabbath in the Bible, no wonder if ſome ſhould reckon the charge alluded to ſomewhat unwarrantable. But when a ſanctification of the Sabbath is as expreſsly enjoined, both in this command and elſewhere, as ſecular employments are therein prohibited, certainly there is no need to retract what I have ſaid, or to make any apology.

Such being the nature of the duty under conſideration, you muſt acknowledge, whatever might have ſtruck you at the firſt ſight of the preceding part of this paper, that while engaged in worldly converſation, and in viſiting in irreligious companies on the Lord's day, you are not keeping the Sabbath *holy*. Nay, while thus employed, I am thoroughly convinced, that our conduct is as oppoſite to that of ſanctifying

the Sabbath, as if we were following the *plough*, or digging in our *gardens*, or profecuting any worldly *business* on that day.

But, ſome will ſay, it would look odd and unfaſhionable to be ſo exact.

Remember, however, that *fashion* is not to dictate to the *law* of God; but the law of God is to be the *rule* of our faſhions. To follow the faſhion ſo far as Scripture permits, is commendable; but farther we muſt not proceed. When we are, where we muſt all ſtand, before the great tribunal, the *word* of God, and not the *customs* of others, will be the *rule* of judgment.

Worldly converſation then being quite oppoſite to the ſanctification of the Sabbath, muſt be conſtrued a violation of an expreſs command of the Almighty, however much ſuch converſation may be authoriſed by the practice of others around us.

Some may likewiſe be diſpoſed to apologize for themſelves by alleging, that they do not make a practice of *visiting* in ſuch companies, and of converſing with perſons of this deſcription on the Sabbath; and what is the reaſon, pray, of your not making a practice of behaving in this manner? Is it not, becauſe opportunities do not always occur; If then your viſiting on this day proceeds not from your declining to comply with the invitations you receive, but from a *want* of opportunity, you may be ſaid to be *habitual* profaners of the Sabbath; with reſpect to the temper of your minds, which is what God chiefly regards in judging of our conduct —you may be conſidered as habitually *ready* to profane the Sabbath.

But I ſhall ſuppoſe, though you had opportunities, that you would comply only *now and then* with invitations relative to viſiting on the Lord's day. Notwithſtanding this inconſtant compliance, you would act a part altogether inexcuſable.

The impropriety of ſuch a conduct will appear glaring, on my directing your attention a moment to ſome other of the ten commands, the violation of which does not ſtrike ſo immediately againſt God, as that of the fourth.

Would *stealing* now and then, even when our neceſſities ſhould prompt us to take this courſe, and the framing of a falſehood on certain occaſions, when our temporal intereſt might be ſecured, be trivial faults, becauſe we could not be ſaid to make a practice of committing them? No ſurely. Why then ſhould a ſin more immediately againſt God be reckoned a ſlight, or rather no tranſgreſſion? Nay, to behave

only *once* in the way that is here condemned, however common, is *exceeding* ſinful, deſerves *eternal* puniſhment, and, leſt we periſh on this account, calls for a ſpeedy repentance.

Having thus made a few remarks on the obſervance of the Sabbath, and rather too many to be compriſed in one paper, I draw to a concluſion, with beſeeching in the moſt earneſt manner ſuch of my readers as may find their practice pointed at in this paper, to pray earneſtly to God for the grace of repentance, and to follow this prayer with a careful performance of the duties of the Sabbath on all occaſions; and not to *say* or *do* any thing on that day, but ſuch things as are of a religious kind.

If enabled thus to behave, though our repentance, our beſt ſervices or moſt pious exerciſes cannot merit any thing from the hand of God, you ſhall at laſt be abundantly rewarded. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleaſure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord honourable, and ſhalt honour them, not doing thy own ways, nor finding thine own pleaſure, nor ſpeaking thine own words: Then ſhalt thou delight thyſelf in the Lord, and I will cauſe thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it." Amen.

PRESBUTEROS.

THE NATURE, CAUSE, EFFECTS, AND CURE OF RESERVE.

By the late Rev. Robert Robinson, of Cambridge,

[Written at the age of 24.]

A RESERVED man is of a cold, diſtant, unfeeling carriage: Not made for ſociety, but for himſelf; for whatever he knows is his own, and not communicated to others. He makes profound ſecrets of the verieſt trifles in the world, and if you would put a double lock on his mouth, the way to do it is to ſolicit him to be free. A certain air of diſſatisfaction covers him in every company, and while he is not free to *them*, they are ſuſpicious of *him*, taking him to be an over-wiſe critic, who diſdains them, or an egregiouſly ignorant perſon beneath their notice. So that while this remains, he is ſure to be deſtitute of one of the greateſt bleſſings in the world, *a free and faithful friend.* Such a one

may be a good man, but, like Iſrael in Hoſea's time, is "an empty vine bringing forth fruit unto himſelf." He gathers much manna under the cloud of witneſſes, but greedily devours all, not giving a morſel away. He has a gift of prayer, but forgets that gifts are for the edifying the body of Chriſt. He has many books, but, like a private dram-drinker, ſwallows all in a corner. He viſits many ſocieties of Chriſtians, but more reſembles a waſp, who ſteals the labour of others, than the induſtrious bee, who caſting his mite into the common ſtock, enriches the hive. God has inveſted him with an excellent ornament, the gift of ſpeech; but he, as if inſenſible of the favour, ſeldom puts it on; acting herein, like the unthrifty ſervant, who hid his lord's talent in a napkin. But he ought to remember, that a rebuke is due for his practice, for while he condemns the Popiſh practice of ſhutting up monks in cloiſters, and ſo robbing the world of many uſeful gifts, himſelf is guilty of the ſame; being at once, pope and monk himſelf, impriſoning and impriſoned; and this he does perpetually *to his own loss, and nobody's gain.*

The *root* of this fruitleſs reſerve is *pride*, and the botaniſt under whoſe management the growth is, is Satan, whoſe employ is ever to keep the ſaints at a diſtance from each other; for hereby he diſables them from bearing one another's burdens, and ſo keeps them from fulfilling the law of Chriſt. That its root is pride is plain, for could he be aſſured that all the company would approve of, and admire whatever he ſays, his tongue would be looſed immediately. But he ſuſpects that this man will pity his ignorance, and that cenſure his raſhneſs, and ſo, to eſcape reproach, does not venture to ſpeak at all. Or *unbelief* may produce it, for he may be dumb, becauſe he believes not, as Zechariah was; and certainly, if he lived under the practical belief of that exhortation, "Let your ſpeech be always with grace, ſeaſoned with ſalt, that it may miniſter edifying to the hearers," he would know that he was to ſpeak always, that is, at every convenient opportunity, and to aim therein at the edification of the hearers. Or perhaps, *ignorance* is a cauſe of reſerve. For does ſuch a man act, as if he knew (ſuppoſing he labours under a ſenſe of his weakneſs), I ſay, does he act, as if he knew, that God ever did, and ever will, "by things that are not, bring to nought things that are," to ſtain the pride of all fleſh? This known, leaves us no excuſe from our weakneſs. Or it may be *envy*. For he tells himſelf, if he had the abilities of others, he would ſpeak freely, and thus tacitly charges God with being ſtrait-handed to him, not having

dealt out ſo liberally to him as he ſhould have done. In ſhort, whatever be the cauſe, ſure we are that it is not a Chriſtian grace: For grace teaches a man to reſemble his heavenly Father, "who makes his ſun to riſe, and rain deſcend, on the juſt and unjuſt, the evil and the good." He is a liberal God, and we ſhould be a communicating people.

The *effects* of this reſerve are, firſt, *barrenness in a man's own soul.*

"Teaching we learn, and giving we retain." YOUNG.

If God has ſaid, "he that ſoweth ſparingly, ſhall reap ſparingly," ſure I am that he who ſows nothing ſhall ſtarve. Though I am at a loſs to ſay, whether reſerve is an effect of barrenneſs, or barrenneſs an effect of reſerve; yet I am not at a loſs to ſee that they are conſtant companions, and moſtly reſide in the ſame perſon. If the love of God, ſhed abroad in the heart, dilates and expands the ſoul, the want of it ſhrivels and contracts. If the one opens the mouth, making the ſtammerer to ſpeak plainly, the other will make a man ſilent as the grave. If the mouth ſpeaketh out of the abundance of the heart, then a ſtill cloſe mouth argues a penurious ſoul—the poverty and not the abundance of the mind. He who ſpeaks his experiences freely in company, puts his principal out, and as he thereby draws the experience of others out, he receives intereſt an hundred fold. In the former he ſowed his ſeed, in the latter the earth brings forth by handsful.

A ſecond effect of reſerve is, the *begetting a suspicion in the minds of the godly*, that we are only profeſſors, "have a name to live, but are dead." For, if they are aſked about ſuch a one, "he is," ſay they, "a ſober, moral man, but we never heard him ſay any thing of the Spirit's work upon his heart, and therefore we are uncertain whether he is a regenerate man or not." So that they are forced to ſuſpend their judgments, and alſo their brotherly love towards ſuch a man. Thus reſerve makes a dam to ſtop the current of grace.

A third effect is *stumbling the weak*, for they expect "to be borne on the ſides, and dandled on the knees" (as one may ſay), of elder Chriſtians. But when nothing is ſaid to them, it damps their ſpirits, and they are ready to write bitter things againſt themſelves) take the ſhyneſs of others, whom they hope to be good men, for an evidence that you think they have no grace, and ſo reſerve is forged into fetters for their poor ſouls.

How endleſs are the effects! Here can be no reproof, exhortation, conſolation, nor any Chriſtian duty performed, while it prevails; for in all theſe the tongue bears a part.

To help any to *a cure*, to rub off this ruſt, I would propoſe, firſt, *much ſecret prayer*. He who converſes much in his cloſet with God, will become expert at prayer, and need not fear, when uſed to the preſence-chamber, that he ſhall act awkwardly when amongſt his equals. I fear our ſlowneſs to pray with others, is a proof that we do not too often pray by ourſelves.

Secondly, *Labour to affect yourselves with the various means of emboldening a bashful Christian:* Such as, the worth of men's ſouls—the excellency of Jeſus Chriſt—the neceſſity of living a holy uſeful life—the ſhortneſs of your ſtay in this world—the bleſſing giving to him who converts any ſoul from the error of his way—the obligations you are under to the Lord—the reward you ſhall reap in another world. Theſe, reſting with weight on the mind, will force ſpeech, and, like the wind pent up in the earth, will purſue the water, till it bubbles up and runs above ground.

Thirdly, *Believe that the Lord has done something for your soul, and that he may use you as an instrument to other souls.* Beg to be delivered from that dangerous ſin, overlooking what God has wrought for you; and never think that you will either pleaſe God or profit men by queſtioning or denying the day of ſmall things. Immediately on your enjoying the divine preſence, you will begin to relate, more or leſs, to others. And the way to enjoy the preſence of God, is to acknowledge and be thankful for the work of God.

Fourthly, *Be in the company of free open-hearted Christians.* You'll catch their ſpirit before you are aware. Try and caſt off your reſerve, and get ſome friend to correct you. Only be ſure to arm yourſelf with patience, ever neceſſary, but eſpecially ſo, when you are reproved. Let your friend obſerve your carriage, and when he judges it proper, ſubmit to his reproof. Above all watch againſt the indulgence of any ſin. For ſin indulged in private, flies in your face in public, reproaching you with, "Thou that ſayeſt to another, thou ſhalt not ſteal, doſt thou ſteal?" Or it will ſay, "To the wicked, ſaith God, what doeſt thou, to take my law into thy mouth?"

Perhaps, an effectual cure of reſerve may be found in *the practical belief of the omnipotence of God.* For we ſhall then burſt the bands of the fear of man, and die to the luſt of eſteem. And having God's teſtimony of our integrity in our hearts, we ſhall be concerned no longer about men's opinion of us or our character, but God's command will be

our rule, and all conſequences will be left to him. However, let us not, in avoiding reſerve, ruſh into a contrary miſtake, —a fooliſh impertinent behaviour, not obſerving a due diſtance towards ſuperiors, but being ſilly-bold when, rather than be ſilent, we talk nonſenſe, and make ourſelves the pity of the good, and ridicule of the bad. Let us ſtudy to purſue the golden mean betwixt loquacity and ſilence. Let us learn when to ſpeak at all, and when we have ſaid enough. For he is certainly a wiſe man who knows how to *manage* his tongue.

CASUISTICAL DIVINITY.

WHEN a person is mourning and lamenting under a sense of divine withdrawings, cold, formal and remiss in all duties, walking in darkness, and having no light, what means are proper to be adopted, in order to a restoration aud repossession of communion with God? R. W.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING QUERY.

THE caſe here ſtated, and the queſtion annexed to it, appear to come from one who is not unacquainted with the work of God's Spirit in the heart; and are very intereſting to many of the Lord's people. I ſhall therefore endeavour to be as explicit in my remarks as poſſible; but before I directly anſwer the queſtion, I ſhall attempt to ſtate the caſe more at large, in hope that it may prove a bleſſing to thoſe whoſe feelings are deſcribed.

Divine withdrawings make an important part of the plan on which God acts in leading his people to glory: And they are often as thorns and briers to the Chriſtian in his paſſage through the wilderneſs. They imply that the perſon who labours under them is a real diſciple of Chriſt: For ſpiritual bleſſings can never be withdrawn from any man but him on whom they have been previouſly beſtowed. Yes, he is a believer; and though now ſmarting under his Father's rod, yet once it was well with him. He was indulged with ſuch a ſight of Calvary, and of the crimſon ſtreams of ſalvation flowing from the heart of Jeſus, as he can never totally forget. The cup of his joy was then full and overflowing. He delighted in thinking and talking of God and divine things. He could get near to God in holy duties, and with humble confidence cry, Abba, Father! And he could even have cheerfully ſa-

crificed every thing on earth for the ſake of Jeſus. *But how is the gold become dim! How is the fine gold changed!*

Now a ſad reverſe of things has taken place. He is cold, formal and remiſs in all duties. The love and zeal which once brightened his proſpects, and gladdened his heart, have, for a time, loſt their vigour. The Spirit of God withholds his reviving influence; and the very ſpring of joy ſeems dried up. Secret prayer, once his frequent employment and delight, is too often neglected; and if conſcience upbraid, ſilly excuſes are framed to juſtify the omiſſion. Sometimes, indeed, he bows the knee in private, but his heart is heavy: It cannot riſe to God. He utters the ſolemn words of prayer, but forgets even what he is about. While his thoughts are wandering, he ceaſes from the duty, and preſently again recollecting himſelf, like a man who has been aſleep in a ſtrange place, he rouſes, and wonders where he is. At beſt, prayer is hurried over as a taſk; much of that important buſineſs which a Chriſtian has to tranſact with God at the throne of grace, is neglected; and ſupplications for the church, for particular friends, and particular bleſſings are forgotten. The word of God is often paſſed by; or, if read, it is done in a hurry, and without attention. He attends the miniſtry of the Goſpel; but ſometimes gives way to drowſineſs; and ſometimes, inſtead of hearing or knowing what is ſaid, he ſuffers a multitude of fooliſh and vain things to occupy his thoughts. If a preacher, he is, on the people's account, aſſiſted in public duties, but brings no abiding ſavour of divine things with him out of the pulpit. He walks in darkneſs. He does not ſee the gracious countenance of Jeſus ſmiling on him as formerly. Dark chilling clouds of ſpiritual adverſity intercept the rays of the Sun of Righteouſneſs, and ſpread a melancholy gloom over his path. He may or may not, for aught he knows, belong to the family of God. Sometimes the queſtion will preſent itſelf to his mind, and he then feels a momentary uneaſineſs; but he is not properly rouſed: He remains languid and dull, as before.

But, bleſſed be God, the real Chriſtian, even in ſuch a ſtate diſcovers ſome ſymptoms of ſpiritual life. Dull and ſtupid as he may be, there are moments when he cannot help grieving and mourning over his ſad declenſions,—moments when he looks back, and though he ſcarcely perceives it himſelf, ſighs out a wiſh, *that it were with him as in months paſt, as in the days when the Lord preſerved him.* Yea, now and then he cannot help offering a petition or two, with ſome degree of earneſtneſs, for a revival of the work of God in his heart. He cannot be really ſatisfied without the

divine preſence. Thou mourner in Zion, let us conſider what means are proper to be adopted, in order to thy reſtoration and repoſſeſſion of communion with God.

We ſhould, on this and every occaſion, remember that the means we uſe are but means: It is the bleſſing of God that muſt render them effectual. I do not wiſh by this remark to encourage the vain hope of the hypocrite, who, when reproved for his formality in the ways of God, pleads as an excuſe, that he is unable to revive or renew his own ſoul. A man of true piety dares not act thus. He feels and confeſſes his inability, but at the ſame time he is deſirous to uſe thoſe means which are moſt likely to obtain the divine bleſſing. The grand catholicon, or univerſal remedy for all ſpiritual diſeaſes, is faith in Chriſt. He is the Phyſician of ſouls; and he can, and does, kindly heal all, however miſerable and wretched, who look to him for relief. While the eye of faith is fixed on his glorious perſon, characters and offices, we cannot be unhappy. And if, through the power of temptation, or the prevalence of indwelling ſin, we experience awful declenſions of the power of godlineſs in our ſouls, there is no way of obtaining a revival but by looking again to Chriſt. God is determined to honour his Son Jeſus. No ſinner can be ſaved but by him. No Chriſtian can find reſt or peace but in him. If therefore we make uſe of the wiſeſt means to obtain communion with God, without looking through them, and above them, to Chriſt, they will prove at laſt only ſnares and traps, by which we have deceived and ruined our ſouls. Let us beware of uſing them in a legal ſpirit, or making a Saviour of them, leſt, inſtead of leading us to God, they ſhould lead us down to hell. Jeſus muſt be the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end of all our hopes and enjoyments. Means are only ſo far uſeful as they may aſſiſt us in looking to him. They can never be uſeful to us at all, without the ſpecial bleſſing of the Holy Spirit: With that bleſſing they may do wonders. I ſpeak thus, becauſe our earthly hearts are prone to ſtop ſhort of Chriſt, and to expect comfort and reſt in almoſt any thing. O beware of harbouring in your boſom, even for a moment, any kind or degree of ſatisfaction, unleſs it be derived from Chriſt, and renders his bleſſed name more and more precious to your ſoul. If you are enabled to keep this caution in view, I truſt that what I now write, ſhall not be written in vain.

To you, whoſe caſe I have attempted to deſcribe, I would in the firſt place ſay, *Examine and inquire into the*

causes of your present mournful state, in order that you may pray against them. Survey your paſt conduct towards God. You have in former times enjoyed the comforts and pleaſures ariſing from a ſenſe of the divine favour; but perhaps you have reſted in them as if they were your God, or as if you ſuppoſed that nothing further was to be ſought after; and God, to convince you of your folly, has cut down the props on which you were leaning. Perhaps your enjoyments made you, through the depravity of your nature, proud, overbearing, and cenſorious in your carriage towards your Chriſtian brethren; and God has removed them, in order to humble you, and that his fear may be before your eyes. You have enjoyed aſſiſtance and enlargement in ſpiritual duties; but probably you were not thankful for theſe things. They became common, and you eſteemed them too lightly; and therefore God is now teaching you by painful experience to be more ſenſible of their value, that you may give him *the honour due to his name.* Or while you were thus indulged, perhaps you became too ſolicitous with God about ſome worldly good; and *he has granted your request, and sent leanness into the soul.* It is poſſible that theſe and other things may have combined together to introduce the languor of which you complain; but whatever may have robbed you of your felicity, it is neceſſary that you ſhould ſearch it out, that you may be the better able to ſeek its removal. This examination, however, will not be likely to ſucceed, unleſs at the ſame time we inquire alſo of God. Like Job*, we muſt *say unto God, Show me wherefore thou contendest with me.* He can bring many things to our recollection, which would otherwiſe eſcape us. He can throw light upon every circumſtance, and eaſily diſcover the root of bitterneſs, which has ſprung up, and troubled, and defiled us.

Secondly, *However cold and dull you may find yourself in secret prayer, yet persevere in it.* None but thoſe who have been tried in the ways of God, can form an idea of the numerous difficulties which the Chriſtian meets with, in drawing near to the mercy-ſeat. Satan is ever at his elbow, watching for an opportunity to gain ſome advantage over him. When we are in a languid ſtate, he often whiſpers in our ears, "It is of no uſe to pray now,—defer it till you are in a better frame." Sometimes you find, no doubt, ſuch ſluggiſhneſs in your heart, that you can hardly perſuade yourſelf to begin: And ſometimes you are ready to think that God has ſhut out your prayer, becauſe he does not appear to favour you as in times paſt; but be aſſured of this,

* *Job*, x. 2.

that to omit prayer is to leave the plain path of duty, and to forſake your own mercies. If but one ſentence in fifty comes in a lively manner from the heart; if you can do nothing but complain to God that you know not how to pray; if you can only proſtrate yourſelf before him, and wiſh to pray; or even wiſh that you had a deſire to pray; it is better to keep on in this manner, than not attempt to pray at all. If Satan can prevail with you to leave off, there is no knowing whither he may lead you; therefore keep on: And remember, for your encouragement, what is written in the Pſalms, *God will regard the prayer of the deſtitute, and not deſpiſe their prayer**. Remember alſo that grace is free, and our ſucceſs depends on the interceſſion of Chriſt.

Thirdly. *Select ſuch portions of God's word as are adapted to your caſe; and read them over and over, and make them the ſubjects of frequent meditation.* Many profeſſing people make a ſort of lottery-book of the Bible; they open it at random, and think the firſt paſſage they caſt their eyes on to be deſigned of God for them. But this is really tempting God. No man in his ſenſes, who is labouring under any bodily complaint, will preſume to think that the firſt medicine he caſts his eyes on in a druggiſt's ſhop, muſt at all events be proper for him. And why we ſhould preſume to approach the Bible in ſuch a manner, I know not. *All* the preſcriptions contained in that bleſſed volume are intended for thoſe who are willing to make uſe of them; and are ſuited to their various ſituations, and their different degrees of grace. The language of the Holy Spirit is, *Whoſoever will, let him take the water of life freely*†. I take it for granted that you have no reſerve. You are willing to take God as your God; and that too upon his own plan. You wiſh ſin to be ſubdued, and to have your heart devoted to God. Then freely take whatever you find in the Scripture ſuited to your caſe, and doubt not that God deſigned you ſhould do ſo. Conſider particularly the 42d, 43d, 51ſt, 77th, 85th, 103d, 130th, and 139th Pſalms; alſo Iſaiah, chapter the 41ſt; Jeremiah the 31ſt; Micah the 7th; and Hebrews the 12th. Theſe are mentioned as ſpecimens only. The word of God contains a boundleſs ſtore, which the more it is uſed, the more abundant ſatisfaction it will yield.

Fourthly, *Have recourſe to ſome prudent and experienced friend or minister for converſation and prayer.* In days of old it was the cuſtom of thoſe who feared the Lord, to ſpeak

* *Pſalm cii.* 17. † *Rev. xxii.* 17.

often one to another: And *the Lord hearkened, and heard it: And a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name.* Cloſe, ſerious converſation frequently proves a greater bleſſing than many are aware. I know indeed, that in the preſent day it is difficult to determine where we may freely unboſom ourſelves. The converſation of many profeſſors has ſo little of God in it, that, to him who is mourning the abſence of Chriſt, it appears diſguſting. But if you have a friend or miniſter at hand, of an affable diſpoſition, and who lives near to God, eſteem him as an invaluable treaſure. Converſe with him freely, and get him to pray with and for you. He may be inſtrumental in diſcovering to you the ſecret windings of ſin, and the operations of grace, or in rekindling in your breaſt earneſt deſires after Jeſus, and cloſer conformity to his bleſſed image.

Fifthly, *Set apart some extraordinary seasons for reading and prayer.* The propriety of this, in times of diſtreſs, is, with reſpect to nations and churches, generally ſeen: And it is equally proper for individuals. Half a day's buſineſs, or half a night's ſleep, is no great ſacrifice to make for this purpoſe. Our bleſſed Lord, under the preſſure of ſpiritual concerns, *continued all night in prayer to God**. It would be well if our dull ſouls could imitate him in this. But what we do in this way, ought not to be done at random. We ſhould beforehand fix upon ſome orderly method. Prayer ſhould be accompanied with the reading of ſelect portions of the Bible, and other books ſuited to the occaſion. Owen on indwelling Sin, or on the 130th Pſalm, Polhill's Precious Faith, or Romaine's Life of Faith, will furniſh you with much that is very ſuitable and excellent. I mention theſe, not to the excluſion of other valuable treatiſes, but becauſe they are in moſt people's hands. An intermixture of reading and prayer, in ſuch a manner as your prudence may ſuggeſt, will be likely to render theſe ſeaſons uſeful and pleaſant.

Laſtly, *Though, in the use of these means, you will probably meet with your moments of discouragement, and find in yourself much to contend with; yet do not cast away your confidence, but wait, and hope for, and expect the divine blessing.* The Lord whom you ſeek, does not *despise the day of small things.* He may ſee it fit to try, for a time, your faith and patience. But if you forſake him, to whom will you go? Where can you obtain that which your ſoul de-

* *Luke, vi.* 12.

ſires? Remember that though Jeſus Chriſt at firſt rebuked the woman of Canaan, who cried after him; yet afterwards he granted her all ſhe aſked*. Remember alſo the parable of the unjuſt judge and the importunate widow †. Jeſus has a compaſſionate heart. You have no reaſon to doubt his willingneſs to help you. In ſo doing, you diſhonour him, and diſtreſs yourſelf. Therefore *wait on the Lord: Be of good courage, and he ſhall ſtrengthen thine heart: Wait, I ſay, on the Lord.*

IMLAH.

ON HEARING THE WORD.

WE live in a day when there are many preachers and much preaching: But the *fruits* which appear in the converſion of ſinners, and the zeal and holineſs of ſaints, bear no proportion to their labour and expenſe. Is there not a cauſe? And is not that cauſe aſſigned by the Apoſtle? See Heb. iv. 2. *The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it.*

As to thoſe miniſters who prefer the moral philoſophy of pagans to the glorious Goſpel of the Son of God; or who dwell upon the politics of the day rather than the danger of ſinners; it is no wonder if *they* are not made uſeful. It is not to be expected that any very beneficial effects or bleſſed conſequences ſhould follow upon *their* miniſtry. It is the Goſpel alone which is made the power of God to men's ſalvation. But where miniſters are ſet upon the ſalvation of ſouls, labour diligently in the ſtudy and in the pulpit, preaching in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon, 'tis matter of wonder and grief, that ſo *few* reap laſting benefit from their aſſiduous labours. But ſurely, in ſome meaſure, it may be accounted for, and I apprehend upon the following grounds:

1. Many hear the word faithfully diſpenſed, who yet (as the Apoſtle obſerves) do not mix *faith* with that word; nor are at all *concerned* ſo to do. Moſt men verge to deiſtical principles, though they may not be profeſſed deiſts, 2 Theſ. ii. 11. If a report be ever ſo good, a man will never receive either pleaſure or benefit from it, while he does *not* believe it.

2dly. Many hear it who never exerciſe *prayer* concerning it. To pray with fervour is to harrow in the ſeed.

* *Matt.* xv. 21, &c. † *Luke*, xviii. 1, &c.

Prayer is the breath of a new-born ſoul. Where no prayer is practiſed, no benefit is received. *Serious reader*, if you would reap advantage from the word of God, be conſtant and ardent in this duty.

3dly. Many hear who do not walk conſiſtently with the word they hear. The Lord makes this ſpecial and pointed inquiry, "Do not *my words* DO GOOD to him that WALKETH UPRIGHTLY?" Mic. ii. 7. Moſt aſſuredly they do, as many upright Chriſtians can atteſt with heart-felt pleaſure. *Reader*, has God's bleſſed word ever done *you* any ſubſtantial good? If not, ſearch out the *cauſe* without delay. Sin indulged (of whatever nature that ſin may be) will always prove an impediment in the way of a profitable attention to the word of God. What ſlow poiſon is to the body, that ſecret ſin is to the ſoul. Oh then, ſerious reader, I beſeech you, as you love your ſoul, and wiſh for ſalvation, mortify ſin with infinite diligence. Go not about the arduous taſk in your own ſtrength. Inbred ſin is too ſtrong to be ſubdued by human power. Look to the Holy Spirit, implore the gracious aids of that all-ſufficient helper, and you ſhall perform the work ſucceſsfully.

4thly. Many are *irreverent* and careleſs under the word. Inſtances are too numerous, and many too ridiculous to name. I never knew an irreverent hearer to make any conſiderable progreſs either in knowledge or holineſs. See the gameſter at his cards, the artiſt in deſign, and the phyſician with his patient, and learn from them thought and attention in hearing the word of God.

5thly. Some cheriſh a latent *prejudice* either againſt the miniſter or a fellow member of the religious community to which they belong. This prejudice always operates againſt ſaving benefit by the word when it is heard under ſuch circumſtances; and the higher it riſes the more powerfully it operates. Inſtances of ſuch prejudice, and the ſad effects thereof, are to be met with in almoſt every congregation. It is "a jaundiced medium which diſcolours every object—It blackens the beſt intention and miſinterprets the kindeſt conduct." The inconſiſtencies of ſuch perſons are glaring to a degree; their objections are frivolous and wavering; their conduct ungenerous and unmanly; their converſation is always tinctured with diſtant reflections upon the object of their diſpleaſure; their very prayers are full of invectives. Such perſons are a pain to the miniſter, a grief to the church, a diſcredit to religion, and a miſery to themſelves. Chriſtian *reader*, conſider the force of theſe remarks, and be upon your guard againſt taking up a prejudice againſt your miniſter or fellow members in the church.

6thly. Many who hear the word either *forget* or *neglect* it. See Heb. v. 12. Jam. i. 25. To *repeat* the leading parts of a diſcourſe after hearing it, is certainly an excellent method to *retain* the word. Conſidering the vaſt importance of the things we hear delivered from the pulpit, we ought to give the more earneſt heed, leſt, at any time, the bleſſed word ſhould ſteal imperceptibly from the memory and the heart. Read, hear, mark, learn, and inwardly digeſt the word of God, and you ſhall find it prove light to your underſtanding, and comfort to your heart in every time of need.

7thly. Many indulge ſuch a degree of *worldly care* as proves a conſiderable injury to their ſouls; Luke, viii. 14—What weeds and thorns prove among the wheat, if ſuffered to grow, that worldly ſinful *cares* prove in regard to the good ſeed of God's word. Oh! guard againſt inordinate cares.

8thly. Many there are who murmur at God's diſpenſations when they ought to mourn over their own depravity and ſinfulneſs. The former is an obſtacle, and hinders benefit by the word; the latter is a good preparative, and diſpoſes the ſoul to receive benefit and comfort from the word. "Bleſſed are they that mourn, for they ſhall be comforted."

If the word of God, faithfully preached, does not profit the ſoul, nothing elſe will. That bleſſed word is, in the hand and under the direction of the Spirit, the grand inſtrument of conviction, comfort, and edification to the ſouls of men. If the word of God, heard in a uniform conſtant way, does not profit a man (as, it is to be feared, is the caſe with many,) it certainly does him injury. See 2 Cor. ii. 16. John, xii. 48.

Chriſtian reader, poſſibly you wiſh to know, by ſome indubitable marks, when the word preached is really made profitable. It is ſo when the hearer finds it a *ſeaſonable* word—a word *ſuited* to his caſe and circumſtances—when he finds it a *ſearching* word, trying him both by the law and by the Goſpel; revealing the ſecrets of his heart, and the truth of his ſtate; "*Thou art the man*"—when he finds it an *humbling* word, laying him very low in his own eyes, as the chief of ſinners and the leaſt of all ſaints—a *quickening* word, ſtirring him up, upon all occaſions, to act for God with vigour and intenſe application; "*Thy word hath quickened me*"—a *ſanctifying* word, purifying his heart, and regulating his life according to the will of God. When the word of God is profitable to a man, it operates upon his heart as fire operates upon metals, ſeparating the droſs,

and purifying the intrinſic ore. *Is not my word as fire? ſaith the Lord.*

Once more, if the word is profitable to a man, it proves a *comforting* word; it breathes a reviving gale upon the fainting mind; it applies the balm of conſolation to the troubled breaſt; it ſooths, at once, the ſorrows of the heart, and enables a tried and afflicted believer always to triumph in Jeſus Chriſt. *As our afflictions abound ſo our conſolations abound alſo.*

That the word of God, faithfully preached, may do you eſſential good, I beſeech you regard the following directions:

1. *Attend it diligently.* Let not any and every little matter prove an hindrance. Suffer not your place, at the houſe of God, to be empty, to the grief of your miniſter and fellow-members, except when ſome call in providence will fully juſtify your abſence. Guard againſt luxury and ſloth.

2. *Believe it ſtedfaſtly.* Stedfaſtly, but not *implicity* without thought and examination. Endeavour to mix appropriating faith with the precious word of divine truth.

3. *Pray over it earneſtly.* Only God can make the word uſeful to ſalvation. The more prayer is practiſed, the more benefit will be obtained by the word.

4. *Apply it faithfully.* Not to *others*, but to *yourſelf.* Never put the word from you, but labour to improve it, by making the beſt and moſt profitable uſe of it. Reader, I am tenderly concerned for thy good,—for thy ſoul's proſperity and welfare: Attend to theſe friendly hints I beſeech you. And may the word of grace, in hearing and reading it prove the power of God to your everlaſting ſalvation.

T. H.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

ABOUT five years ago, which was three years before the Goſpel was firſt preached in Bakewell, a certain woman had the following dream, which in the event appears remarkable. She thought ſhe was walking up the hill above the town, near to the barn that is now our Meeting-houſe, when on a ſudden, the clouds gathered darkneſs, and a dreadful ſtorm of thunder and lightning came on. She looked back on the town, and the tempeſt ſeemed ſtill more horrible, for the blackneſs of darkneſs ſeemed to overſpread it. Terrifi-

ed with this dreadful ſcene, ſhe thought ſhe met an acquaintance with a ſmall quantity of flax under his arm, ſpinning as he paſſed a long, to whom ſhe ſaid, calling him by his name, "Surely the day of judgment is come; ſee what darkneſs hangs over the town." He ſeemed but little concerned, and only ſaid, "My thread is almoſt ſpun."—The man was then in health, but died in a ſhort time after. She went on till ſhe came oppoſite the door of the barn, and thought a ſtrange man came out of it, and perceiving her concern, offered her the New Teſtament, ſaying, "Take, read, and pray over this, and it will teach you the way of ſalvation." Immediately ſhe thought the clouds diſperſed and the darkneſs diſappeared, and all was calm again.—This dream made no impreſſion, except upon her memory; and for ſome time after the place was firſt opened for worſhip there, ſhe ſeemed determined never to attend, but, on the contrary, perſecuted thoſe who did; till on a certain day ſhe was entreated to go *once*, merely out of curioſity. Soon after ſhe was ſeated, the miniſter roſe up in the pulpit, and proved to be the perſon ſhe had dreamed of; the remembrance of which, together with the ſubject treated upon, touched her to the very heart, and drew floods of tears from her eyes. From this time the ſpirit of God ſeemed to work powerfully upon her ſoul; a renovating change took place in all her powers, and having gone through much perſecution, ſhe ſtill appears a ſtriking monument of ſaving mercy. Such is the power of Almighty grace!

THE DIGNITY OF NATURE IN THE ARTICLE OF DEATH.

IT has been frequently obſerved, that however men may cry up the dignity of human nature, and diſpute againſt the doctrine of ſovereign grace, in the hour of health and proſperity, ſuch principles *will not do to die with.* The following examples, amongſt many others that might be alledged, afford a proof of the juſtneſs of this obſervation.

A few years ago there lived in the county of Eſſex, one Dr. P——, a phyſician, who imbibed the Socinian ſyſtem. His chief concern in matters of religion appeared to be to degrade the character and dignity of Chriſt. Such was his contempt of him, that he ſeldom ſpake of him in converſation under any other name than that of *the Carpenter's Son.* At length he was ſeized with an affliction which terminated in

his death.—A while before his departure, the ſervant who attended him, on entering his room, found him in great agitation. On inquiring the cauſe, he anſwered, "I am a dying man, and that which moſt of all effects me, is, that I muſt be judged by *the Carpenter's ſon!*" An Independent miniſter of known veracity, and who is now living, lately informed me of the above. He lived, he ſaid, in the county of Eſſex ſoon after the event. He mentioned the name of the party, and alſo of a reſpectable gentleman in the neighbourhood, from whom he received his information, who uſed to employ the ſaid phyſician in his family.

The following recent example equally confirms the truth of our obſervation, though unaccompanied with circumſtances of ſo much horror.—A young ſtudent, who for ſome time paſt had been conſidered as verging towards heterodox principles, in the courſe of the laſt year came up to London. While he reſided there, his friends being uſed to hear Calviniſtic preaching, would perſuade him to attend with them. He could ſeldom be prevailed upon to comply, and would often be talking of *the dignity of human nature*, and of the preference which he gave to that kind of preaching that favoured ſuch ideas.—Within a few months paſt he was ſeized with an affliction which carried him off. As he drew near his end, he was aſked what he thought of the dignity of human nature *now?* He anſwered, with apparent dejection of mind, *I am a poor miſerable ſinner*, or words to this effect, and ſoon after expired.

GAIUS.

THE DEIST CONFOUNDED.

A DEIST, on a viſit to his friends, among other topics of converſation, was pleaſed to enlarge conſiderably on the ſufficiency of reaſon, ſeparate from divine aſſiſtance, to guide us to happineſs. To whom the relative preſent, who was a farmer, made the following reply: "Couſin, when you were about fourteen years of age you were bound apprentice to a ———, and having ſerved the appointed time, you ſoon became a maſter, and have now continued in buſineſs about twelve years. I wiſh to know whether you could not proſecute your trade at this time to greater advantage than when you firſt embarked in it?" The tradeſman admitted that his experience in buſineſs was of conſiderable value to him; but aſked, "What relation that had to the preſent topic of

diſcourſe? The farmer anſwered, "You were come to the perfect uſe of your reaſon, and had been for a long time taught how to manage your trade; and if, therefore, your reaſon without experience, was inſufficient to preſerve you from many errors, in ſo plain and eaſy a buſineſs as yours, how can you imagine that it ſhould be ſufficient, without any divine aſſiſtance, to guide you to heaven?"—The Deiſt was non-pluſſed.

"How, forcible are right words *!"

CAUTIONS TO THE YOUNG NOT TO PRESUME ON LONG LIFE.

Dear young friends,

PERMIT me to take you aſide for a moment from the cares and the pleaſures of life, that you may ſeaſonably reflect on the ſolemn ſeaſons of ſickneſs and death. It is a ſubject that will not naturally court and obtain your attention, though all nature aſſures you that there is nothing ſtable on earth, that every thing which is mortal muſt fade and die. Till God enlightens, till God inſtructs, till God renews your minds, you will feel an inclination to caſt from you thoughts which ſeem to ſadden the heart and threaten to kill your joys.

It is therefore the more neceſſary that ſome friendly hand ſhould frequently lead you from the giddy circle of vain mirth, and kindly conduct you to the chamber of reflection, that you may there "commune with your own heart, and be ſtill:" That you may there conſider the deſign of life, the value of an immortal ſoul, the great evil of ſin, the vaſt uncertainty of the time allotted to you on earth, the immenſe danger of being ſurpriſed before you are prepared, and the neceſſity you have of being thoughtful and careful, that you may not periſh at the laſt. There, *there* conſider the love of Chriſt, reflect on his ſufferings for man; and aſk yourſelves what returns you have made. There pray to God for a lively faith in Jeſus, for repentance unto eternal life, and for a will and ability to walk before God in holineſs and righteouſneſs all your future days. Watch againſt all evil thoughts, all evil words, all evil actions, and all evil company.

Perhaps you think it is time enough yet. But remember, you are mortal; that which is mortal muſt die; that which

* *Job. vi.* 25.

must die *may* die *soon.* You now feel yourſelves healthy. You are ſtrong; you are blooming; you are fluſhed with life and high in ſpirits. But by to morrow's dawn, you may be in the cold embrace of death. For "all fleſh is graſs; and all the glory of man is as the flower of the field: The graſs ſoon withereth, and the flower thereof quickly falleth away." May God help you, therefore, to prepare for joys that are unfading and eternal. May the Holy Ghoſt dwell in your hearts by holy love, and impart to you pleaſures which the world cannot give, which death itſelf cannot deſtroy, and which heaven will mature and perfect.

I have been led into theſe reflections by the unexpected death of Miſs C. who lately, from a ſtate of health and vivacity, dropped into her grave before ſhe had completed her 20th year. *She came forth like a flower, and is cut down.*

T.

PRACTICAL DIVINITY.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED BY THOSE WHO WOULD REDEEM THE TIME.

Doſt thou love life? Then do not ſquander time; for that is the ſtuff life is made of————.

THE redemption of time forms no inconſiderable part of that accuracy, or circumſpection of conduct, which is at once the ornament and recommendation of the Chriſtian character. It is therefore preſumed that any attempt to give aſſiſtance in the performance of ſuch a duty will be favourably received. But before I lay down any rules for this purpoſe, it is neceſſary to remind the reader, that we cannot hope for ſucceſs in urging, or in attempting to practiſe this or any other branch of duty, unleſs our hearts be right in the ſight of God. If any one therefore is deſirous of receiving real advantage from the peruſal of this paper, he muſt firſt of all, if it has not been already done, be brought as a ſinner to the mercy-ſeat of Chriſt, to ſeek for pardon and ſtrength. As *without him, we can do nothing,** it is needful for us that he ſhould, by his Holy Spirit, *work in us that which is well pleaſing in his ſight.* If we are real partakers of divine grace, we ſhall attend with delight even to thoſe things, which by others would be judged extremely difficult, if not impracticable.

* *John xv. 5.*

To redeem the time is a duty incumbent on all, and eſpecially on ſuch as make any profeſſion of godlineſs. It requires both exertion and ſacrifice. Captives are redeemed, either by the power of the ſword, or by the payment of a price for their ranſom. In the duty which now claims our attention, both theſe muſt be united. We muſt, through the aſſiſtance of divine grace wage perpetual war with thoſe enemies, by which our time is held in bondage; and be diſpoſed to ſacrifice many things for its redemption.

One of the firſt rules to be attended to by thoſe who would make the moſt of time, is to *begin it with God.* This rule is applicable, either to the whole term of life, or to any particular portion of it. How long we live, is comparatively of little moment; but to what purpoſe, is important indeed. Some young Chriſtians have, in the ſpace of a ſhort life, done more for God than many an aged profeſſor of religion. The way to imitate them is to devote our early days to the ſervice of Chriſt; and to ſeek his continual aid and protection. Some particular portions of life are probably devoted to ſome ſpecial undertaking, as ſtudy, or buſineſs. It would be well if at, or even before our entrance upon theſe purſuits, we were to lay the affair before God, confeſſing our unſkilfulneſs, and imploring his direction and bleſſing. Indeed, we ſhould carry this into practice every day. I will venture to appeal to the experience of all good men for a deciſion on this point. Whether, generally ſpeaking, thoſe days are not the moſt happy, and, in one way or other, the moſt proſperous, which have been uſhered in by ſecret prayer and praiſe.

A ſecond rule to be obſerved here is, to *act always according to ſome regular plan.* This ſhould be attended to with reſpect to both our earthly and our heavenly concerns. He who runs at random, or leaves his conduct entirely to the chance of the moment, will ſometimes ſcarcely know whether he is in the beginning or the middle, or at the end of his buſineſs. Some people ſeem always buſy, always in a hurry; and yet they never do much, for want of a proper arrangement of their buſineſs. A wiſe man will form ſome extenſive plans, which will include a large ſpace of life, and others again in ſubordination to theſe, and at the ſame time will look to God, as much as if he acted without any forethought at all. Suppoſe any particular object to require ſeven years' attention; is it not poſſible to arrange, at leaſt in ſome degree, the buſineſs of each year, of each month, of each week, and of each day in that period? I do not ſay that theſe ſubordinate plans can all be formed at once; but they ought to be formed time

enough to prevent confuſion or delay. He who thus acts will do much more, and with much greater eaſe, in any given time, than any other perſon on earth.

I lay it down as a third rule, that we ſhould *guard againſt the criminal love of pleaſure.* However we may be indiſpoſed to credit it; yet the remark which St. Paul makes is really true, *She that liveth in pleaſure is dead while ſhe liveth**. In the truth of this ſaying all perſons are deeply intereſted. The amuſements of the world are, in general, murderers of time, and enſnaring and deſtructive to the ſoul. To ſuch as wiſh to be eminently devoted to God, I would ſay of them, *Touch not, taſte not, handle not.* I take it for granted that a real Chriſtian cannot be a gameſter. But any recreation whatever, though in itſelf innocent, may, in certain circumſtances, prove an occaſion of guilt. Fondneſs for any of them is apt to increaſe, unleſs it be ſtrictly guarded againſt, and to rob us of many an hour that ought to be devoted to nobler ends.

A fourth rule worthy of notice is, to *watch and pray againſt indolence.* An indolent habit will often effectually prevent a man from entering even upon his worldly buſineſs with ſpirit. Such a character will linger, and heſitate, and look about him, till he ſcarcely has time enough to do what neceſſity requires of him. He has no leiſure, and very often no diſpoſition, to do any thing elſe that might be uſeful. How frequently has mere idleneſs kept many a profeſſor away from religious duties! Were they induſtrious in their callings, they might hear many a ſermon, and enjoy many an opportunity of doing ſomething for God, of which their indolence deprives them. When tempted to ſuch a ſhameful proſtitution of our time, we ſhould call to mind the apoſtle's advice, *Be not ſlothful in buſineſs; fervent in ſpirit; ſerving the Lord*†.

Another rule to be obſerved is, *not to indulge ourſelves in exceſſive ſleep.* Solomon ſays, *love not ſleep, leſt thou come to poverty; open thine eyes, and thou ſhalt be ſatisfied with bread.*‡ He who loves ſleep, otherwiſe than as a neceſſary refreſhment, if he be not poor in a temporal ſenſe, yet is poor indeed in the ſight of God. He will ſeldom have opportunity for morning prayer or meditation. Colonel Gardiner's conduct in this reſpect, ought to put all drowſy profeſſors to the bluſh. It was his invariable practice to ſpend the two firſt hours of every day in ſecret devotion. His uſual cuſtom was to riſe at ſix; but if a journey or a

* 1 *Tim.* v. 6. † *Rom.* xii. 11. ‡ *Prov.* xx. 13.

march required his attendance at four o'clock, he would riſe at two.* And that he might riſe early, he would retire to reſt at an early hour. It is true, ſome, inſtead of early riſing, have adopted the cuſtom of ſitting up late; but this is inverting the order of nature, and is, generally ſpeaking, injurious to the human frame, and therefore not to be recommended.

Sixthly, If we form a juſt eſtimate of the value of time, we ſhall alſo be careful to *rescue it from luxury and intemperance.* It would be well, for the female part of the Chriſtian world eſpecially, were they ſeriouſly to conſider how many precious hours of life more than neceſſity requires, are devoted to the toilette and the glaſs, and, conſequently, loſt to every good purpoſe. But I will not enlarge on this topic; leſt (which I by no means wiſh) I ſhould ſeem to indulge a degree of ill-nature towards that ſex, to which my own is ſo much indebted. I will only remind them of St. Paul's advice: *Let women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but, which becometh women professing godliness, with good works* †. We ſhould all do well to recollect how large a portion of time is too generally ſacrificed to the ceremonies of the table. I will not ſpeak of thoſe public occaſions, on which many leap over the bounds of temperance and decency, without ſhame or remorſe. In the ordinary courſe of life, how many perſons, inſtead of partaking of the bounties of Providence with moderation and gratitude, will employ whole hours in eating and drinking, as if this were the chief end of their exiſtence? If you will find time to be uſeful and happy, adopt it as a general maxim not to ſit too long at table.

The next rule needful to be obſerved is, to *guard against the encroachment of trifles.* Thoſe who are accuſtomed to conſider attentively how life paſſes on, often find that when buſineſs of importance is before them, ſome trifle will impertinently force itſelf upon their attention, and if they be not reſolutely on their guard, will ſteal away much of their time before they are aware. Sometimes, the thief which robs us of our precious moments is buſineſs, comparatively unimportant, ſuch as ought to give place to what is of more immediate conſequence. Sometimes, the ſight of a picture, a book, a newſpaper lying on the table, or of ſome paſſing object, or perhaps the ſound of muſic, will ſo engage and fix the attention as not to leave ſufficient time for the due performance of needful buſineſs. Not unfrequently the caſual influence of

* *Doddridge's Life of Gardiner, Sect.* 50. † 1 *Tim. ii.* 9, 10.

trivial objects is such, as even to cause the entire omission of many of the more important duties of life; it ought therefore to be strongly resisted.

Eighthly. Let us adopt it as a necessary maxim, that time should be *redeemed from unprofitable conversation.* Were we to look back, and review the hours which, in one year only, we have spent in conversation, perhaps, we should consider most of them as blots in our existence. Many people have a beguiling way of saying nothing, or, what is worse, nothing to any good purpose. Our aim in company should always be to communicate or to receive some good. This may be done without assuming the character of a sullen and rigid moralist: The useful and agreeable should, if possible, be always intermixed; but at any rate what is useful should not be neglected. Remember what the scripture says: *Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt*. A good man, out of the good treasure of the heart, bringeth forth good things; and an evil man, out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things†.* When conversation takes a proper turn, the time spent in it is not lost, but improved.

Another rule to be adopted is this: *When you are walking, or riding, or engaged in such business as does not require a close application of the mind, watch over your thoughts; and learn to recal them from improper objects.* The mind of man possesses such extensive powers, that it can, in many cases, fix itself on different objects, at one and the same time. And, through the depravity of our nature, that portion of thought which is not immediately requisite to the business before us, frequently wanders after something that is unprofitable or injurious. Now when these excursions of thought are directed to what is useful, there is so much time saved. For this purpose it is of great service to furnish the memory with abundance of such things as may be proper subjects of reflection. A store of these may be gathered from almost every thing around us, and converted to the purposes of real improvement. Happy is he who has always at hand some useful employment for his thoughts.

In the tenth place, I would advise my readers to gather up the small fragments of time. By these I mean those minutes which we spend in waiting for a meal, or the company of a friend, or the time of entering upon any particular business. Much may depend upon the improvement of these seasons. A profitable subject of reflection, a small Bible, or other pocket volume, may render them truly valuable.

* *Col. iv. 6.* † *Mat. xii. 35.*

Laſtly, if you would redeem the time *never defer that to a future ſeaſon, which ought to be done now.* One to-day is worth two to-morrow, as poor Richard ſays. Perhaps to-morrow may never come, or if it does, it may bring ſuch cares and employments with it, as may prevent you from doing what you intend. Therefore improve the preſent hour, leſt you ſhould not have another to improve. And always bear in mind the advice the Apoſtle James gives: *Go to now, ye that ſay, to-day, or to-morrow, we will go into ſuch a city, and continue there a year, and buy and ſell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what ſhall be on the morrow; for what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vaniſheth away* *.

Be always diligent, and be frugal of time. God is frugal of it. He gives us but a moment at a time; and always takes away one moment when he gives us another. And, if any further motive be neceſſary to rouſe you to diligence in redeeming the time, remember that time is the point on which eternity is ſuſpended. The time we ſpend on earth will mark our character, and fix our everlaſting deſtiny. May every fleeting moment communicate to us a further knowledge of Jeſus Chriſt, and a growing activity in his ſervice; that, when time ſhall be no more, we may ſpend an eternity in adoration and praiſe.

IMLAH.

THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL.

1 *Tim. i.* 11.

IT muſt be ſo, for it is "the Goſpel of the bleſſed God." All his works are glorious. The minuteſt operation of his hands exceeds all the pomp and brilliancy of courts. Even the lily ſurpaſſes the glory of Solomon. But the Goſpel diſplays REDEMPTION, the maſter-piece of the great works of God. Behold, in this glaſs, the divine perfections meeting in a focos. Here WISDOM ſhines with its brighteſt beams, making all that bears the name among men appear like folly. Here HOLINESS rears her majeſtic head, forcing ſin itſelf to bluſh. Here JUSTICE brandiſhes her glittering ſword, then ſmiles and returns it to the ſcabbard. Here LOVE, unbounded love, pours forth her everlaſting ſtores, degrading all other love to the ſhadow of a ſhade. Here

* *James, iv.* 13, 14.

too, the POWER of God exerts itſelf in ways aſtoniſhing and without a parallel.

But that which renders the Goſpel *most* glorious to *me*, a ſinner, is, that it exhibits, and confers upon me, a righteouſneſs that makes me Juſt. I look at the Saviour, through his whole life obeying and magnifying the holy law in my ſtead. I behold him hanging on the curſed tree, bearing the intolerable load of my ſins. In his righteouſneſs, I am righteous. God accepts me in his Son. He loves me as his Son, who then ſhall condemn me? For Chriſt has died, and my God juſtifieth.

The grand *effects* produced by this Goſpel renders it truly glorious. It is more than the *ſcheme* of God; it is his *power*. It is eaſy to ſee what that ſyſtem of religion is which bears divine credentials. Where the glorious Goſpel is truly preached, dead ſouls are quickened: They hear the voice of the Son of God, and live. This is the inſtrument by which God has opened millions of blind eyes. 'Tis this has ſoftened hearts of adamant. This excites the ſpirit of true devotion, and renders religion a privilege, not a taſk. This only produces love to a forgiving God, and to forgiven brethren. This effectually reforms the life, by firſt purifying the heart. This ſupports the mourner in Zion, and adminiſters a cordial to the ſuffering ſaint. This has transformed a priſon into a palace, a ſtake into a triumphal car, and a death-bed into the portal of heaven. is not this a glorious Goſpel?

BARNABAS.

BE NOT RIGHTEOUS OVER MUCH.

Eccles. vii. 7.

MANY urge this text of Scripture, in order to diſcountenance that ſerious and habitual religion, which it is the grand aim of revelation to promote and eſtabliſh. According to theſe men, the glory of God, ſolicitude for the ſoul, impartial reſpect to the divine commands, &c. are only objects of ſecondary concern. Let a Chriſtian reſolutely adhere to his Bible, and fear to violate his conſcience, and he muſt, according to their ſentence, ſpeedily incur the unpardonable guilt of being righteous over much. But can we ſeriouſly imagine, that ſome may be ſo ſcrupulouſly attentive to their duty towards God, or man, as to exceed the requiſitions of the law? or do more than is contained

in that abridgment of its holy precepts, "*Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, &c. and thy neighbour as thyſelf?*" Alas, from the danger ſuggeſted, the beſt of men feel themſelves but too remote.

O Chriſtian! ſtill walk circumſpectly and humbly with thy God: Nor fear the revilings of ſuch whoſe hearts are enmity againſt God and his ways. But let the *rigorous* and *unyielding* obſerver of another's fault; let the ſuperſtitious devotee to traditional diſtinctions and obſervances; let the oſtentatious, who delight to *parade* through the external forms of piety; and, above all, let the phariſee, who truſts in himſelf that he is righteous, refuſing to ſubmit to the righteouſneſs of God, revealed in the Goſpel for the juſtification of ſinners—let *theſe* liſten to the friendly caution, "*Be not righteous over-much.*" Let theſe renounce the error of their way: and haſten for ſhelter, ſalvation, and holineſs, to the righteouſneſs, atonement and grace of Jehovah Jeſus. FIGULARIS.

An awful inſtance of wilful Apoſtacy.

AMONGST the variety of ſubjects which engage the ſtudy of miniſters, and which are edifying to private Chriſtians, are thoſe which relate to the privileges of the godly. They are unſearchable in their nature, inexhauſtible in their extent, and uſeful in their application. It is a pleaſing theme, on which believers exerciſe their thoughts and meditations with increaſing delight and ſatisfaction; but how awful the ſtate of thoſe who, though ſpeculatively acquainted with the nature of ſpiritual enjoyments, are ſtrangers to the experience and power of them upon their hearts, becauſe of their depravity and unbelief! Many perſons have a common perſuaſion on their minds, formed from a knowledge of their own character, that they are excluded from having any ſhare in ſuch bleſſings: but how ſhall we give credit to a narrative which is deſigned to induce a belief of extraordinary agency in producing this awful perſuaſion? In proof of it receive this teſtimony:

"As Dr. Doddridge was once diſcourſing on the dignity of the Chriſtian's calling, and his glorious hopes and proſpects, he had accidentally a man for his hearer, who after worſhip went into the veſtry, and addreſſed him in the following terms: 'You have made an excellent and encouraging diſcourſe (Dr. D.), on the privileges of the people of

God; but these privileges do not belong to me, nor shall I ever have the least interest in them.'—'What reason have you for saying so?' replied the Doctor; 'Jesus Christ is able to save unto the uttermost.'—'I will tell you, Sir, my circumstances, and then you will not be surprised at my speaking so decisively on the subject. I once made a credible profession of religion, which was supported with great decorum and regularity for several years. I was very strict and conscientious in the discharge of those various external duties which are connected with the Christian system. None could charge me with immorality of conduct or the neglect of positive commands. But in course of time my zeal departed from me, and I became careless and remiss in my walk and conversation. I felt no satisfaction of mind arising from the performance of devotional exercises, and gradually declined my customary observance of them. Instead of praying in secret twice or thrice in a day, I only prayed once, the same with respect to family religion; and at last these sacred engagements were entirely omitted, which soon discovered itself by my outward conduct, which received an impression of my dissipation. Ungodly company and the gratifications of sense were then the only sources of enjoyment in which I could indulge free from those strong convictions of guilt and dreadful apprehensions of future punishment, which retirement and calm reflection impose on the mind. Soon after this change took place, I was left guardian to a young lady, whose fortune was committed to my care till she came of age; but I expended the money, and debauched the girl. Still I was sensible how far preferable a virtuous and good life was to vice and profaneness, and I was careful to instruct my children in the principles of religion; and on the Sabbath-day would give them portions of Scripture to commit to memory. When I returned one evening from the sinful amusements of the day, I asked them, as usual, if they could repeat their lessons: 'Yes,' says the youngest child, 'and I have a lesson for you too papa.'—'Well, what is that, my dear?' She opened the Bible, and read to me that awful passage in Ezekiel, xxiv. 13. "In thy filthiness is lewdness; because I have purged thee, and thou wast not purged, thou shalt not be purged from thy filthiness any more, till I have caused my fury to rest upon thee." This I received as the seal of my irrevocable doom, and I now know there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins; but a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries."

Reflections.

We may percieve from this affecting anecdote how much a man may do in religion, and yet at length come ſhort of the kingdom of heaven; it is not prayer; it is not hearing ſermons; it is not a form of godlineſs, however conſiſtent it may be with the written word, or how exact ſoever men may be in their ſupport of it, that will intereſt them in the divine favour. All this may ſubſiſt without that internal change of heart and univerſal holineſs of life, which conſiſts in and eſtabliſhes a conformity to the image of God. Many run well for a time, who afterwards fall to riſe no more. Then guard well thine heart.—Stifle the firſt inclinations to apoſtacy, which begin with the neglect of prayer—Be diligent in buſineſs, fervent in ſpirit, ſerving the Lord; and cultivate a temper and habit which ſhall form a pleaſing counterpart to the character of thy Saviour—Attend to what God the Lord ſhall ſay unto you, and let it be the language of your heart; Speak, Lord, for thy ſervant heareth. Otherwiſe, if you refuſe and rebel, the Holy Spirit will not only withhold his common influences, but abſolutely fight againſt you, and become your enemy.

MIZAR.

GROUNDLESS ENVY.

SPIRITUAL gifts are for the common benefit of Chriſtians. It is as unreaſonable for a believer to envy, or grieve at the gifts or graces which a brother poſſeſſes for *his* good, as it would be for a working ſmith with a weak arm to fall out with his ſhopmate who ſtrikes the iron for him.

RETURN OF PRAYER.

IT is the peculiar glory of the Goſpel, to blend privilege and duty together, ſo that obedience is rendered as much the fruit of choice, as of obligation. This is true of every part of Chriſtian practice; and eſpecially of prayer, which one defines to be, "*putting the promises of God into ſuit.*" For this purpoſe, a throne of grace is erected, and liberty of acceſs is granted, to thoſe on whom the ſpirit of grace and ſupplication is poured. To afford en-

couragement, God is ſtyled the *hearer of prayer**, and has promiſed all needful aſſiſtance in this exerciſe, ſo that the prayer of faith and fervour ſhall avail†. Since this is the caſe, much more is required of thoſe who draw near to God, than merely making known their requeſts to him. When bleſſings are ſought for in prayer, they ſhould be waited for in faith. Like the oſtrich‡, who depoſits her eggs in the ſand, and then leaves them without any further attention, are many who profeſs to maintain intercourſe with God in prayer; they pour out their hearts to him, and expreſs deſires of various bleſſings, and frequently complain that God has ſhut out their prayer, when they never *watched to see*|| what peculiar bleſſings God beſtowed upon them; nor conſidered, whether their enjoyments in the leaſt correſponded with their requeſts. It is certainly the duty of thoſe who pray in ſpirit, to EXPECT, and OBSERVE, returns of prayer.

It is the duty of thoſe who pray in ſpirit, to EXPECT returns of prayer. Here it may be neceſſary to obſerve, that though this is the caſe in regard to ſuch an act of obedience, God exerciſes a ſpecial ſovereignty, both as to the ſeaſon and nature of the anſwers he beſtows. We may ſometimes pray for a particular bleſſing, which God ſees fit not to grant; and, though many are diſcouraged on this account, it is certainly from want of conſideration. For, if God denies the ſuit of the ſoul in one reſpect, he may grant ſome unſought good, which though not ſimilar to what was deſired, may be more valuable and advantageous: "If one ſhould aſk for ſilver, and the ſame weight be given him of gold, he has no reaſon to complain." This is frequently the caſe in regard to prayer, where there is often a tranſmutation, but never a failure. This would be more diſcerned, if faith was more exerciſed *after* prayer. For want of which, it is no wonder that many remain ignorant of their ſucceſs in this reſpect.

Let it be remembered, that prayer is not done, when we retire from the more immediate preſence of God; it is not completed, till it is accompliſhed: For, as one obſerves, "When we have put up a faithful prayer, God is made our debtor by promiſe, and we are to take notice of his payment, and give him an acknowledgment of the receipt of it;" which certainly cannot be done, unleſs there be an ex-

* *Pſalm lxv.* 2. † *James*, v. 16. ‡ *Vide Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, art. Oſtrich. Job, xxxix.* 13, 14.
|| *Habakkuk, ii.* 1.

pectation of a gracious anſwer. Without this, there can be no motive to diſcharge the duty, but a ſenſe of *obligation*. Nor can there be any reaſon for enlargement of heart in it, or confidence in God. Faith can have no employ, where the ſoul has no hope. In ſuch a caſe, prayer becomes merely an act of homage to God, conſidering him as the Governor of the univerſe; whereas otherwiſe, it is the expreſſion of filial love, and dependance: Nor can we, conſiſtently with our profeſſion of ſincerity, aſk bleſſings from God, when we have no expectation that he will communicate them. Truly was it ſaid, that, "*most take prayer as a* PRESCRIPTION *only, but not as a means*," which ought to be the caſe, as our expectation never exceeds our intention in any buſineſs.

But while it is our duty to *expect*, it is equally ſo to OBSERVE returns of prayer. To confirm this, we have the teſtimony of a cloud of witneſſes. Simeon had *waited* for the conſolation of Iſrael: If ſo, he had earneſtly prayed for a ſight of the Meſſiah. This was granted him, and when enjoyed, he ſays, *Now lettest thou thy ſervant depart in peace, for mine eyes have* SEEN *thy ſalvation*. Similar to this, is the conduct of all who are taught of God—of all who are taught to pray. Without ſuch an obſervation of anſwers given to prayer, it is little better than a ſolemn profanation of a divine ordinance, which is inſtituted by God to be a means of obtaining what we deſire. Nor can ſuch perſons be acquitted of the charge of taking the name of God in vain; as it is in fact ſuppoſing both his unwillingneſs, and inability, to regard our ſupplications. It is to let God ſpeak in vain to us; for prayers, when anſwered, are like *dialogues*; ſo that there muſt be a mutual regard in the parties concerned. Such conduct might very juſtly provoke God in future not to anſwer at all: As one great deſign which God has in regarding us, is to excite to praiſe, which, by ſuch neglect, will be prevented. Prayer and praiſe *ought* to be intimately connected; they ſhould be like the double motion of the lungs: The air that is taken in by prayer, ſhould be breathed out again in praiſe. Experience may be greatly enriched by ſuch an obſervation of the divine conduct, ſo that the ſoul may be brought to ſay, with one in the ſame circumſtances, *I have tried God often, henceforth I will truſt him*. Surely ſuch a frame of mind muſt be deſirable, as the attainment of thoſe who are the ſincere followers of the Lamb.

Avoid ſlothfulneſs in prayer. *Qui frigide rogat, docet negare*. God delights not in a formal, but a fervent ſpirit.

"Oh let me feel the fire of zeal,
In drawing near to thee."

Thoſe prayers that awaken God, muſt awaken us. Beware, profeſſor, of neglecting this duty, of remiſſneſs in it, or of inattention ſubſequent to it. God is omniſcient, to diſcover the thoughts of the heart; and omnipotent, both to relieve the wants of the ſoul, and to avenge the injuries of his inſulted majeſty. CIO.

P. S. An anecdote relative to Dr. Goodwin, and which illuſtrates the preceding eſſay, may not be diſagreeable to our readers. That great man lay wind-bound in hourly ſuſpicion that the purſuivants would ſtop his voyage, and ſeize his perſon, before the wind would favour his getting away for Holland. In this diſtreſs, humbly praying to the Lord Jeſus Chriſt for a more propitious gale, he ſaid, "Lord, if thou haſt at this time any poor ſervant of thine that wants this wind more than I do another, I do not aſk for the changing of it: I ſubmit unto it." Immediately the wind came about to the right point, and carried him clear from his purſuers.

Comfort for God's Children under their afflictions.

AFFLICTIONS ſpring not out of the duſt, they are all allotted by our heavenly Father, who has promiſed that he will make them to work together for our good. The Scriptures deal copiouſly on this ſubject, and furniſh us with ſuch conſiderations as have a tendency to comfort us under all the croſſes to which we are ſubject in this vale of tears. They inform us that afflictions are only fatherly corrections, the fruit of love, and not the effects of anger, for "*whom* the Lord *loveth* he *correcteth*, and ſcourgeth *every ſon* whom he receiveth." If therefore he dealeth with us as he does with all his children, we need not complain of our afflictions. What God doth muſt be eventually good, how evil and bitter ſoever it ſeems at preſent to us. He never corrects his children without a juſt cauſe, although we cannot always perceive it. In ſuch a caſe, however, it is our duty to hold our peace becauſe he doth it, or rather to adopt the language of the Pſalmiſt, "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulneſs haſt afflicted me. But it will more effectually promote our con-

ſolation if we conſider that he will lay no more upon us than we ſhall be able to bear, and will ſuffer no affliction to be of longer continuance than ſhall be abſolutely neceſſary. And thus reſting upon his good word, we may wait his pleaſure for our complete deliverance out of all our troubles.

The ends which God has in view in cauſing his children to bear the croſs; theſe are generally his own glory, our own good and the benefit that will reſult to others from our example; all which ſhould induce us to bear them patiently, or rather to rejoice, as the Apoſtle adviſes, "when we fall into divers temptations." Paul and Silas in the priſon ſang praiſes to God, and we read that Paul took pleaſure in reproaches, and diſtreſſes for Chriſt's ſake. In all which it cannot be doubted but that the chief cauſe of their rejoicing in affliction was the conſideration that their ſufferings were conducive to God's glory and the good of his people, who, ſeeing their patience, and the ſupport they received from above, were greatly confirmed in the truth, encouraged to make an open profeſſion, and ſuffer for righteouſneſs' ſake.

But nothing can more powerfully prevail on our frail natures to drink of the unpleaſant cup of affliction, than the certainty of the benefit that we ourſelves ſhall receive from it. By afflictions trial is made of our ſtrength and weakneſs, our faith and patience in bearing them, and the love we have to God who ſends them. The Scripture repreſents this by the trial which fire makes on gold and ſilver. Speaking of the remnant of his people, who ſhould be preſerved from the general deſtruction, the Lord ſaith, "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as ſilver is refined, and try them as gold is tried." the effect whereof follows, "they ſhall call upon my name, and I will hear them, I will ſay, It is my people, and they ſhall ſay, The Lord is my God." Thus affliction refines them from the droſs of ſin, diſcovers the reality of grace, and begets in their hearts the full aſſurance of faith.

Afflictions may likewiſe be fitly compared to medicines, for ſo indeed they are to all the children of God, ſovereign means to cure their ſpiritual diſeaſes, inaſmuch as they conſtrain them to hate their ſins, and to be ſolicitous for pardoning mercy and grace to ſubdue them in time to come. When the Apoſtle ſays, "We know that *all things* work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to his purpoſe," afflictions muſt be included; but theſe can only produce this effect, by purging them from ſin, which is the ſole cauſe of all our miſery.

In all our troubles our eye ſhould conſtantly be fixed on the help that God has promiſed us in them, and the happy iſſue we ſhall one day experience. We feel our great weakneſs in bearing the croſs, are apt to be full of diſtruſt—think that God will not come with his promiſed aſſiſtance, at leaſt at the time that we expect. The Lord well acquainted with this frailty of his children, has moſt plentifully provided ſufficient encouragement, made them many exceeding great and precious promiſes to be with them in all their tribulations, to ſuccour them in all extremities, declaring that they ſhall never periſh, but that each hereafter ſhall have cauſe to ſay, "It was good for me that I was afflicted."

A. B.

REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

A SINGULAR and remarkable providence happened at the houſe of Mr. John Goſs, in Lemon Lane, Manſfield, Nottinghamſhire, in the night between the 2d and 3d days of April, 1794. Mr. G. and his family, which conſiſts of ten perſons, having committed themſelves to the divine protection, went to bed, and fell into a ſound ſleep. Between twelve and one o'clock he awoke, and was remarkably comfortable in his mind, at the thought of awaking in life, and health, and ſafety, and ſurrounded with ſo many temporal bleſſings as himſelf and family then enjoyed. His mind was greatly elevated with meditations on ſpiritual and divine things, and firmly ſtaid upon his God and Saviour: All within was ſerene and quiet.

After a few minutes had elapſed, he thought ſomething made a noiſe, like the falling of ſand upon the teſter of the bed, which was probably ſome of the plaiſtering from the ceiling of the room. He next heard a ſudden craſh; on which he inſtantly aroſe, and called to his wife, who was then faſt aſleep by his ſide: She immediately aroſe. A daughter, who was about ſeven years of age, and who was alſo faſt aſleep in the ſame bed, Mr. G. took in his arms; and juſt as they had reached the chamber-door, he looked back, and, to his very great aſtoniſhment, found the bedſtead was gone. It had fallen through the floor of the room down to the ground, a diſtance of between five and ſix yards; and was turned upſide down, and almoſt buried in the ruins of that part of the houſe which fell. This happened in leſs time than a minute from their quitting the bed. In the room

above was another bed, whereon a ſerious youth lay, alſo faſt aſleep. He being awakened by the noiſe of the family's riſing in ſuch a hurry and confuſion, and looking up, beheld the ſtars ſhining. Upon this he immediately jumped out of bed. He had no time to reflect on the cauſe of ſo ſtrange and ſudden a ſurpriſe, for his bedſtead was hanging juſt up on a poize two yards above where the other had ſtood, and was prevented from falling near eight yards, only by a baſket which had been put under the bed, and which kept the bed's foot from ſliding. It is probable that the bed had hung in that dangerous ſituation for ſome time before the youth awoke. The gable end of the houſe againſt which the two bedſteds had ſtood, had entirely fallen to the ground. The reaſon of this ſudden and alarming cataſtrophe was this: The owner of the houſe had been ſinking the ground at a little diſtance, to lay a foundation for another, which he is now erecting, and as it now appears, had not left a ſufficient ſpace of ground to ſupport the foundation of that which fell. Beſides, on the day preceding this calamity, a heavy and almoſt inceſſant rain had ſo ſoftened and looſened the ground as to haſten the fall. Such an alarming occurrence ſurpriſed moſt of the people in the town, and conſtrained them to acknowledge that this was a very great and ſingular providence. Though ſeveral pieces of Mr. G.'s furniture were almoſt buried in the ruins, they were dug out without ſuſtaining much damage. When he ſaw that all his family was ſafe (for they all ran down ſtairs in their confuſion without dreſſing themſelves), he ſaid, "that his heart felt ſuch a ſenſation of gratitude and joy, on account of this interpoſition of divine Providence, that if all his furniture had been loſt, he thought he could have borne it with patience and reſignation, or if he had received all the riches in the world, they could not have given him ſuch heartfelt ſatisfaction." To acknowledge and adore the divine Providence is congenial to the Chriſtian character; and eſpecially as all our bleſſings, temporal and ſpiritual, flow to us in that channel. Our ſafety by day or night depends upon the Lord's divine protection, and when any thing ſingular happens, it is our duty with humility and gratiude to publiſh it.

"Dangers ſtand thick through all the ground,
To hurry mortals home."

We know not what a night, an hour, a minute or a moment, may bring forth. Death ſtands ready at the door to take away our lives. There are many avenues through which we may be called from time, with all its powerful and attractive connexions, into eternity.

" We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh,
Where we poſſeſs delight."

It has been already remarked that Mr. G. previouſly to going to reſt, had, according to his uſual cuſtom, committed himſelf and his family to God his Saviour by prayer and ſupplication, with thankſgiving. He aſked for protection and ſafety through the enſuing night, and the Lord attended thereto, and perhaps this ſalvation was wrought in anſwer to prayer:

" Prayer is appointed to convey
The bleſſings God intends to give;
Long as they live ſhould Chriſtians pray,
For only while they pray they live."

Whatever thoſe who deny both God and his providence may think of ſuch an occurrence as that we have related, let all who profeſs the religion of Jeſus, acknowledge, admire and adore the Lord in his wiſe, merciful and providential diſplays towards them. " For it is not in man that walketh to direct his ſteps, and a good man's ways are ordered by the Lord." A ſparrow cannot fall to the ground without the divine notice and permiſſion: And the hairs of the heads of God's people are all numbered. The Lord ſays, they " ſhall never periſh, neither ſhall any pluck them out of his hands." How our Lord will diſpoſe of our lives, liberties, labours and properties, for the time to come, we know not; let us then cheerfully commit all we have and are to Him, who hath hitherto performed all things well for us. And may this, through divine grace, be the determination of our hearts, that we and our houſes will ſerve the Lord, in offering up our morning and evening ſacrifices, until prayer ſhall be turned into eternal praiſe, and the days of our danger and mourning ſhall be for ever ended.

J. M.

THE GLORIOUS BEAUTY OF THE BLESSED GOD.

BEAUTY is captivating to many. The beauty of the Lord is ſo to all by whom it is ſeen:—Zechariah, ſtruck with the diſplay thereof, exclaimed, How great is his goodneſs, and how great is his beauty! To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple, was the one thing which David deſired and ſought after. I wiſh it may be the ſame with the writer and every reader of this paper. The beauty of the Lord cannot be expreſſed. The eloquence of

men and angels is utterly inadequate to the taſk. To ſet it forth, no metaphor is, or ever can be found: No, not among the brighteſt glories, nor the greateſt beauties of this tranſitory dying world. Every thing in God is the perfection of beauty. There is, ſaith an apoſtle, one glory of the ſun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the ſtars; to which I may add, there are many other glories and beauties in the wide creation; but let it be remembered, they are not originals, they are all derived, and have no beauty but what God has given them. Let us then for a few moments turn aſide from the fading beauties of this lower world, to behold the tranſcendent and eternal beauties of our God.

What a glorious beauty do we behold in his infinite knowledge and wiſdom! The Lord is a God of knowledge, by whom actions are weighed. His underſtanding is infinite. His eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. He ſees not as man ſees; Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. He ſearcheth all hearts. We may ſay with the Pſalmiſt, Lord, thou haſt ſearched us and known us; our down-ſitting and up-riſing, and our thoughts afar off. Such knowledge is too wonderful for us; it is high, we cannot attain unto it. Let us then, with the revering Apoſtle, cry out with wonder and adoration, O the depth of the riches both of the wiſdom and knowledge of God! Not only all paſt events, but likewiſe all future ones, are preſent with the Lord. All future things are naked and open before the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. In a dream he revealed to Joſeph his future advancement in Egypt. He called Cyrus by name, a century before he was born. Nothing can ever take him by ſurpriſe. But he can and will take the wiſe in their own craftineſs, whenever they are ſcheming to counteract his purpoſes. Why, ſaith the Pſalmiſt, do the kings of the earth and the rulers take counſel together againſt the Lord, and againſt his anointed? The Lord ſhall have them in deriſion. Let it ever be remembered, that in the death of Jeſus Chriſt, the deep policy of earth and hell was utterly confounded; and ſo ſhall it be with all their future projects to overthrow the church of God. It is worthy of notice, that the beauty of God's wiſdom is equal to that of his knowledge. Among men this is not always the caſe: Some are knowing, but at the ſame time are deſtitute of that wiſdom which conſiſt in uſing knowledge to accompliſh noble and good deſigns. In God, this wiſdom ſhines with infinite ſplendour. It is ſtamped upon all his works, its veſtiges are obvious in all his ways. Could we ſurvey the heavens and the earth, with the great and wide

ſeas, and alſo the variety of animals, plants and minerals, with which they are ſtored, ſurely, with the ſweet ſinger of Iſrael, we ſhould ſay, O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wiſdom haſt thou made them all. But the diſplay of divine wiſdom in the works of creation is greatly exceeded by the aſtoniſhing brightneſs with which it ſhines in the ſuperlative works of grace and redemption. With what tranſports of joy may the ſaints admire theſe beauties of wiſdom and omniſcience in their God! particularly ſo, when they come before him with deſires too big for utterance; when all manner of evil is ſaid of them falſely; and when all things are dark around them, ſo that were it not for their glimpſe of theſe beauties, they might be ready to ſay with Jacob, All theſe things are againſt us.

Among the beauties of the Lord we admire his eternity and immutability. We are but of yeſterday, but God is from eternity. His name is Jehovah. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were formed, even from everlaſting to everlaſting he is God. The God of Jeſhurun is the eternal God, and his arms are everlaſting arms. He inhabiteth eternity, and every thing in him is eternal. We read of his eternal power, his everlaſting love, and, that his mercy endureth for ever. He is that king eternal, immortal, in whoſe ſight a thouſand years are as one day, and one day is as a thouſand years. The eternal God is always in one mind. He is not given to change. With him is no variableneſs, neither ſhadow of turning. He ſays himſelf, I am the Lord, I change not. He is of one mind, and all his gifts and callings are without repentance. Among men, ſome are naturally fickle and wavering; others change their purpoſes from unexpected occurrences; others have not power to accompliſh their deſigns, or are hindered by their ſuperiors; but no ſuch circumſtances can ever happen with the omniſcient, omnipotent and and eternal God. Let me then admire theſe beauties of my Maker, and in them ſee as in a mirror the vanity and emptineſs of every terreſtrial enjoyment. What is my life, but a vapour? What my flouriſhing, but as the flower of the field? In tranſitory things let me never place my confidence; but truſt for ever in the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlaſting ſtrength. In beholding this glorious beauty of the bleſſed God, and in the lively hopes of him as my everlaſting portion, how light and momentary are preſent afflictions, and how unworthy to be compared with the glory hereafter to be revealed!

Another admirable beauty in the Lord our God is the greatneſs of his power;—he is omnipotent. Nature taught

ſome of the Heathens, and is capable of teaching others, the eternal power and godhead of her Author. The holy Scriptures abundantly expreſs the omnipotence of God; it is aſſerted therein more than ſixty times. The abundant repetition thereof in the ſacred writings may at once convince us both of its truth and importance; but often as we read of it in the Scriptures, we may ſtill ſee the diſplays of it more frequently in the world and in the church. By his great power he created all things out of nothing; he ſaid, Let them be, and they were; he ſpake, and it was done. By the word of his power he upholdeth all things, How ſtrong muſt that arm be by which the univerſe was created, and is ſtill ſupported! But his power is evident, not only in his giving and maintaining the laws of Nature, but alſo at his pleaſure, in cauſing her to act contrary thereto. Hence, in the loſty ſtyle of the prophet Iſaiah, we read that he dried up the ſea, the waters of the great deep, and made the depths of the ſea a way for the ranſomed to paſs over. At his command the obedient ſun ſtood ſtill upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, for a whole day; by the ſame power the ſame ſun went back ten degrees upon Ahaz's dial, to ſtrengthen the faith of Hezekiah. By Jehovah's power Nebuchadnezzar's burning fiery furnace was not ſuffered ſo much as to ſinge a hair of the heads of Shadrach, Meſhach, and Abednego, when they were caſt into it for the ſake of their religion. His power ſtopped the voracious mouths of the lions from devouring Daniel, when, for conſcience ſake, he was caſt into their den. It was the ſame power by which the whale brought Jonah ſafe on dry land, by which the ravens brought food to Elijah, and by which a dumb aſs was made to ſpeak, and forbid the madneſs of the prophet. But, above all, this beauty of the Lord is diſplayed in the redemption and ſalvation of immortal ſouls. Here we ſee the eyes of the blind opened, the ears of the deaf unſtopped, and the dead in treſpaſſes and ſins raiſed to newneſs of life. Satan too, that ſtrong man armed, is bound, and his goods are ſpoiled; all his ſtrong holds are utterly demoliſhed, and every ſin is effectually ſubdued. Beholding this beauty of Jehovah's power, we reſt aſſured of the performance of all his promiſes, as Abraham did. Mountains of difficulties may ſtand in the way of the promiſe, but omnipotence can eaſily remove them; in the view of which we may enter upon the moſt arduous duties, take up the moſt weighty croſs, and bid defiance to our worſt and greateſt enemies.

There is another beauty in our God which cannot fail to ſtrike our eyes every time we look unto him, and that is, his

infinite *goodness* and *mercy*. There are beauties which ſome affect to admire, while in fact they know very little of their nature; hence with the beauties of goodneſs and mercy they obſcure, if they do not deſtroy, thoſe of juſtice and ſovereignty. In the face of our God, as exhibited in the perſon and work of Jeſus Chriſt, we ſee at once the glorious beauties of univerſal goodneſs and inflexible juſtice. That ſupreme goodneſs belongs to God, is plain both from reaſon and revelation; reaſon taught the ancient philoſophers that God was *maximus et optimus*, the greateſt and the beſt. Goodneſs in God is not, as in the beſt of men, derived, imperfect, and mutable, but it is original, ſupreme, and eternally the ſame; it adds luſtre to all his other beauties, which, viewed apart from this, might fill us with dread. God accounts his goodneſs his glory; and therefore when he ſhowed his glory to Moſes, he made his goodneſs paſs before him. His goodneſs appears in every thing he does, in every thing he gives, and, in the end, it will appear to his ſaints, in every thing which to them he denies. How great is the beauty of his goodneſs, as it appears in the gift of Chriſt, the Scriptures, the Sabbaths, and all divine ordinances; but particularly in the regeneration, pardon, peace, juſtification, adoption, ſanctification and ſalvation of ſome of the vileſt of Adam's ſinful race!

Finally, God is glorious in holineſs. Infinite purity is not only a perfection and beauty in God, but it is the harmony and beauty of all his other perfections and beauties. Were the Lord deſtitute of holineſs, we might dread, but not love him; for in that caſe, his mercy would be weakneſs, his power would be tyranny, his juſtice cruelty, and his wiſdom craft. God ſwears by his holineſs. The ſeraphim above continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hoſts. Every thing in God and belonging to him, is holy. His holineſs appears in all his works and ways, but above all, in the croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Let us then behold theſe glories of the Lord, till we be changed into the ſame image. If we be delighted with a faint glimpſe of them now, how ſhall we be tranſported with the full viſion of them by and by in the heaven of heavens! the enjoyment of which is the writer's fervent wiſh for himſelf, and every reader of theſe lines.

S. B.

An ANSWER to this important INQUIRY,

How am I to know whether I have the Holy Spirit?

IF you have the Holy Spirit; (1) you have ſeen the *evil* of ſin; (2) you have *repented* of ſin; (3) you have *forſaken* ſin; (4) you hate ſin; (5) you *watch* and *pray* againſt ſin; (6) you have received the ſpirit of love. If you have the Spirit of God, you love God ſupremely: You love the Father, who gave his Son to ſuffer and die: You love the Son, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, for what he hath done and ſuffered on your account. You love *all* the ſincere followers of Jeſus Chriſt, and confine not your regards to a party. You love the human race at large, as children of the ſame family, and you wiſh them to know the things that belong to their peace.

(7) You are of a forbearing and *forgiving* temper; (8) you *pity* and *pray* for ſinners, who, through blindneſs and ignorance, oppoſe at preſent their own eternal intereſt; (9) you are of a *thankful* ſpirit; you thank God for making you to differ, by his grace, from many others; and you praiſe him for *every* favour both of a temporal and ſpiritual nature; (10) you are zealous for the honour of God in the world; (11) you *deſire* to rejoice in Chriſt Jeſus, and in all the duties of Chriſtianity; (12) you eſteem the applauſe, the pleaſure and the wealth of the whole world, as nothing, in compariſon of the love and bleſſing of God, through Chriſt Jeſus. Theſe are *ſome* of the ſigns of having the Holy Spirit. (Read with care Gal. v. eſpecially towards the cloſe.) See, my dear readers, that the graces there mentioned by the Apoſtle, in verſe 22, &c. be in you and abound; and you will proſper in the divine life, and walk in the comfort of the Holy Ghoſt.

T.

On the Benefits arising from frequent Meditation on the subject of Redemption.

IN order to any ſubject of frequent contemplation yielding us conſtant pleaſure and ſatisfaction, it muſt be capable of commanding the approbation of our underſtanding, of exciting and fixing our ſtrongeſt affections, and of raiſing, as well as keeping up, our expectation of future good.

Now the ſubject of redeeming love is admirably calculated for all theſe ends, and therefore muſt prove a never-failing ſource of ſweet meditation. The righteouſneſs, mercy, faithfulneſs, and love of God, as manifeſted and glorified in the mediation of Chriſt, muſt command and ſecure the conſtant approbation of every mind enlightened by the Spirit. The infinite love of God in given his Son to be a ranſom price for ſinners, and the unparalleled love of Jeſus, in coming willingly into the world in the character of Redeemer, when he knew what it would coſt him, muſt excite, and fix for ever, every heart which feels the force and meaning of ſuch love: While the ſure proſpect of eternal life through faith in his blood, can never fail, while clearly ſeen, to fill the ſoul with hopes of future good, as large as it can bear. But let every Chriſtian remember this, it is not meditation on our own depravity, or on our accompliſhments, no, nor even the contemplation of the divine perfections, if Chriſt be not conſidered as the centre where they meet, and the ſun from which they ſhine, that will afford us conſtant ſatisfaction and delight of ſoul: It is meditation on HIM, and Him alone, who is in one glorious perſon our Judge and Saviour, that will prove only ſweet, and always ſweet. Self-examination may well ſerve to humble, and make aſhamed before God, and frequent thoughts of the divine perfections may fill our minds with holy fear and ſacred awe. But in redemption by our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, all the rich varieties of colouring neceſſary to render a ſubject of contemplation completely glorious, meet as in a rainbow! from the infinite ſublime, to the finite beautiful; and even down from theſe to the mournful and ſympathetic! His DIVINITY fills the mind with adoring reverence and holy confidence: His HUMANITY, while it excites affection, and encourages the ſoul to look to God without ſlaviſh fear, ſheds ſuch a dignifying luſtre on our very nature, as renders all honours, ſhort of thoſe which come from above, unworthy of our notice or regard. The glorious ſubject of the UNION of his two natures, while it ſtrikes expreſſion dumb, affords the moſt unbounded room for ſpiritual meditation, and muſt for ever remain in this reſpect inexhauſtible. We might proceed on the wings of meditation, from earth to his eternal throne, where he reigned before all worlds; from that throne to the manger; from the manger to the croſs; and from the croſs to his eternal throne again, without the leaſt want of freſh matter for holy meditation. But perhaps the incarnation, ſufferings, and exaltation of Chriſt, may at ſome future period furniſh a ſubject for a diſtinct meditation.

JOSEPH.

ON CHRIST'S PREPARING HEAVEN.

CHRIST went to glory through conflict, ſufferings, and death; and ſo prepared the way thither for his diſciples, by a complete conqueſt of all their ſpiritual enemies: He went as the church's head and repreſentative, to take poſſeſſion of what he had merited for his people; and as their High Prieſt, to preſent before the Father his perfect ſacrifice, in their behalf; and thus he may be conſidered as preparing heaven for their coming, as they could never have been admitted there, if he had not ſo entered. Moreover, his own preſence there may be viewed as a preparation of that bliſsful ſtate for his diſciples, for "where ſhould the living members reſt, but with their living Head?"—"Whom have I in heaven," ſaid Aſaph, "but thee? and on earth there is none that I deſire beſide thee!" It is heaven begun below to enjoy his preſence here, and heaven complete above to ſee him as he is. Where love is ſupreme on the throne, and perfect in every ſubject, the government muſt be truly glorious, and obedience truly delightful.

Conſider fellow-chriſtians, what affections the gracious Redeemer meant to excite in the hearts of his diſciples by this conduct. He meant to raiſe our hearts to heaven, as our only abiding home, to wean them from the world, as unfit to ſatisfy the boundleſs deſires kindled by his Spirit in the regenerate ſoul, and to train us, by lively expectation and ſweet foretaſtes of glory, for the full manifeſtation of his infinite love and lovelineſs, which we could not bear all at once.

The Lord has, therefore, appointed us a trying time before he takes us to glory, that our faith and patience may grow; a waiting time, that our hope may grow; and a weaning time, that our affections may be willingly and deliberately fixed on himſelf, who alone is able to ſatisfy and fill them for eternity.

What a noble proſpect does Chriſt's return afford the believer! firſt in the power of his Spirit in the latter days; and afterwards in perſon at the laſt day! A ruined Antichriſt, a chained enemy, a conquered world, a triumphant Goſpel, a reigning Saviour, and an univerſal church! To be ſucceeded by a glorious reſurrection into a ſtate of incorruptible purity; an eternal inheritance in glory, together with millions of holy and happy ſaints and angels; the everlaſting and uninter-

rupted enjoyment of communion with God in Chriſt Jeſus; and to complete all, the delightful reflection of God's being glorified in our ſalvation, more than in all his works of creation beſide.

JOSEPH.

DEATH,

A VISION.

PASSING the other day through Cheapſide, I met a funeral proceſſion, a hearſe, ſeveral mourning coaches, and all the ſable apparatus of death. I was ſtruck at the contraſt, ſo manifeſt between this proceſſion and all that was moving about it: And theſe ſcenes ſo occupied my mind, that I conſider them as the cauſe of a viſionary dream which I had on the following night, wherein death was repreſented as driving his hearſe and proceſſion through that populous ſtreet, and addreſſing himſelf to various perſons who met him in his route.

"Ye numerous paſſengers, going and coming on each ſide of the way, whoſe aſpects manifeſt that you are bent on different ſchemes, which you deem of importance: Know! that whatever your buſineſs may be, ye are all haſtening to my territories. You who are young and gay, and you who are more advanced in life, are moving with different paces, toward that houſe of mine which is appointed for all living. You, who are arrayed in the height and variety of the faſhion, will ſoon, put on your laſt ſuit, and like the corpſe in this hearſe be inſhrouded by death. You, whoſe plumes are high, and proudly nod over your giddy heads, will ſoon occupy my plumed hearſe, and your vanity will ceaſe for ever. Some of you may be driving to the Temple of Hymen, and pleaſing yourſelves with proſpects of many years' happineſs, but you muſt ſoon ſubmit to my cold embraces; and your connexions and enjoyments, however dear and delightful, muſt be reſigned at my command, and be exchanged for the gloomy ſolitudes of my kingdom.

"Ye fooliſh people and unwiſe, who in your crowded carriages are haſtening to various places of diſſipation, folly, and vice, remember that the heart of the fool is in the houſe of mirth. Know that I often viſit theſe deluſive ſcenes, ſnatch the frighted victims from their fatal feſtivities, and plunge them into outer darkneſs. Even lately I ſeized ſeveral giddy wretches on the threſhold of one of theſe ſeminaries of vice which you are driving to. Know, fooliſh

citizens, that what I have done, I may do again. In my next visit I may come in a fire, an earthquake, or a storm, and swallow up the crowded fabric, and all its unthinking and deluded company. Stop, ye cruel parents, look on my retinue, and return to your houses! are ye so mad as to drive your children to Tophet, and offer them to the devouring idol, Dissipation? Ye are rapidly advancing in the broad way, and your steps will soon take hold on hell. Carry therefore your little ones home, read them a lecture on what you have seen in this street, and so teach them to number their days, that they may apply their hearts unto wisdom.

"I perceive a carriage advancing, whose armorial bearings declare it to belong to the Bishop of the City:—'Remember, my Lord, you and I wear the same livery; it is my business to kill, but your duty to prepare men for my stroke. It is evident that I work too fast for you; for many under your charge feel my dart in their vitals, before they possess repentance in their hearts. Where lies the fault, my Lord? for a fault there is somewhere! You have many assistants in this great city, who are well paid for carrying on the work of preparation; but by what I see and hear where I visit your flock, very few are informed of my power, and are prepared to submit to my stroke. The bells toll, and the churches are opened every Sabbath-day; but your assistants, in general, are very sparing of their labour, and care not to disturb their hearers by preaching on my certain dominion over all men, nor do they show them by what means they may make me their friend, and have a happy passage through my dark valley. I would have you look to these things, my Lord: You know I am not ceremonious, you and I shall meet again ere long, and I wish to meet you as a friend, and by my advice to subserve your best interests.'

"Here comes a consequential son of Galen, whose fame is widely spread, and whose medical skill is highly applauded: 'Know, Sir! that with all your fame and consequence you are my servant, you are retained by me, and often forward my work. You are parading through this city in *your* way, as I am *in mine:* But I have somewhat to say against you! While I am incessantly looking to the end of my work, and warning men to think of their latter end; you seldom let your patients know the worst of their case, but flatter them with the hopes of recovery, till they have almost entered on my territories. Although you are constantly frequenting the chambers where I appear, you studiously avoid any conversation with me. Now, Mr. Physician, permit me to ex-

hort you to heal yourſelf: Remember, that however ſhy you at preſent may be, you muſt ſoon bow to my ſceptre, and viſit my dominions. For the preſent, Sir, paſs on, reflect on what I have ſaid, and do as much good as you can till I call for you.'

"Here are a few of the ambaſſadors of the Prince of Life and Peace; of different denominations, but all of my acquaintance:—'It is part of your ſtudy and miniſtry to make men familiar with me. Formerly, I could not ſtep into a houſe without all the family crying out for fear; but ſince ye have held forth the word of life, the very children learn to be familiar with me. I bow at the remembrance of your divine Maſter, O ye ſervants of Chriſt! There was a time, when *He* ſubmitted to be impriſoned by me; but by that condeſcenſion he deſtroyed Satan my powerful maſter. I was proud of having ſuch a priſoner in my power; but when he choſe to depart, he did not vouchſafe to aſk my leave, and no force of mine could detain him. And he ſo entirely tore away the adamantine bars of my priſon, and left ſuch impreſſions of his divine power on me, that it is impoſſible for me to detain any in my power, when he demands their releaſe. Tell therefore your numerous congregations, to meet me as becometh Chriſtians. Exhort them, to baniſh from their minds the vulgar notions of my hideous looks and evil deſigns: And let them be aſſured that I ſhall viſit them as a friend, to introduce them to the preſence of your Maſter."

When the King of Terrors had finiſhed his addreſs, he aſſumed a moſt terrible aſpect; and frowning with tremendous horror, drove fiercely forward, while all around was in the moſt fearful agitation. The affrighted paſſengers fled from the ſtreets; the ſhops were darkened; the houſes and churches trembled to their foundations; the ſound of the artificer, and the din of buſineſs, were ſilenced; the general pulſe of trade ſtood ſtill; and an awful paralytic affected the whole body politic. Thus this terrible enemy of mankind bore in triumph the eſcutcheons of his mortal pomp, through the great metropolis and emporium of the nations; and thus every thing remained, while the ſight of Death, and the ſound of his cavalcade affected the ſenſes of the multitude; and when they ceaſed, the whole ſtream of buſineſs, gaiety, and folly, returned to its uſual courſe; and I awoke from my dream.

PROBUS.

A SIGHT OF CHRIST.

THE gratification of the ſenſes affords peculiar pleaſure to man in his preſent ſtate. Agreeable and harmonious ſounds delight the ear; and the eye which is never ſatisfied with ſeeing, roves among new and ſplendid objects with ever-growing felicity. Our curioſity is raiſed to behold one of our fellow-creatures, in proportion to his fame, either for great wiſdom, military proweſs, or the benefits we have received from his achievements. Such was the impreſſion made on the mind of the queen of Sheba, who came with difficulty and hazard, to behold the glory of Solomon: And ſuch feelings animated the Grecians who poured in from every quarter to gratify their eyes with a ſight of the man, who had delivered them from tyranny and oppreſſion, crying *Soter! Soter!* Saviour! Saviour!

On this principle we are not ſurpriſed to find thoſe who waited for conſolation in Iſrael, coming with ſuch eager deſire to ſee the new-born Saviour. The prophecies and types were fulfilled in his ſacred perſon. Now was the time for his approach. Expectation at this period raiſed the hopes of the faithful, and perſons of various characters came to behold this ſight. The Eaſtern Magi had ſeen his ſtar, which directed their way to that illuſtrious Saviour whoſe incarnation it announced. The ſhepherds, whoſe attention had been awakened by the ſong of angels, repaired to Bethlehem, where they ſaw the ſhepherd of Iſrael. The women, who departed not from the temple day nor night, ſaw *him* at laſt who was ſuddenly to come to it, and to whom it belonged. Simeon alſo, who, like Jacob, had long waited for God's ſalvation, was bleſſed with this ſight: Admoniſhed by the Lord, he came into the Temple at the very time his parents preſented him there before God, and receiving him in his arms with emotions of heavenly felicity, bleſſed God for a ſight of his ſalvation. Nor did this deſire ceaſe through his future life. Several Grecians coming to worſhip at Jeruſalem, expreſſed a very ardent wiſh to ſee him, and were introduced for that purpoſe by Philip. The inclination of Zaccheus ſeems equally ſtrong. But how were the Apoſtles favoured, who had acceſs to him on all occaſions! Their eyes ſaw, and their hands handled the word of life. On the mount they ſaw his glory as the glory of the only begotten of the Father.

At his aſcenſion the heavens received him out of the view of the men of Galilee, nor has he been ſeen perſonally on earth ſince. Yet there is a ſight of him more intereſting than any we can enjoy with mortal eyes. In his outward appearance there was nothing extraordinary. Many ſaw his perſon who knew not his worth, and rejected the whole myſtery of godlineſs. But there is a ſight which is connected with faith, John, vi. 40. As the ſtung Iſraelites by a view of the ſerpent were healed; ſo this ſaving view of Chriſt is connected with preſent peace and future felicity. This ſight is only to be had by the teaching of the Spirit; for the Spirit ſearcheth all things, and reveals them to man. If we are taught by the Spirit, we ſhall ſee all that ſuitableneſs, that there is in Chriſt, to the various circumſtances of guilt and wretchedneſs in which we are. Perhaps our evidences may not be ſo clear, nor our comprehenſion ſo great on this ſubject as that of ſome others; but we ſhall ſee him for ourſelves, and admire what we underſtand. Bleſſed are they who ſee not and yet believe.

The moſt exalted perſonal view of our Lord is yet to come: He ſhall appear again in his own glory, in the glory of the Father and of all the holy angels. Then every eye ſhall ſee him. The great white throne, and he who ſits upon it, will he viſible to all. The ſeven eyes which were upon him in his crucifixion will now be directed to him in his glory. How happy at this period to have an intereſt in his love!

In heaven they behold the King in his beauty. They ſee him as he is. The Lamb in the midſt of the throne is exhibited in full view to all the celeſtial inhabitants. This is what he himſelf prayed for while yet upon earth. Father, I will that thoſe whom thou haſt given me be with me where I am, to behold my glory. As they had ſeen him, ſome of them perſonally, and all of them by faith; ſo they ſhall ſee him in his kingdom. Now we ſee his feet, and adore. In his temple we behold his ſpiritual excellency with admiration; but the heavenly viſion will be ecſtatical and transforming. If the ſight the apoſtles had on the mount ſo far overcame them as to tranſport them beyond themſelves; and if the queen of the ſouth had no more ſpirit in her when ſhe ſaw the glory of Solomon; who can deſcribe the feelings of the mind at that moment when the happy ſoul enters heaven, and caſts it eye on the glorified Mediator. "Bleſſed are the pure in heart, for they ſhall ſee God."

EUMENES.

THE PLAIN RULE OF HOLINESS.

Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus. Coloss. iii. 17.

WERE this admirable rule observed, what a peaceful world, and what a glorious church, should we behold! Great as the prejudices of infidels against the Bible are, this, however, must be allowed: Every man would be glad to have his neighbour's conduct towards him regulated by Scriptural precepts. And what method can professors take to recommend religion so much as by observing this concise but excellent direction?

What is it to do every thing in the name of Jesus? Simply this, *To do all agreeably to his will—in dependance on his strength;* and *with a view to his glory.*

Let the holy *will* of Jesus be observed. He is our sovereign Lord. We are under the law to Christ. Blessed be his name, that he has expressed his will so fully in the sacred word; and adapted his precepts to every situation in life. Only let the believer ask, upon entering upon his various affairs, Is this agreeable to the will of Christ? Nor will he be much at a loss for an answer.

Let every action be performed in *dependance* on him. Do we want wisdom? Ask and expect it of him. Nehemiah did so, and obtained an immediate supply. Do we need strength? Lo, he is strong—He is almighty, and by him we "can do all things." And when all is done, still depend upon him for acceptance.

Let the *glory* of Jesus be the aim of all. Heaven says he is worthy to receive honour, let earth say so too. He has done so much for us, that we ought to do something for him. Here too, let the believer ask, Will Jesus be glorified by this action, or not?

Let religion be *universal*, not confined to sacred places and times; let *every deed* be done, and *every word* be spoken, in his name.

WORDS, Christians, mark that! O observe your words. Remember St. James's account of that untamely member, the tongue. Watch its motions. Restrain its trespasses. Speak little; and let that little be seasoned with grace. What a world of iniquity would be thus prevented! what sacrifices

of honour would aſcend to the Saviour! what harmony in religious ſocieties! what comfort in the family!

Deeds, alſo! *Every* deed, civil and religious, public and domeſtic, in the church, in the cloſet, in the ſhop. Were this noted, we ſhould hear of no lewd, intemperate goſpellers; of few bankruptcies; of no diſhoneſty. Deeds thus performed would be truly honourable, of however little account in the eye of man. Servants, for inſtance, filling up their places conſcientiouſly, are elevated characters: for they "ſerve the Lord Chriſt." And the remark is univerſally applicable: For the real honour attached to any ſtation is, a regard to the appointment and approbation of the Lord.

This rule obſerved would render the plaineſt Chriſtian an able caſuiſt. An honeſt conſcience is of more uſe than a thouſand folios. Only aſk, Is this word, this work, agreeable to the Lord's will? Can I do it in dependance on him, and will it be for his glory? With theſe inquiries propoſed to the enlightened conſcience, can the profeſſor ſit down at the card-table, viſit the play-houſe, mix in the dance, put on gaudy or indecent apparel, or revel in luxury? It is impoſſible. G. B.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF WEAK FAITH.

In a truly regenerated Christian in the last Moments of Life.

[Communicated by the ſame Clergyman, who tranſmitted the account of the Converſion of the Poor Proſtitute, inſerted in our Magazine for January laſt.]

Rev. and dear sir,

THE very ſtriking inſtance of the ſovereignty of divine grace, as diſplayed in the recovery of the poor Proſtitute, which I did myſelf the honour of communicating to you, and which you conveyed to the Public through the channel of the Evangelical Magazine, I ſincerely hope may be productive of the deſired effect, in bringing glory to God, and affording encouragement to mankind. As I am perfectly perſuaded, that no truly awakened Chriſtian can attend to the affecting narrative of her converſion, without feeling the moſt lively emotions of gratitude to the gracious Author of ſalvation; ſo am I prompted to believe that, under the

influence of his Spirit, the perusal of it may tend to encourage the timid mind to a greater dependance and faith in the same redeeming mercy. If these purposes shall be answered by the publication of it, though in the smallest degree, I shall have cause to rejoice before God.

From the same motives which led me to address you upon that occasion, I have again assumed the pen, to transmit the particulars of another singular case, which hath occurred to my observation in the course of my ministry: highly different indeed in its circumstances; yet, if I mistake not, equally illustrative of the same unquestionable doctrine; namely, that the regenerating power which alone produces conversion, as well as the comforts flowing from it, are all of grace.

You are sensible, that it is our duty as well as our privilege, to observe as closely as possible the designs of God in all the ordinations of his providence and grace; for from both, subjects are continually arising, which not only very highly edify and comfort the Lord's people, but tend to awaken all the corresponding affections of gratitude, and love, and adoration, and praise to the great Author of all blessings. Nothing can accomplish these ends better, nor more admirably display the depths of divine wisdom in the salvation of men, than when we trace the infinite variety of methods in the several schemes of grace by which the Lord is guiding his chosen to glory. For whether we behold the *day of small things;* or the *worm Jacob threshing the mountains:* in either, or in both, we review *divine strength* made perfect in *human weakness.* God is the first great cause, *from whom cometh every good and every perfect gift. All these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit dividing to every man severally as he will.*

Indeed, I am the more prompted to send you the particulars of the case I am going to relate, because it should seem (if I may presume to think so) to have been intended by the providence of God, that the remembrance of both should be connected together, in all those minds where he is pleased the knowledge of them should come. For both cases occurred nearly at the same time. They happened together; and it was my province in the daily circuit of duty, while visiting the sick, just to have finished my attendance on the poor woman, whose case I have related in my former letter, when I was called upon to be a witness of the peculiar situation of the person whose interesting memoir is to be the subject of my present writing. So great a disparity in the two instances (as you will immediately perceive from the rela-

tion) could not but have ſtruck a leſs attentive obſerver than myſelf. And I cannot but ſuppoſe was intended to produce an effect in the mind, both to admire and adore the depths of his wiſdom, *whose judgments are unſearchable, and whose ways are past finding out.*

The perſon whoſe concluding hiſtory I have in view, died in the beginning of the laſt year 1794, and in the ſeventieth year of his age. His character, as it ſtood in the general eſtimation of mankind, was very highly and very deſervedly reſpected. In the ſeveral relative ſituations of life; as a huſband, father, or friend, in ſhort, as a man in all his intercourſe with ſociety, he was perhaps as irreproachable as any. Indeed, there was a certain conſtitutional happineſs of mind about him, in a mildneſs and gentleneſs of diſpoſition, which endeared him to all that knew him. In the early part of life he had been unſucceſsful in trade; and, willing to retreat from it, rather than involve himſelf in greater difficulties, or continue a fruitleſs purſuit, when there appeared but little probability of ſucceſs, he gladly entered into a com-promiſe with his creditors, by giving up his all to ſatisfy their juſt demands.

Do not think me too minute in the relation of this man's hiſtory, until I ſhall have explained my motives for it. I have mentioned this trait in his character, in order to introduce another intimately connected with it; and becauſe it ſerves in a great meaſure to give an idea of the tenor of his life. It will tend alſo in no ſmall degree to illuſtrate more ſtrikingly the great object I have in view from the publication of this memoir.

When through the goodneſs of God's providence, a bleſſing followed his honeſt endeavours in another line of buſineſs, to which he directed his attention after the failure of the former; the firſt object which engaged his regard, and which he immediately accompliſhed, was to make up the deficiency of the balance which had been due to his creditors, by the payment of the full ſum of the original debt. Though, according to the ſtrict letter of the law, his creditors had no further demand upon him, and therefore, in the apprehenſion of the bulk of mankind, ſuch a conduct is conſidered inexpedient and unneceſſary; yet ſo truly conſcientious was the perſon of whom I am writing, that he gratefully paid every farthing, and even to the executors of ſome of his creditors, which in the interim had deceaſed, he obſerved the ſame conduct.

But in all this, you will ſay, there is nothing of religion! True, Sir! Neither do I relate it under the idea. I only

mention it to ſhew, that, with reſpect to the great principles of morality on which ſome men lay ſuch mighty ſtreſs, and conſider them as the grand and efficient cauſes of ſalvation; few could have a better claim than he had to the divine favour, had that favour been purchaſeable by *any works of righteousness which we have done.*

It was not till about the laſt three and twenty years of his life that he became acquainted with the principles of real and experimental piety, or knew God in the ſenſe in which all true believers in Chriſt know him. From his childhood, indeed he had been accuſtomed to attend on public worſhip, and thus far to follow the outward means of grace. But till then they had been with him, means only. He had *the form, but not the power of godliness.* But when the Lord was graciouſly pleaſed to *call him by his grace, and to reveal his Son in him*, he was made willing in the day of God's power.

With reſpect to the immediate cauſe which wrought inſtrumentally under God's holy Spirit in his converſion, I have not been informed. But I have the fulleſt authority to conclude, that from the time in which the Lord manifeſted himſelf to his heart, unto the period of his diſſolution, he had uniformly given himſelf up to follow the Lord; and only deſired to be paſſive and reſigned like the clay in the hands of the potter.

Retired from buſineſs, and the more active ſcenes of public life, for ſome years before his departure from the world; his time was for the moſt part divided amidſt the ſeveral means of grace—in attending divine worſhip, private devotion, family prayer, reading the ſcriptures, religious converſation, and the like; and as far as human nature could aſpire, it ſeems to have been the great deſire of his heart, under a conſtant dependance on divine aid, to have *walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.*

It might have been expected, that the dying moments of ſuch a character would have been eminently diſtinguiſhed with manifeſtations of divine love; and that, as the lamp of life quivered in the ſocket, a beam of brightneſs would every now and then have burſt forth to illumine the gloom around. But, alas! this was not the caſe. Here, as in many other inſtances, *God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways our ways.* Indeed it was the abſence of thoſe gracious manifeſtations of the divine goodneſs, which uſually attend the laſt hours of the believer's life, which renders this man's hiſtory ſo ſingularly, ſtriking, and makes it worthy this particular record; and I truſt under God's bleſſing, the peruſal of it will be inſtructive and edifying to all the faithful in Chriſt Jeſus.

As he was not a parishioner of mine, nor belonged to my dated ministry, it came not within my immediate province to attend him in his sickness. However, as from the peculiar distresses and apprehensions of his mind, his family, to whom he was exceedingly dear, became the more concerned for his comfort and satisfaction, they therefore did not confine their application for spiritual consolation, to the Clergyman under whose ministry he was placed. He was visited occasionally by more than one of the sacred order, and in the number I had the advantage of being included.

From a previous knowledge of his general character, and particularly his well-known seriousness, I had pleased myself with the hopes, that I should find in him another brilliant testimony to *the truth as it is in Jesus;* and behold in his dying experience the happy effects of that *joy and peace in believing, which make the Christian abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.* But alas! I was disappointed. He could speak of *general* knowledge and *general* hopes which he entertained of salvation through the great Redeemer's merits; but not of the *personal* application of them to himself, and of those delightful experiences, which are so common in the life of regenerated Christians. "God has given me to see" (he would say) "the sad evil of sin, and the misery of our fallen nature. I am awfully convinced of my utter unworthiness before God, and I can by full experience subscribe to the declaration of the Apostle, *I know that in me dwelleth no good thing.* I am as fully satisfied also that *Christ died for sinners*; and that he came to be the *Saviour of sinners*, and to *seek and save that which is lost.* Neither do I doubt a moment but that he is both able and willing to *save to the uttermost all that come to God by him.* But though I have the highest conviction of these blessed truths as they belong to believers in *general*, I cannot find any of that comfortable assurance which arises from a *personal* application of them to my own experience. I want to know and feel, and to be satisfied that he will save *me*; that *I* have an interest in his blood: and that my name is written in heaven. This is what I want to know and feel. I have heard others rejoicing in this assurance, and I desire most earnestly to partake of the same. But my faith is not equal to it. I pray the Lord to increase it, and to give me to feel this unspeakable blessing before my departure."

A case so extremely distressing could not, you may well suppose, but awaken our utmost endeavours to relieve. Accordingly our views were directed chiefly to *that*, which is the grand expedient upon all occasions to bring comfort to

the afflicted ſoul; I mean earneſt and devout prayer to God; and moſt fervently did we beſeech *the great Father of mercy, and God of all conſolation, to grant him according to the riches of his glory, to be ſtrengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Chriſt may dwell in his heart by faith; and that he, being rooted and grounded in love, might be able to comprehend, with all ſaints, what is the breadth and length and depth and height; and to know the love of Chriſt, which paſſeth knowledge, that he might be filled with all the fulneſs of God.* To the aids of prayer were added the conſolations of Scripture. In order to counteract the effect of thoſe complaints which he was continually uttering with the greateſt anxiety, I endeavoured to direct his attention to thoſe refreſhing promiſes of the holy word, which were more immediately ſuitable to his caſe, and ſuch as were occaſionally ſuggeſted to my remembrance: humbly imploring, at the ſame time, that God would bleſs the outward word with the inward efficacy of his holy Spirit. But though his extenſive knowledge of the Scriptures enabled him to follow me very cloſely in every quotation which I made; and not unfrequently to ſupply my deficiency with others of a ſimilar nature, which perhaps at the time did not occur to my recollection, and though he ſeemed to poſſeſs a conſiderable degree of energy in prayer, begging the mercy we ſo much deſired for him, with apparently the greateſt fervour; yet the complaint ſtill continued, and I had the mortification to find, after many viſits, that I had not been in the ſmalleſt degree inſtrumental to his comfort.

It was in one of thoſe mournful hours, while ſitting by his bed-ſide; his children ſtanding round much diſtreſſed; and he groaning under the complaint of want of faith; fervently beſeeching the Lord *to lift up the light of his countenance upon him;* my mind became impreſſed with the ſentiment, that God no doubt had ſome eſpecial purpoſe to anſwer from this ordination, and that it was our duty humbly to inquire into it. The thought was accompanied with inſtant relief; and that comfortable promiſe of Scripture which I have found upon all occaſions highly conſolatory, but in the preſent eminently ſo, encouraged me to proſecute the idea: I mean where it is ſaid, that *all things work together for good to them that love God.* As I meditated ſtill more upon the ſubject, it ſtruck me that one cauſe at leaſt of this man's affliction might be reſolved into ſome gracious conſequences intended to be produced by it on the minds of others; and particularly his own children, whom he had been carefully endeavouring *to bring up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.* I im-

mediately ſuggeſted to him my ideas. I ſaid to him, "My dear Sir, you cannot but be very ſenſible, how much we all feel for the diſtreſſes of your mind; and what joy it would give every one now preſent to be the witneſs of thoſe refreſhments from the Lord which you ſo earneſtly long for; and for which we have all offered up our continual prayer to the throne of grace; but ſince, notwithſtanding our moſt fervent petitions for this bleſſing, the Lord ſees it not fit to gratify our deſires; it is not only our duty reſignedly to acquieſce in the divine deciſion, but alſo humbly to inquire the reaſons for which it is withheld, and to examine whether the ſeeming evil may not be converted into a greater good. You are convinced that God does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men: that like as a father pitieth his own children, ſo is the Lord merciful to them that fear him. All the afflicting diſpenſations both of his providence and his grace, to his faithful people, are but the chaſtiſements of an infinitely compaſſionate and tender parent, who cannot poſſibly miſtake our intereſt, but is continually promoting our good even by the miniſtration of ſuppoſed evil. It is a circumſtance never to be forgotten, but more eſpecially when matters are moſt dark and diſcouraging, that *all things* how unpromiſing ſoever they appear, *all things work together for good to them that love God.*

"Impreſſed, therefore, with a moſt perfect conviction of theſe unqueſtionable truths, I have been ruminating while I have ſat here by your bed-ſide, what inſtruction it may be ſuppoſed we ought to gather from your preſent affliction. If *all things* work for good to them that love God; of conſequence this muſt be among the reſt. I venture to think that one reaſon, why the Lord permits you to be thus deeply exerciſed, is, for the ſpiritual and gracious improvement of others and more eſpecially theſe your children. They no doubt had conſoled themſelves with the belief, that a life ſuch as your's would have cloſed in joy and tranquility of ſpirit; but as on the contrary they behold it terminating in fear and miſgiving; how awfully are they taught therefrom to be awakened to greater earneſtneſs in religion, and *to give all diligence to make their calling and election ſure!* If then, my dear Sir, your children ſhould be benefited by your trials, ſurely you will not regret, that the valley of death is more than uſually dark and comfortleſs. Fear not, but that the end of it will at length open into everlaſting brightneſs, and that He who is both the light and life of his people will ſhine forth upon your ſoul in that important moment, with a joy unſpeakable and full of glory."

As I ſuggeſted theſe and the like conſiderations to his mind, I could perceive a beam of hope brightening up his ſaddened countenance, and his ſoul ſeemed to be refreſhed with the conſolation. Although, during the remainder of his illneſs, to the cloſe of it, in his death, it might be gathered from his countenance and expreſſions that the thought of this certainly leſſened his affliction, and reconciled him more to the divine will; yet the evil itſelf, even to the laſt hour, was not removed.

I had hoped indeed, and communicated to him my expectations, that ſome gracious manifeſtations from the Lord would yet precede his diſſolution. But if they did, they were known only to himſelf; for, to all outward appearances, as he lived ſo he died, mourning over his affliction, and praying for more enlarged views of God's faithfulneſs and mercy. Here I would beg to be underſtood, and therefore ſhall once more repeat it, that he had unqueſtionably a *general* hope and perſuaſion of the ſalvation which is in Chriſt Jeſus for ſinners: yet, as to the ſpecial and particular application of it to *himſelf*, (gratifying as it is to the faithful, and eminently to be coveted by every one,) his confidence was truly weak, and his mind diſturbed with fearful apprehenſions.

It would be ſuperfluous to add the very obvious reflections which ariſe out of this affecting caſe; and indeed after ſo largely treſpaſſing on your patience, I dare not encroach any further. One ſhort obſervation only I would beg to ſubjoin, becauſe it hath a more immediate appeal to the breaſt of every timid believer. It is to be apprehended from various occurrences in life, that this man's hiſtory is by no means ſingular. There are many humble ſouls, *who fear the Lord and obey the voice of his ſervant*, but yet, like him, *walk in darkneſs and have no light*. Now nothing can more ſtrikingly enforce the neceſſity of obeying the precept by the prophet, or ſhew its importance in the very comforts of life, than what hath been adduced in the inſtance before us ariſing from the want of it: *To truſt in the name of the Lord and to ſtay upon his God*. For where this religious truſt or ſtay is become fixed and abiding, it ſhuts out all leſſer conſiderations. It ſhould be remembered that it is in ſeaſons of extraordinary trials, when the ſoul is bereaved of all comforts, that faith is to have her perfect work. In ſuch moments, to ceaſe from man, and to ſtay upon God, ſhould be the invariable practice of every true believer. It is poſſible that in the very criſis when all things appear at the worſt, and when the fearful Chriſtian, like the diſciples on

the ſea of Galilee, ſurrounded with ſtorms and tempeſts, is ready to give over every thing for loſt, and to cry out, *Lord ſave, or I perish*; the Redeemer, as then, is yet but the nearer at hand, to rebuke both winds and waves, though he ſeemeth as if he heard not. In ſhort, as nothing can ariſe to overthrow the ſecurity, ſo nothing ſhould be found ſufficient to caſt down, even for a moment, the confidence of him, in whoſe breaſt *the Holy Spirit witnesseth to his spirit that he is a child of God.* Once aſſured by thoſe infallible evidences which the Holy Ghoſt hath given, that *he hath begun a good work in the heart*, we ought not to doubt but *he will complete it unto the day of Jesus Christ.* The believer may have his dark and trying hours. The furnace of affliction to throw off the reprobate ſilver may be heated yet ſeven times hotter than it was wont to be heated; but in all this the voice of Him who ſtands by, and orders both the proceſs and the fire, may be heard by the ear of faith: *Be still, and know that I am God. For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercy will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy upon thee.*

A LETTER FROM A FREE-THINKER TO ONE OF HIS OLD COMPANIONS.

YOU will have heard by this time that I was unexpectedly called a few days ago to depart out of the world, without having leiſure to take leave of my friends. On entering into a new ſtate, I learned infinitely more in a moment, than any man can do in the longeſt life ſpent in the deepeſt ſtudy, and moſt diligent reſearch. I immediately found that we had been greatly miſtaken in many things. The thinking principle is not deſtroyed, as we were ſometimes inclined to ſuppoſe, nor does it loſe in ſleep all conſciouſneſs of exiſtence. So far from being either totally extinguiſhed or even aſleep only for a while, I can aſſure you, it is much more active and intelligent than ever. It breaths a purer air—but I am not permitted to diſcloſe to you the ſecrets of the inviſible world. The ſtricteſt ſilence is impoſed upon every inhabitant, however willing we might be to impart the diſcoveries we have

made for the benefit of our former aſſociates. But it will be no breach of our laws and regulations for me to mention, that I have now no longer any *doubts* remaining. All here is awful *certainty*. This one advantage I poſſeſs, if advantage it can be called. But you have another far more precious, which I cannot enjoy. You have ſtill an opportunity of reviewing your judgment of things, and foregoing it, on ſufficient evidence, for one more juſt and reaſonable, though it ſhould lead to a very different conduct. Let me beg of you to diſtruſt your own underſtanding. Seek a ſafer guide. It is no diſgrace in this inſtance, where the cauſe is ſo important, to borrow light, when your own is ſo very faint and imperfect. If you think me ſtill in being, that I am neither annihilated nor inſenſible, you feel, I doubt not, a ſtrong deſire to know what are now my ſentiments on thoſe various ſubjects that uſed to engage our attention, and on which we took the liberty to differ in opinion from moſt of our neighbours. Do you not often wiſh, if it were poſſible, to ſee me again and converſe familiarly with me, that I might anſwer all your inquiries? I am not allowed to ſatisfy you. Nor need you at all regret that I cannot appear. You may, if you pleaſe, without any extraordinary aſſiſtance, ſoon be in poſſeſſion of all the knowledge neceſſary for you, till you remove. You have already the means in your power of acquiring as much information as can be uſeful, and as it would be proper for me to communicate, were I to aſſume a bodily form, and reviſit your earthly region*. It was our great folly, my friend, to deſpiſe and reject the helps that were kindly held out to us. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* Could you——but I dare not—You will be anxious to learn what is become of me, whether I be happy or miſerable. "What is that to thee?" Conſult your own ſafety, and rejoice that it is not yet too late. Remember how ſuddenly I was ſummoned away. "A warning was denied." "To-morrow, perhaps, thou ſhalt be with me." Nay, even, "*This Night* thy ſoul may be required of thee." More, O much more, could I ſay. But here I muſt ſtop. This laſt and beſt office, pity pleads with me to render. May you be wiſe, and profit by it—Farewell.

* *Luke, xvi.* 29, 31.

A SOLEMN CALCULATION.

"THE aggregate population on the ſurface of the known habitable globe, is eſtimated at 895,300,000 ſouls. If we reckon, with the ancients, that a generation laſts 30 years, then in that ſpace 895,300,000 human beings will be born and die; conſequently 81,760 muſt be dropping into eternity every *day*—3,407 every *hour*,—or about 56 every *minute*! How awful is the reflection!"

Reader, is it not the moſt dreadful infatuation to trifle with eternal things, on the brink of that awful world, into which more than

> "A thouſand *wretched* dying ſouls have fled
> Since the laſt ſetting ſun." WATTS.

Thou art yet in the number of the "living, who know that they ſhall die." Oh! may it be thy concern and mine, ſo to "number our days, that we may apply our hearts to that wiſdom," which makes men "wiſe unto ſalvation, through faith which is in Chriſt Jeſus."

WISE REPLY OF A PIOUS ARCHBISHOP.

WHEN Archbiſhop Leighton was aſked why he did not preach on the political ſentiments of the times, as all the reſt of his brethren did? he anſwered, "that if all the reſt of the brethren preached on *time*, then ſurely one poor brother might preach on *eternity*." *Burnet.*

EXTRACT of a Letter from the late Rev. JAMES TURNER, *Paſtor of the Baptiſt Church in Cannon-ſtreet, Birmingham, to the late Rev.* JOHN RYLAND, *ſen. Paſtor of the Baptiſt Church in College-lane, Northampton. Dated the 29th of July*, 1765.

"A PROVIDENCE, equally remarkable, and awful, hath lately happened amongſt us. One of our members has been violently perſecuted by her huſband for eight or nine years together; and he has not only kept her from meeting, but has beat and abuſed her moſt abominably,

and has often threatened to kill her, and once had like to have poiſoned her; but the ſnare was broken, and ſhe eſcaped. They lived about three miles out of town, but he has often ſworn he would come and pull me out of the houſe, and I know not what miſchief he would do me beſides.

"Some time ſince, ſhe was taken very ill, and he condeſcended to have me come and viſit her; and not only ſo, but came to fetch me himſelf; and I went, and prayed with her, and he kneeled with us, and ſeemed ſorrowful that he had uſed her in ſuch a manner, and promiſed to let her have her liberty for the future, &c. But behold! ſhe no ſooner recovered, than his ugly ſpirit returned! But how will you bear to hear the reſt?—About five or ſix weeks ago, he was killed by his waggon! In his dying moments he begged of his wife to pray for him, and gave her all he had."

Serious Reflection in the Moment of Folly.

[An Extract.]

"A SOCIETY of gentlemen, moſt of them poſſeſſed of a liberal education and poliſhed manners, but who unhappily had been ſeduced from a belief in the ſacred Scriptures, uſed to aſſemble alternately in each other's houſes, on the banks of the Tweed, for the purpoſe of ridiculing Revelation, and hardening one another in their infidelity. At laſt, they unanimouſly formed a reſolution ſolemnly to burn the Bible; and ſo to be troubled no more with a book which was ſo hoſtile to their principles, and diſquieting to their conſciences. The day fixed upon came; a large fire was prepared; a Bible was laid upon the table, and a flowing bowl ſtood ready to drink its dirge. For the execution of their plan, they fixed upon a young gentleman of high birth, brilliant vivacity, and elegance of manners, but whoſe name is concealed, from a regard to his honourable and truly worthy family. He undertook the taſk; and, after a few enlivening glaſſes, amidſt the applauſes of his jovial compeers, he approached the table, took up the Bible, and was walking reſolutely forward to put it in the fire; but, happening to give it a look, all at once he was ſeized with trembling, paleneſs overſpread his countenance, and his whole frame ſeemed convulſed: He returned to the table,

and, laying down the Bible, ſaid, with a ſtrong aſſeveration, 'We will not burn *that book*, till we get a *better!*' But—

'Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die!*' YOUNG.

For this ſame gay and lively young gentleman came to die, and on his death-bed obtained ſincere repentance, deriving unſhaken hopes of forgiveneſs, and of future bleſſedneſs from that book he was once going to burn.

"This anecdote the writer had from ſeveral miniſters, who attended him during his laſt moments."

IOTA.

Mr. Benjamin Linthorn's ſolemn ſurrender of Himſelf to God.

THE following may probably be gratifying to ſome of our readers. It was lately found among the papers of a perſon who lived and died a reſpectable member of an Independent church at Poole, in Dorſetſhire; being written by him when he was about eighteen years of age, on the day when he made a ſolemn ſurrender of himſelf to God. Covenants of this kind were more frequent in thoſe days than at preſent, and were recommended by perſons of the firſt eminence for learning and piety. Among others, Dr. Doddridge has given us the form of one in his *Riſe and Progreſs of Religion in the Soul.*

O MOST dreadful God! for the paſſion of thy dear Son, I beſeech thee accept of thy poor prodigal, now proſtrating himſelf at thy door. I have fallen from Thee by mine iniquity, and am by nature a ſon of death, and a thouſand fold more the child of hell by my wicked practice. But of thine infinite compaſſion thou haſt promiſed grace to me in Chriſt, if I will but turn to thee with all my heart. Therefore, upon the call of thy Goſpel, I am now come in, and throwing down every weapon, ſubmit myſelf to thy mercy. And becauſe thou requireſt, as the condition of my peace with thee, that I ſhould put away my idols, and be at defiance with all thy enemies, which I acknowledge I have wickedly ſided with againſt thee; I here, from the bottom of my

heart, renounce them all, firmly covenanting with thee not to allow myſelf in any known ſin, but conſcientiouſly to uſe all the means that I know thou haſt preſcribed for the death and deſtruction of all my corruptions. And whereas I have formerly and idolatrouſly let out my affections upon the world, I do here reſign up my heart to thee that madeſt it; humbly proteſting before thy glorious Majeſty, that it is the firm reſolution of my heart, and that I unfeignedly deſire grace from thee, that, when thou ſhalt call me hereunto, I may practiſe this my reſolution, to forſake, through thy aſſiſtance, all that is dear to me in this world, rather than to turn from thee to the ways of ſin; and that I will watch againſt all its temptations, whether of proſperity or adverſity, leſt they ſhould withdraw my heart from thee; beſeeching thee alſo to help me againſt all the temptations of Satan, to whoſe wicked ſuggeſtions I reſolve, by thy grace, never to yield myſelf a ſervant. And becauſe my own righteouſneſs is but as filthy rags, I renounce all my confidence therein, and acknowledge that I am of myſelf a hopeleſs, helpleſs, undone creature, without righteouſneſs or ſtrength. And foraſmuch as thou haſt of thy bottomleſs mercy offered moſt graciouſly to me, wretched ſinner, to be again accepted through Chriſt, if I would accept of thee; I will call heaven and earth to record this day, that I do here ſolemnly avouch thee for the Lord my God; and with all poſſible veneration, bowing the neck of my ſoul under the feet of thy moſt ſacred majeſty, I do here take thee the Lord Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, for my portion, and my chief good; and ſo give up myſelf, body and ſoul, to thy ſervice; promiſing and vowing to ſerve thee in holineſs and righteouſneſs all the days of my life. And ſince thou haſt appointed the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, the only mean of coming unto thee, I do here, upon the bended knees of my ſoul, accept of him, as the only new and living way by which ſinners may have acceſs to thee, and do hereby ſolemnly join myſelf in marriage-covenant to him—O bleſſed Jeſus, I come to thee hungry, poor, wretched, and miſerable; a blind and naked, a moſt loathſome polluted wretch; a guilty and condemned malefactor, unworthy for ever to waſh the feet of the ſervants of my Lord, much more to be ſolemnly married to the King of glory! but ſince ſuch is thine unparalleled love, I do here, with all my power, accept thee, and do take thee for my lord and huſband, for better, for worſe, for richer, for poorer, for all times and conditions, to love, honour, and obey thee before all others, and this to the death. I embrace thee in all thy offices: I

renounce my own worthineſs, and do here avow thee to be the Lord my righteouſneſs; I renounce my own wiſdom, and do here take thee for my only guide; I renounce my own will, and take thy will for my law. And ſince thou haſt told me I muſt ſuffer if I will reign, I do here covenant with thee, to take my lot, as it falls with thee; and, by thy grace aſſiſting, to run all hazards with thee; verily ſuppoſing that neither life nor death ſhall part between thee and me. And becauſe thou haſt been pleaſed to give me thy holy law, as the rule of my life, and the way in which I ſhould walk to thy kingdom; I here willingly put my neck in thy yoke, and ſet my ſhoulder to thy burden; and ſubſcribing to all thy laws, as holy, juſt, and good, I ſolemnly take them as the rule of my thoughts, words, and actions; promiſing that though my fleſh contradict and rebel, yet I will endeavour to order and govern my whole life according to thy direction, and will not allow myſelf in the neglect of any thing I know to be my duty. Only, becauſe through the frailty of my fleſh I am ſubject to many failings, I am bold humbly to proteſt, that unallowed miſcarriages, contrary to the ſettled bent and reſolution of my heart, ſhall not make void this covenant, for ſo thou haſt ſaid.—Now, Almighty God, ſearcher of hearts, thou knoweſt that I make this covenant with thee this day, without any known guile or reſervation; beſeeching thee, that, if thou ſpieſt any flaw or falſehood therein, thou wouldſt diſcover it to me, and help me to do it right, And now, glory be to thee, O God and Father (whom I ſhall behold, from this day forward, and look upon as *my* God and Father), that ever thou ſhouldeſt find out ſuch a way for the recovery of undone ſinners. Glory be to thee, O God the Son, who haſt loved me, and waſhed me from my ſins in thine own blood, and art now become my Saviour and Redeemer. Glory be to thee O God the Holy Ghoſt, who by the finger of thine almighty power haſt turned about my heart from ſin to God, O dreadful Jehovah! the Lord God omnipotent! Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt! thou art now become my covenant-friend; and I, through thy infinite grace, am become thy covenant-ſervant. Amen, amen. And this covenant, which I have made on earth, let it be ratified in heaven!

BENJAMIN LINTHORN.

EXTRACT.

Translated from "L' Histoire Abregee des Martirs Francois du Tems de la Reformation." Amst. 1684. *p.* 58, *& seq.*

IN the year 1543, Briſſonet, the biſhop of Meaux, ſtood forward as a friend to the reformation in his dioceſe; but finding oppoſition and difficulties in his way, his reſolution failed, and he preferred his own apparent advantage to the cauſe of truth. However, there were ſeveral who having experienced the enlightening influence of the Goſpel, remained firmly attached to it, and carefully cultivated the holy ſeed which they had received. For this purpoſe they determined to incorporate themſelves into a church after the example of that which had been formed a ſhort time before at *Strasburg*. Being then aſſembled to the number of fourteen or fifteen, they proceeded, firſt of all, to the election of a miniſter, who might preach the word of God, and adminiſter the ſacraments to them. After ſpending ſeveral days in faſting and prayers, they choſe PETER LE CLERC, a woolcomber, a man well verſed in the Holy Scriptures, which he had diligently read and ſtudied in ſuch French verſions as were then extant. They then fixed upon the houſe of *Stephen Mangin*, a citizen of property in Meaux, and a man rather in years, as a place to meet in.

They now regularly met together every Sabbath-day, and at other leiſure times, to hear the the Scriptures read and explained; to offer up their prayers; to ſing pſalms and hymns, and to receive the Lord's Supper, which they celebrated two or three times.

Theſe ſacred aſſemblies daily increaſed in number, ſo that there were often as many as three or four hundred, who came not only out of the city, but from the country round about, to the diſtance of five or ſix leagues. Meetings ſo large could not long be kept ſecret. They were diſcovered; and the magiſtrates informed, that the meeting was to be held on the 8th of September at ſeven o'clock in the morning, when the lieutenant of the city, the provoſt and a number of officers, came to *Mangin's* houſe; and entering the meeting-room, they found *Le Clerc* expounding a paſſage in the Firſt Epiſtle to the Corinthians. The lieutenant aſked, "Why ſo many people were met together?" Le Clerc replied, "that he might know, if ye would have patience till they were

done."—The lieutenant then ſaid, "that they muſt go to priſon.—Let us go" ſaid, Le Clerc "whereſoever the Lord will." He then ſuffered them to fetter him, without offering the ſmalleſt reſiſtance. About ſixty more where alſo taken, of different age and ſex, who went ſinging pſalms into a place where they well knew the cruel treatment they were to experience.

After this, informations were filed againſt them, in which the monks did not fail to inſert their calumnies. The whole number of priſoners were then taken to Paris, where they were condemned upon theſe informations, by the parliamentary chambers of vacations in the following manner:

Fourteen to be burnt alive, after being put to the torture to make them diſcover their accomplices. One to be hung up by the body while the others were burning; then to be whipped and impriſoned for life in a convent, at the expenſe of the biſhop of Meaux. Four to aſſiſt at the execution with a rope about their necks; and then to be whipped; two of them once through all the ſquares of Meaux, and the other two or three times for three ſucceſſive days; and the others to do the *amende honorable*, a ſort of ignominious and torturous penance. Four women were diſmiſſed with ſtrict charges and threats againſt the like conduct in future; and ſix females were unconditionably ſet at liberty.

After this ſentence, the enemies of the Goſpel did all in their power to ſhake the conſtancy of thoſe who were to be burnt, but without effect; though they had been ſeparated, to prevent them from encouraging each other. Thus they were all taken back to be executed at Meaux according to their ſentence.

On the way from Paris to Meaux, a remarkable circumſtance took place. As they were going through the foreſt of Livry, a weaver called *Couberon*, came towards the waggons in which the priſoners were, and, exhorted them to ſuffer with conſtancy for the truth; but finding that he was not heard by them all, he lifted up his hands, and cried with all his might, "My brethren, remember Him who is in heaven!" The guards ſeeing this action, had no doubt of his being a Lutheran; they ſeized him, fettered him like the reſt, and put him among thoſe whom they judged the moſt criminal. This man was very inſtrumental towards the conſolation of the others: His exhortations gave them new ſtrength to ſuſtain the torments to which they were ſoon put, and which they all ſupported with great conſtancy and courage above admiration.

Among the fourteen who where to ſuffer, there were two

ordered to be drawn to the ſtake upon hurdles, *Peter Le Clerc*, the miniſter, and *Stephen Mangin*. The latter had his tongue cut out when he left the priſon; yet he made two or three ſucceſsful efforts to ſay diſtinctly enough to be underſtood, "Bleſſed be the name of the Lord!" Seven others had their tongues cut out. God enabled every one of them to perſevere with firmneſs to the laſt, in the confeſſion of his truth, notwithſtanding the tortures which they endured.

The names of the ſufferers, were, Peter Le Clerc, Stephen Mangin, Michael Caillon, James Bouchebee, John Briſebane, Henry Hutinot, Francis Le Clerc, Thomas Honnore, John Bandouin, John Fleſche, John Pequeri, Peter Pequeri, John Matiflon, Philip Petit.

SIMILIES.

AS the Roman generals, after a complete conqueſt, firſt entered the city privately, and, having obtained licenſe of the ſenate, made their triumphant entry with all the magnificence and ſplendour becoming the greatneſs of their victories: So, after a faithful Chriſtian has fought the good fight, and is come off more than a conqeror, he enters privately into the celeſtial city; but when the body is raiſed to immortality, he ſhall then, in the company, and with the acclamations of the holy angels, have a glorious entry into it.

As a talent of gold however valuable, would accelerate the deſtruction of a man when ſinking in the ſea, rather than afford him aſſiſtance: So *ſpeculative knowledge* alone, in whatever degree it may be poſſeſſed, will but aggravate the final miſery of thoſe who depend upon it.

As the eye that has gazed upon the ſun admits not directly any other object: So the mind that contemplates the glory of God, in the face of Jeſus Chriſt, has no room for any thing elſe to enter.

SELF-RELIGION DANGEROUS.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE often ſeen the book advertiſed to which you refer. "The Principles of Religion drawn from the Heart alone." If I remember right, is the title of it. But, what a

title for a book to be written, and what a *book* to be read and received by a Chriſtian man! If the contents anſwer the title, which by your account ſeems to be underſtood, permit me freely to ſay, that nothing ſhort of eternal danger can attend embracing them: for, if my religion flows from my heart as its ſource, then my Bible becomes an uſeleſs book, and the Holy Spirit's teaching is a thing of nought.

Look at our ſtate of *innocence*. Did the nature, the object, the end, of religious worſhip proceed from man? It would be as modeſt, it would be as true, to ſuppoſe his exiſtence to be *of himself* as his religion; for in that caſe, all the revelation which the Creator might chooſe to make of himſelf, or of his will, to his creature, would at once be ſuperſeded by the previous *self-ſufficiency* of man. It may not be intended by the author of your book, but, if allowed, this would be carrying the principle of *Deism* to its higheſt pitch indeed; for, if my heart be the fountain of religion, then all my ſupernatural revelation comes too late for my ſervice. Yes, it is even more than this—it is *Atheism* in embryo; for, if my religious principles be drawn from my heart, and not from his perfections and his will, then the moſt high God can be neither the efficient nor directing cauſe of the worſhip I offer him. And though, by preſent ſuppoſition, I am not tainted with ſin, and therefore my ſoul and all its powers are at full liberty to offer him the beſt and the higheſt which a creature can produce; yet, can any man ſoberly ſuppoſe that the *self-originated* religion of a creature, even though innocent, can poſſibly be ſuitable to the majeſty, the goodneſs of God; to the holineſs of his nature, the wiſdom of his government, and the riches of his grace? The idea, if admitted, ſupplants his exiſtence altogether. I have long believed, nor is it hard to prove, if any argument can be made concluſive, that the true object of worſhip is eſſentially and infinitely ſuperior to the holieſt and happieſt of all his worſhippers; that all worſhip, which is worthy of and acceptable to him, muſt neceſſarily proceed from himſelf; and that, therefore, it is the province of the creature to *receive from him*, and not *devise from his own heart*, the principles of his religion. The higheſt end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him for ever. But this cannot poſſibly be experienced, unleſs the bleſſed God be HIMSELF the ſole efficient and directing cauſe of our religion, both in principle and practice. If, therefore, the heart of man, when innocent, cannot be the ſuppoſed origin of religious worſhip, without ſuch dangerous abſurdities and conſequences, what is to be expected of him now he is a fallen creature? A moment's reflection will inform us.

That he is a *fallen creature* has been virtually confeſſed by heathen moraliſts, and is openly declared in the ſacred page; and ſtands confirmed by the conſtant evidence of experience and of fact. Can ſuch principles of religion as are acceptable to God be educed from an underſtanding that is totally ignorant of him; from an heart that is an enmity againſt him? This ſuppoſition, if poſſible, is more dangerous than the former; for this idea ſuppoſes him to *approve* that which is not only contrary to his *word*, but alſo contrary to his *nature!* Look at the *Pagan*, the *Mahometan*, the *Papal* religion, and you will ſee what principles the heart of man produces ſince the fall. Perhaps it will be ſaid, "This book was written for *Proteſtants.*" Be it ſo. A very ſuperficial view of the religion, even of proteſtants, will afford us abundant proof that its principles, as drawn from the heart of man, are in *friendſhip* with every vice, and with every error? but in *oppoſition* to every doctrine of Goſpel truth, and all experience of its gracious power. And yet let his creed and his conduct be as they may, what Proteſtant does not conſider himſelf a good Chriſtian? Nor is the deception, however alarming and awful, at all ſurpriſing; becauſe *the heart* of every man, the ſuppoſed origin of his religion, *is deceitful above all things*, and *deſperately wicked; who can know it?* - Jerem. vi. 9. *It calls evil good*, and *good evil; puts darkneſs for light*, and *light for darkneſs.* But there is a *woe* denounced on the man that is governed by ſuch a principle, which ſhall not fail of its execution, Iſai. v. 20.

You will ſay, "The author does not imagine that good principles of religion can be had from the dregs of mankind, but from *reaſon*, which is our guide in religion." Let this be ſuppoſed. Muſt we be determined by your reaſon or mine? You add, "I mean that *reaſon*, or *light*, which God gives to every man, and which every one ought to uſe for himſelf.—'Tis from hence that his religious principles are to be drawn to direct his ways." I would beg leave to aſk here, How is it then, that this *reaſon* diſbelieves, that this *light* denies, the leading truths of revealed religion, if it be of God? Can God implant in man a principle to oppoſe himſelf? But, where is the man, who walks by this ſaid *light* or *reaſon*, that receives the Scripture account of original ſin? By whom is not the croſs of Chriſt eſteemed fooliſhneſs? 1 Cor. i. 18. Who approves the things of the Spirit of God? 1 Cor. ii. 14. Why ſhould an avowal of the diſtinguiſhing doctrines of grace be deemed bigotry, and a practical profeſſion of them become offenſive? And yet, do you not *know*, do you not *feel*, that theſe things are facts?

But what, I would wiſh to know, what has *reaſon* ſubſtituted in the room of theſe divine truths? what religious principle that is capable of healing a guilty conſcience,—of ſupporting the ſoul in the ſtruggles of a dying hour,—of giving boldneſs in the tremendous day of judgment? What ſalvation, what Saviour has it provided? What regard has it ſhown for the honour of God in ſaving ſinners? Or, are there no ſinners to be ſaved? Or, is not God to ſave them? Theſe queries deſerve an honeſt, an earneſt attention.

But you inquire, "Is not every man at liberty to form an opinion for himſelf, and to act upon it when he has ſo done?" I anſwer—(1.) No man is lord of his neighbour's conſcience; and therefore every man is at liberty to judge for himſelf; for *every one of us ſhall give account of himſelf to God*, Rom. xiv. 12. But—(2.) Opinion is not a religious principle: If it be, then there muſt not be only diverſe, but contradictory principles of religion; which is abſurd and diſhonourable to God, and therefore cannot be admitted. If the heart of man, his *reaſon* or his *light*, be deſigned of God to be the fountain whence his religious principles are to be drawn, how is it that the capital doctrines of the Goſpel are either denied, or candidly concealed, or explained away, for fear of conſequences? As to *God*, what diſhonour can ariſe to him from a cordial reception of *all* his word? As to *ourſelves*, how can a ſuitable practice be ſupported, or even exiſt, without experience? And what ſort of religious experience muſt that be, which is not founded on a gracious knowledge of divine truth? The deity and ſatisfaction of Chriſt,—the perſon and work of the Holy Spirit,—electing, ſanctifying, and perſevering grace: no more enter into the religion of ſome profeſſors, than ſeven ſenſes into the human frame. You may as eaſily perſuade them to receive the one for truth as the other. Again, (3.) If men act on their own opinions, eſpecially as they are ſo various and inconſiſtent, they muſt, in fact, reject the Scriptures as a *ſtandard* of truth, and the bleſſed Spirit as a *teacher* of truth; becauſe he is not yea and nay. This, you ſee, brings us to the thought with which we began. And it is a truth which none can overturn, that, if the Bible be not the man of our counſel deciſively, and the Holy Spirit our interpreter without appeal, our religion will not profit us in the day of wrath. As a guide to vital religion, our *light* or *reaſon* is blind, impotent, fooliſh. It never ſhows us our real ſtate as ſinners,—the importance and neceſſity of the ſalvation of Chriſt; nor the certain, eternal happineſs of thoſe who are partakers of it. No, my friend, it never leads the man out of him-

ſelf for an object of truſt and dependance ; and therefore his hope is loſt, and his thoughts periſh for ever, Pſ. cxlvi. 4. Prov. xxviii. 26. Jerem. xvii. 5. Here, you obſerve, the God of truth, without apology, declares ſuch a man to be a *fool* and *accurſed*. How awfully dangerous is it then to ſend a man to his own *heart* for his religious principles ; where nothing but darkneſs and deſtruction are found ! " What ! (ſay you,) muſt *my light and reaſon* be ſubject to faith ?" Yes, and faith itſelf muſt be ſubject to the word and ſpirit of God, or you will be forever a ſtranger to the enjoyment of his preſence. At all events, therefore, my ſoul has a more ſolid ground of hope than yours ; for my reaſon is the ſcholar, not the tutor. And, if my tutor be an infallible guide, and you cannot prove it is not, then I am *ſafe ;* but *where* are you ? You exiſt, but *were ?* Whither has your light led you ? *If the light that is in thee be darkneſs, HOW great is that darkneſs !* And you know who ſaid, *Take heed therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkneſs.* See Matt. vi. 23. Luke, xi. 35. The fact is, that religion, whoſe principles are drawn from the human *heart*, is altogether repugnant to the word of God, wholly derogatory to the character of Chriſt, and perfectly oppoſite to the experience and hopes of a gracious man. This, by the way, is no mean proof, in its place, that the Bible is not of man, but of God. Happy the man who is enabled to deny himſelf, and to reſt his whole ſalvation on a juſt and gracious God in Chriſt Jeſus. May this be *your* religion and *mine !*

I am,

MINOR QUAM NIL.

ETERNITY OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

DEAR SIR, *Kett. May* 29, 1795.

HAVING a little leiſure, I now attend to the requeſt of *Brightonenſis*, who wiſhes to ſee a " Scriptural and reaſonable defence of the eternity of hell torments, in oppoſition to the notion of the final redemption of both men and devils, from eternal fire to the enjoyment of God in glory."

If this correſpondent wiſhes to ſee the ſubject thoroughly diſcuſſed, he ſhould read Dr. *Edwards'* Anſwer to Dr. Chauncey upon it. I know nothing that I can offer more ſuitable to the preſent occaſion than the copy of a letter which was addreſſed to a miniſter now living, who had embraced the univerſal ſcheme.

K——, *Feb.* 14, 1793.

" My Dear Friend,

" It has afforded me ſome painful concern to hear of your having embraced the ſcheme of univerſal ſalvation. When you was at K——, you appeared to me to be of a ſpeculating diſpoſition. I have long thought ſuch a turn of mind to be very advantageous, or very dangerous: Perſons of this deſcription either make great advances in truth, or fall into great errors. I cannot, in this letter, enter deeply into the controverſy; nor is there any neceſſity for it, as I am told that Dr. Edwards's Anſwer to Dr. Chauncey is in your hands. I earneſtly wiſh you may read that piece with care, impartiality, and openneſs to conviction. I think you ought to have read it before you advanced your change of ſentiment; and I greatly wiſh you had: For though I do not queſtion your openneſs to conviction, any more than I ſhould that of any other perſon in your ſituation, yet I know ſomething of what is in man; I know it is a very rare thing *when we have once openly diſavowed a ſentiment, to return to it, and openly avow it again.* There are many inſtances of people changing their principles, and there may have been inſtances of the other, but I do not recollect any. Falſe ſhame, ſupported by miſtaken pride, forms here a very powerful temptation. The dread of being accuſed of verſatility and indeciſion, inſenſibly obtains ſuch a dominion over the mind, as to blind it to one ſide of the argument, and to give efficacy to every thing that looks like an argument, or the ſhadow of an argument on the other.

" It is certainly a very ſerious matter that we *do not err* in our miniſtrations. Error in a miniſter may affect the eternal welfare of many. I hope I may preſume upon the friendlineſs of your temper, while I expoſtulate with you upon the ſubject. I will not be tedious to you, but let me intreat you to conſider the following things:

" Firſt, whether your change of ſentiment has not ariſen from an idea of endleſs puniſhment being in itſelf *unjuſt.* If it has, conſider *whether* this does not ariſe from diminutive notions of the evil of ſin; *whether* you be not too much infected by ſin yourſelf to be a proper judge of its demerit; (a company of criminals would be very improper judges of the equity and goodneſs of a law which condemns them;) *whether* you do not hold a principle, from which it will follow, that millions will be finally happy who will not be indebted to either the grace of God, or the death of Chriſt, for their happineſs, and conſequently muſt have a Heaven to themſelves, not being able to join with thoſe who aſcribe

theirs to God and the Lamb. For if endleſs miſery be *unjuſt*, exemption from it muſt be the ſinner's *right*, and can never be attributed to *mercy*; neither could a mediator be needed to induce a righteous God to liberate the ſinner, when he had ſuffered his full deſert. In fine, conſider whether you do not contradict your own experience. I think you have told me of your great diſtreſs of ſoul, ariſing from a conſciouſneſs of your deſerving to be caſt out of God's favour, and baniſhed for ever from his preſence. Can you *now* ſay, that you did not deſerve this? Do you not deſerve it ſtill? If you do, why not others?

"Secondly, Conſider *whether the genius of the ſentiment in queſtion, be not oppoſite to that of every other ſentiment in the Bible.* The whole tenor of Scripture *ſaith to the righteous, it ſhall be well with him, and to the wicked, it ſhall be ill with him*: But univerſal ſalvation ſaith not only to the righteous, but the wicked, it ſhall be well at laſt with him. Do conſider whether you can find any one Scripture truth that reſembles it in this reſpect. What doctrine, beſides this, can you find in the Bible, that affords encouragement to a ſinner going on ſtill in his treſpaſſes, and which furniſhes ground for hope and joy, even ſuppoſing him to perſevere in ſin till death? Inſtead of ſiding with God againſt a wicked world, as a ſervant of God ought to do, is not this a ſiding with a wicked world againſt God, and encouraging them to believe, what they are apt enough to believe without encouragement, that *they ſhall have peace, though they add drunkenneſs to thirſt? Wo is me*, ſaid an Apoſtle, *if I preach not the Goſpel! If an angel from Heaven preach any other Goſpel*, he is declared to be *accurſed!* Do ſeriouſly conſider whether the doctrine of univerſal ſalvation will not render your preaching *another Goſpel.* The Goſpel of Chriſt is *good tidings to the meek, healing to the broken hearted*, and *comfort to them that mourn*; but muſt not yours be good tidings to the proud and the impenitent, and comfort to thoſe whom the Scripture declares under condemnation and the curſe? The Goſpel of Chriſt is a ſyſtem of holineſs, a ſyſtem entirely oppoſite to every vicious bias of the human heart, a ſyſtem, therefore, which no unrenewed heart embraces—*he that believeth that Jeſus is the Chriſt, is born of God:*—But the good news which you muſt publiſh requires no change of heart that it may be embraced, being juſt ſuited to the wiſhes of an abandoned mind.

"Thirdly, Conſider whether your miniſtrations, on this principle, will not favor of his who taught our firſt parents, *Ye ſhall not ſurely die.* If you ſhould raiſe the hopes of

the ungodly part of your audience, that though they ſhould live and die in their *filthiness*, yet they ſhall not *be filthy ſtill*; though they go down to the *pit*, yet it ſhall not prove *bottomleſs*; though the worm may prey upon them, yet at ſome period or other it ſhall *die*; and though they may have to encounter devouring fire, yet they ſhall not dwell in *everlaſting* burnings: If, I ſay, you ſhould raiſe ſuch hopes, and if all at laſt ſhould prove a deception, think how you will be able to look *them* in the face another day; and what is ſtill more, how you will be able to look HIM in the face who charged you to be *pure from the blood of all men*, and to *ſay unto the wicked, it ſhall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands ſhall be given him!*

"My dear friend! do not take it unkindly. My ſoul is grieved for you, and for the ſouls of many around you. How are you as to peace of mind, and communion with God? Beware of the whirlpool of Socinianiſm. From what I underſtand of the nature and tendency of your principles, it appears to me you are already within the influence of its deſtructive ſtream. All who hold this ſentiment, I know, are not Socinians; but there are few, if any Socinians, who do not hold this ſentiment, which is certainly of a piece with their whole ſyſtem. It would greatly rejoice my heart to be able to acknowledge you, as heretofore, my brother, and fellow labourer in the Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt. Do let me hear from you, and believe me to be

Yours, very affectionately, &c. &c."

N. B. The writer of this letter was never indulged with an anſwer. If it may be thought of any uſe, you are at liberty to inſert it in the Evangelical Magazine.

From yours,
GAIUS.

ON SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

THE following Rules are very uſeful:—Firſt, No part of Scripture appears mean, if it be rightly underſtood. 2d. Though there be a moſt lively and alluring ſimplicity, in the true explication of Scripture, yet nothing but ſpiritual experience can make that evidence rightly underſtood. 3d, As a paſſage of Scripture, truly underſtood, under the illuminating influence of the Holy Ghoſt, doth, by its own

light and power, manifeſt itſelf to be the true mind of God, it is not ſafe to deal too *much* in *criticisms;* as they are apt to lead men into uncertain ſpeculations. 4th, If a truth be manifeſted to our conſcience, as clearly taught or enforced in many places of Scripture, we ought to hold it faſt, notwithſtanding many apparent difficulties, ſtill waiting on the Lord, till he ſolve them in his own time and way, (Prov. ii. 1 to 7.) 5th. Though every adult child of God be, in his own meaſure, enlightened in the knowledge of the Scriptures, by the Holy Ghoſt, all of them ought earneſtly to endeavour to obtain more and more of his illuminations. (Hoſ. vi. 3. 2 Pet. i. 19. Prov. iv. 7.) 6th. As we muſt carefully beware of impoſing a meaning of our own upon any text of Scripture, ſo we ought to beware of confining its ſenſe, and ſo neglecting to dig farther into its meaning. In many caſes, a proper conſociation of parallel texts will be found of great uſe for explaining of the Lord's word, which is exceeding broad.

TIMOTHY.

MELANCHOLY EVENT.

On Saturday August 15th, the following melancholy event happened at the Mill, near West-lane, Rotherhithe.

AS John Barefoot was ſuperintending ſome part of the buſineſs of the mill, he was ſuddenly entangled by it, and literally torn to pieces before it could be ſtopped. He has left a wife and one child. His widow, who is again pregnant, is in neceſſitous circumſtances; and the gentlemen who own the mill are ſoliciting ſubſcriptions for her ſupport, till ſhe has laid-in, when ſhe means to go out to ſervice.

About a year and a half ago, as this young man was paſſing Mr. T—'s meeting, on the evening of a Lord's day, after having ſpent the other part of it in a careleſs, prophane manner; he was prompted by curioſity to go in. He no ſooner was ſeated, and began to liſten, than he ſuſpected Mr. T—'s eyes were principally directed towards him, and he was, he thought, confirmed in this idea, by the things ſpoken being ſo very applicable to his character and conduct. He was aſhamed to go out, and yet the addreſs which the miniſter was making to thoughtleſs ſinners in general, ap-

peared ſo immediately directed to him, that he was much agitated, and aſhamed to look up. Service being ended, he haſted out of the place, and told ſome of his companions that he would never be caught in there any more. Notwithſtanding this ſtrong and haſty reſolution, the truths he had heard continued ſo powerfully to impreſs his mind, that he could not get rid of them, and the more he thought of them, the more his mind was affected by them; and on the return of the Lord's day, he found himſelf unable to reſiſt the deſire he had to attend worſhip again in the ſame place. He accordingly went, and ſo abundantly did the Lord bleſs the word to his ſoul, that he became an earneſt ſeeker after the kingdom of God, and his righteouſneſs, Matt. vi. 33; never more forſook the ordinances of God's houſe, but walked in the way of God, with growing comfort and delight, to the day on which God took him home to himſelf.

The morning on which this awful providence befel him, he was reading his Bible the whole time he was at breakfaſt: His breakfaſt finiſhed, and his Bible cloſed, he returned to the mill, little ſuſpecting that he was juſt upon the point of going to his father's houſe above. John xiv. 2.

A LETTER to a young Female Friend, cautioning her against the danger of an improper connexion.

MADAM,

SOME apology would perhaps be neceſſary for troubling you with the following lines, did not the exigency of the caſe warrant me to treſpaſs on your patience; and as it is on a ſubject which of all others moſt concerns your future welfare, I truſt you will attend to what I have to ſay with deliberate compoſure, and weigh whatever arguments I may adduce in the ſcale of unbiaſſed judgment. But as it is requiſite to make known the motives which induced me to intereſt myſelf in a cauſe which cannot any way affect me, I muſt premiſe, that, from my ſituation in life I cannot have the ſmalleſt intereſt, either directly, or indirectly, in the iſſue of any tranſaction of yours; and conſequently muſt be exonerated from the moſt diſtant charge of ſiniſter motives in the preſent caſe. I have for ſome years known you as a profeſſor of Chriſtianity, and may venture to ſay, have long reſpected you as a diſciple of Chriſt; and though I can boaſt of an acquaintance with you, yet it is by no

means prudent to myſelf to hazard a verbal converſation on the ſubject. With a view therefore to ſave you from deſtruction, I take up my pen to ſay it was with much aſtoniſhment I lately heard you were on the eve of a matrimonial alliance with Mr.——. At firſt I conſidered it as the production of a ſlanderous tongue; but it has ſince been told me in ſo unqueſtionable a ſhape, that I am neceſſitated to give credit to a tale, I would gladly have believed to be untrue. You cannot be unacquainted, Madam, with the treatment the late wife of Mr.—— received at his hands; as I am perſuaded there are but few perſons in ————who knew that pair, but can witneſs he ruled her with a rod of iron. If this was experienced by a woman whoſe age was nearly parallel with his own, is it likely you will meet a milder fate, whoſe years are ſo diſproportionate? Reflection muſt convince you there is no ſtation in life where jealouſy is more predominate than in the unequal union of the ſexes, whether conſidered as to age or fortune.

Love is cauſed by a ſimilitude in the diſpoſitions and affections, and muſt be cemented by a mutual confidence and eſteem! but, is it probable that youth and age can experience the power of attraction, when their paſſions and purſuits are not the ſame? Surely not; and therefore ſuch an union muſt be contrary to the laws of nature, and the moral precepts of the Deity. Mr.—— is alſo a man whoſe debilitated habit of body renders him totally unfit to be the companion of a woman of ſenſibility; more than half the year he is afflicted with a diſorder which often over-balances the tempers of the meek and patient; and if ſo, I leave to your own reflection what muſt the experience of a man whoſe conduct is by no means ſuch as ſhould adorn the huſband of a pious woman.—It cannot be unknown to you, that the family in general, ſo far from being profeſſors of Chriſtianity, evidently evince the depravity of their morals, by living in the open practice of iniquity, and declaring by their actions, that, if not profeſſional, they are practical Atheiſts. As the younger branches of that family are (I believe) individually older than yourſelf, you will naturally imagine they are (and I know it to be the caſe), totally averſe to the union in every point of view: What felicity can you then expect in your domeſtic concerns? Can your happineſs centre in a man, whoſe age is more than double your own, eſpecially when you find yourſelf degraded and deſpiſed by his own kindred? Suppoſe for a moment, Madam, your partner taken off by death, yourſelf perhaps ſurrounded with an infant family, neglected by your huſband's relations, your offspring expoſed to the inſults and degradation of thoſe

who ought to protect them, and their mother forſaken and condemned by thoſe whom ſhe formerly called their friends, for the inconſiderate action which expoſed them to miſery and woe?

Can you believe, Madam, that a man who has hitherto lived in the practice of vice and immorality, will permit you to attend the ordinances of God with your accuſtomed regularity? Can you, dare you hazard the falling off from religious duties by ſubjecting yourſelf to the caprice of one who is a ſtranger to them? Or can you expoſe yourſelf to the indignation of a juſtly offended God, by uniting yourſelf with a man who has lived in open rebellion againſt him? I hope not; and e'er it be too late, would intreat you to reflect on the fatal conſequences that would enſue, and avoid a ſtep that muſt prove your inevitable ruin. As you value your immortal part, flee from the deluſive dream, and by immediately diſmiſſing him from your company, preſerve your character from juſt cenſure, and your mind from the inſupportable torture of ſelf-reproach.

I fear you have foſtered a ſerpent in your boſom, having reaſon to believe a female acquaintance (friend I cannot call her,) has endeavoured to forward the addreſſes of Mr. —— by an artful concealment of his real character. If this be truly the caſe, remember that even religion may be a cloak for vice, and the ſpecious maſk of friendſhip may be uſed to deceive unguarded innocence.

For thus intruding on your patience, I think there is little cauſe to apologiſe, the writer having your welfare at heart, and being actuated by no other motive than your private good, and the preſervation of your future peace. I will therefore cloſe this epiſtle by recommending you in prayer to the interference and protection of the Almighty, that he may preſerve and keep you from the impending danger. Whatever your preſent opinion may be of me, you will one day think me your friend, though at preſent,

UNKNOWN.

CHRISTIAN PATIENCE.

IN the preſent world, every Chriſtian has need of patience. It is not poſſible to live in comfort, without the exerciſe of this grace. It is a choice remedy for every malady. Without it, Job would have utterly fainted in the day of his adverſity. Without it, Paul could not have been contented in

his various conditions. Its effectual operation is not to deſtroy the Chriſtian's ſenſibility, and to form in his boſom the heart of a ſtoic; but it is to enable him to bear his trials and and afflictions with a calm ſubmiſſion to the divine will, and to wait, with humble reſignation, the Lord's own time and way for accompliſhing thoſe divine and precious promiſes on which his moſt pleaſing expectations are founded. Afflictions of body, diſappointments in life, temptations and buffetings of Satan, the contradiction, oppoſition and perſecution of men, together with the occaſional hidings of God's lovely face, and his ſeeming delays to anſwer prayer, may be expected in this militant ſtate of the church; but in the midſt of all, let patience have its perfect work, and the pious ſoul will not deſpair; nay, it will even glory in tribulation. We have heard of the patience of Job; he had great need thereof. There was a day when melancholy tidings reached his ears. One doleful meſſenger arrived after another with intelligence ſtill more diſmal and diſaſtrous; that, after being informed of the deſtruction of his oxen and aſſes, his ſheep, camels and ſervants, the fourth and laſt meſſenger arrived with the dreadful news that his ſons and daughters were eating and drinking in their eldeſt brother's houſe, when, mournful to relate! a great wind from the wilderneſs ſmote the four corners of the houſe, that it fell in, and killed every one except the individual who eſcaped to bring the ſad account. In theſe diſtreſſing and overwhelming circumſtances, behold what patience, in connexion with other graces, did for Job. He did not curſe God, and kill himſelf, but in patience poſſeſſed himſelf, and ſaid, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the name of the Lord!" It was patience which made the holy Pſalmiſt open not his mouth in murmurs, when conſumed by the blow of the hand of God. This made Aaron hold his peace, when his ſons Nadab and Abihu were ſlain by fire from the Lord. It was the exerciſe of his grace which enabled Eli to ſay, "It is the Lord: Let him do what ſeemeth him good," when he was informed by Samuel that the Lord would judge his houſe for ever. The apoſtle James tells the brethren to take the prophets for an example of patience. Jeſus teſtified of them, in his ſermon on the Mount, that they had been perſecuted; and we know how Daniel and Jeremiah ſuffered in that way; but patience enabled them to endure, and that without murmuring. Patience appeared conſpicuous in the apoſtles, and particularly in Paul, when, in the view of bonds, afflictions and death, he could calmly and truly ſay, "None of theſe things move me." But never did patience appear in ſuch perfection as

in the ever-bleſſed and adorable Jeſus. This man of ſorrows, who endured all kinds of miſeries, never once murmured. He was brought as a lamb to the ſlaughter; and, as a ſheep before the ſhearers is dumb, ſo he openeth not his mouth. The garden in which he agonized, and the croſs on which he bled, bear witneſs to his patient ſufferings, even unto death.

But patience is exerciſed not only in a calm ſubmiſſion to preſent croſſes and afflictions, but alſo in waiting for the good things which God has promiſed to give to them that love him. Chriſt was waiting for the joy ſet before him when he patiently endured the croſs. Moſes had reſpect to the recompence of reward, when he patiently ſuffered afflictions with the people of God. There are many great and precious promiſes which he has made to ſuffering ſaints; particularly, that he will not ſuffer them to be tempted above what they are able to bear, and will make a way for their eſcape; That their grievous chaſtenings ſhall produce the peaceable fruits of righteouſneſs; that he will never leave them, but ever be with them to ſupply all their needs, and make all things work together for their good; and at laſt to deliver them out of all their troubles, and take them to the enjoyment of an eternal weight of glory. The apoſtle ſpeaks of the *patience of hope*, which may be the quiet waiting for God to accompliſh his promiſes in giving ſuch enjoyment as hope had for its object. If we hope for that we ſee not, then do we with patience wait for it. Ye have need of patience; that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promiſe. There muſt be a patient continuance in well doing. We muſt run with patience the race that is ſet before us. It is through faith and patience we muſt inherit the promiſes. The Pſalmiſt waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto him, and heard his cry. The ſame Lord will hear, and ſave to the uttermoſt all thoſe who, in like manner, wait for him.

Patience is a moſt deſirable grace. It ſtands highly commended in the ſacred Scriptures. Solomon might well ſay, "The patient in ſpirit is better than the proud in ſpirit." Yes, unſpeakably better indeed! Patience is truly and highly acceptable to God, as the apoſtle Peter ſays, "If when ye do well, and ſuffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God." The patience of the churches in Epheſus, in Thyatira, and Philadelphia, is particularly noticed and commended; and Paul even gloried in the Theſſalonians for their patience and faith in all their perſecutions nd tribulations. The exerciſe of this grace brings much

glory to God: Like love, it thinketh no evil; but hopeth and endureth all things. It views the various ſorrows and afflictions, which render its exerciſe neceſſary, as the merciful appointment of infinite wiſdom to prepare the veſſels of mercy for the realms of endleſs glory. While it glorifies God, it comforts its poſſeſſor, and benefits the community. In patience, ſaid the bleſſed Jeſus, "*Poſſeſs ye your ſouls.*" Impatience will not ſuffer a man to enjoy any thing. Let him have who or what he may, while deſtitute of patience, he has no peace, but is conſtantly uneaſy, and a burden to himſelf: But in the exerciſe of this grace of patience he has a peace, which the world cannot give, and which death itſelf cannot take away.

O then for this choice and precious grace! Where and how is it to be obtained? Do we not know that the God of heaven is the God of all grace? From him every good and perfect gift cometh. He is expreſsly called the God of patience; and all who would have it, muſt pray unto him for it. The increaſe and exerciſe of it may be promoted by the right uſe of the ſacred Scriptures, and a due regard to the diſpenſations of Divine Providence. The Scriptures, like godlineſs, are profitable unto all things, and particularly to perfect the man of God in the grace of patience. It is expreſsly ſaid, by the Apoſtle Paul, that "Whatſoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning; that we through *patience* and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope." In them, not only the calls and exhortations to patience, but alſo the motives and arguments to promote the ſame, are many and weighty. Hear particularly the apoſtle James, "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the huſbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye alſo patient." If we pay a due regard to the diſpenſations of God in his providence, the ſame will tend to promote our patience. We may daily obſerve his patience and long-ſuffering towards all men. He waits to be gracious, and have mercy, and ſurely then we may patiently wait for his mercy and grace. He bears with more provocations in us than we have to bear with in any of our fellow-creatures. His afflictive diſpenſations are nothing new, and the deſign of them is to work patience in our ſouls, ſo as to conform us to himſelf, and fit us for his heavenly kingdom; when everlaſting joy ſhall be upon our heads, and ſorrow and ſighing ſhall flee away.

S. B.

PROPERTIES OF A CHILD OF GRACE.

[*Extracted from a Letter written by a Minister, aged about Twenty-three, to his Young Friends.*]

IF you are born again, you ſee; for a *living child ſees.* what have you ſeen? Yourſelves ſinners, by nature and practice? In heart and life? Undone and miſerable in yourſelves? Your own inſufficiency to ſave yourſelves? Periſhing without an intereſt in Chriſt? That you cannot be ſaved by your own righteouſneſs of filthy rags? Your ſtrength to be weakneſs, and wiſdom folly, in ſalvation-matters? Your light, in divine things, attended with darkneſs? The holineſs, purity, and perfection of God's law? your contrariety to it in heart and life, and inability to do any duty in that perfect manner it requires? That if God had dealt with you according to it, in your own perſons you muſt have periſhed for ever? An all-ſufficiency in Chriſt? Suitableneſs to your caſe? A ſoul-attracting, heart-raviſhing beauty in him and his ſalvation? That you muſt be ſaved by free diſtinguiſhing grace?

A living child hears. Have you heard the law condemn and curſe you? Chriſt invite you to come to him, as weary for reſt; naked, for raiment; poor, for grace? Do you approve of Chriſt? Rev. iii. 20. Matt. xi. 28. Jer. iii. 22.

A living child cries. Have you, by theſe views, been made to confeſs ſin? Proſtrating yourſelves, as ſelf-condemned, to cry for pardoning mercy and ſanctifying grace? For ſtrength, under ſenſe of weakneſs? Draw me; turn me, help me; give me Chriſt, whatever I be denied of.

A living child has deſires. What do you deſire? Chriſt above all? Chriſt alone? Pſa. lxxiii. 25. His preſence as your chiefeſt comfort and greateſt joy? To have your natures ſanctified, as well as ſins pardoned? To be like Chriſt, as well as ſaved from wrath to come? To have your hearts filled with grace, as well as heads with knowledge? To make God's glory your end, and his word your rule.

A living child muſt have ſomething to live upon. What are your enjoyments? Upon what do you live? Is Chriſt ſweet to you? Do you live by the faith of the Son of God? *To whom do you live?* Rom. xiv. 7. 1 Cor. vi. 20. Col. iii. 17. Do you obey his commands with an eye to his glory? In

imitation of his example? Depending on his arm for ſtrength? Truſting in his merits and mediation for acceptance?

A child has a likeness. To whom are you like? Are you breathing after holineſs; after conformity to Chriſt in your hearts? And are your lives conformable to the word of God, and example of Chriſt?

J. M.

A MEDITATION.

Truly the light is ſweet, and a pleaſant thing it is for the eyes to behold the Sun.

BE ſtill, my ſoul, and ſtand amazed at the abounding mercy of that God, who has called thee out of darkneſs into his marvellous light. By nature I was blind to all that is lovely, or of good report. I ſaw no beauty in the Saviour that I ſhould deſire him. My carnal mind was at enmity with the God of my life; I deſired not the knowledge of his ways. Sin had ſo darkened my underſtanding, that religion appeared a needleſs thing; yea, it ſeemed irkſome. But as the benighted traveller, who has journeyed long through the ſhades of night, with pleaſure beholds the returning day; ſo, in a far nobler ſenſe, was my ſoul enamoured and delighted, when the Sun of righteouſneſs ſhone on my once benighted mind, diſpelling the dark clouds of ſin and ignorance, and reſtoring me to the favour and friendſhip of God. Now religion is no longer a taſk, but a delightful privilege. Wiſdom's ways are pleaſant, and all her paths are peace. My Bible no longer lies covered with duſt, but I read it with ſweet delight, beholding Jeſus in every page. This is a light unto my feet, and a lamp unto my path. The Holy Spirit takes of the things of Chriſt, and reveals them to me; and I find them ſweet indeed, ſweeter than honey, or the honey-comb.

Reader, art thou a friend of God; or art thou ſtill going on in thy ſin and rebellion againſt the Author of all thy mercy? If ſo, living and dying without repentance, far better thou hadſt never been born; for if born but once, thou muſt die twice. Without a new birth thou canſt not enter the kingdom of heaven; for heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. But if thou art renewed by divine grace, and art walking in the light of God's countenance, thy light

is ſweet indeed. To thee it is pleaſant to behold that glorious natural luminary; becauſe in the light thereof, thou ſeeſt the variegated beauties that ſurround thee, each proclaiming its almighty Former, and each affording matter for meditation and praiſe. But when the Sun of righteouſneſs ſhines into thy ſoul, it gives thee pleaſure beyond the conceptions of the men of the world. Then thou haſt joy and peace in believing. Jeſus is precious unto thee; his name is as ointment poured forth. He is thy choiceſt flower; the roſe of Sharon; the faireſt lily of the vale; the chief among ten thouſand, and altogether lovely.

Thy joy is to walk in the light of his face;
And ſtill thou art talking of Jeſus's grace.

R. C.

Mr. Editor,

HAVING met with the following beautiful little piece, in manuſcript, I have tranſmitted it for inſertion in the Magazine; as it may probably, be acceptable to ſome of your readers, who may have been called to ſuſtain a ſimilar diſpenſation in Providence. ERASTUS.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

OUR dear Francis was a lovely child; his little body beautifully ſhaped; and, the openings of his infant mind were delightful to us, as the bloſſoms in ſpring. His ſmiles had often filled our parental hearts with joy; and eight months' acquaintance had united our affections cloſely to him. At this time a friend called at our houſe—a friend, whom we had long truſted, and always found moſt affectionate and faithful—his name is Jeſus—a name that muſt always be "as ointment poured out." He ſaw we were unable to provide for our infant charge; and ſo, without aſking our leave, he took it away with him, knowing that when we became acquainted with his reaſons and motives, we ſhould rather rejoice than repine. But, mark his tenderneſs! —At the ſame time that he took our ſweet darling to himſelf he left behind him, for our peruſal and comfort, an account of what he had done, with his motives and reaſons, expreſſed in a manner calculated at once to calm, compoſe,

and ſatisfy our minds. He therein aſſured us, that all he had done, he had done in love; that he would provide for our darling above all that we could aſk or think; that the babe ſhould lie in his boſom, and lack for nothing; that he ſhould not have a want unſupplied, or wiſh ungratified; that he ſhould never be out of his ſight, or feel pain or ſorrow more. At the ſame time, he aſſured us of his *ability to perform all* he had promiſed; and added, that in a ſhort time he would come again, and take us too, that we and our ſweet babe might be happy together for ever and ever!—What can we ſay in anſwer, but "Be it unto us according to thy word!"

ON THE IMMACULATE LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

PART THE FIRST.

THE character and work of Chriſt form a very conſiderable part of the Goſpel embaſſy. The attention of Chriſtians in all ages has been deſervedly drawn towards this important ſubject. His Godhead, his manhood, his miraculous conception, his life, death, reſurrection, aſcenſion, and interceſſion at the right hand of God, are topics, each of them full of the richeſt conſolation to believers. There is nothing pertaining to Chriſt which is unintereſting. It has lately ſtruck my mind, that the immaculate life of Chriſt is a ſubject that has not been inſiſted on in our ſermons and bodies of divinity in proportion to its importance in the evangelical ſcheme. The thoughts which I have to offer upon this ſubject will be contained in *two parts*. In the firſt I ſhall take a view of the evidences with which it is ſupported; and, in the ſecond, conſider its connexion with the truth of Chriſtianity, and of ſome of its leading principles.

The *evidences* by which the immaculate life of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt is ſupported are as follows: Firſt, *His friends, who knew the moſt of him, and who wrote his life, describe him as without fault.* The characters of men are often beſt eſteemed by thoſe who know the leaſt of them. Like works of art, they will not bear a cloſe inſpection: But thoſe who were moſt converſant with Jeſus, *beheld his glory*, and loved him beſt. Peter tells us, "He did no ſin, neither was guile

found in his mouth.*" He describes him as "a lamb without a spot†." Paul speaks of him as being "made sin for us who knew no sin‡." John teaches that "He was manifested to take away our sins, and in him was no sin‖." And the whole company of the disciples, in their address to God, speak of him as "his holy child Jesus." Acts iv. 27. It is true, some of the Evangelists do not make express mention of his perfect innocence; but they all write his life as faultless. There is not a shade of imperfection that attaches to his character from the beginning to the end of their accounts of him. This evidence derives peculiar weight from the evident impartiality of these writers in other cases. They do not hide each other's faults, nor even their own. The imperfections of the apostles during Christ's life upon earth, were numerous, and in some cases affecting; yet they narrate them with the greatest sincerity. Even those faults which are most degrading to dignity of character, and the most mortifying to reflect upon, they never affect to conceal. They tell of their little foolish contests for superiority, of their carnality in desiring an earthly kingdom, and of their cowardice in forsaking him in the hour of extremity; but never do they suggest any thing to the disadvantage of their Lord and Master.

Secondly, *his worst enemies have never been able to substantiate a single charge against him.* Though our friends have the greatest advantages of knowing us, yet, it may be alledged, they are partial, and that the scrutiny of an adversary is most likely to discover our imperfections. Be it so: It is to the glory of Christ's character that it will bear the test of both. A public challenge was given to the Jews, his most inveterate enemies, to "accuse him of sin**," and not one of them dared to accept it. That which adds peculiar weight to this evidence is the circumstance of Christ having just before inveighed against them with the keenest severity. "Ye are of your father, the devil," said he, "and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a liar from the beginning—and because I tell you the truth, ye believe me not." v. 44, 45. Under such charges from him, if there had been any shadow of a ground for accusation, they would most certainly have seized it. The apostles gave nearly a similar challenge on behalf of their Lord as he had given for himself: They taxed their countrymen with "having denied the Holy One and the Just, and preferred a murderer before

* 1 *Pet. ii.* 22. † 1 *Pet. i.* 19. ‡ 2 *Cor.* v. 21. ‖ 1 *John, iii.* 5.
** *John, viii.* 46.

him*." How are we to account for the ſilence of theſe adverſaries? It was not for want of will; it muſt therefore be for want of power.

But there were ſome who in the life-time of Jeſus did accuſe him: They ſaid, "he is a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and ſinners." They inſinuated that he was *ambitious*. Jeſus having declared, ſaying, "I am the light of the world;" they anſwered, "thou beareſt record of thyſelf, thy record is not true;" and the ſame objection is repeated by a modern Jewiſh writer†." They alſo charged him with *blaſphemy, in that he, being a man made himſelf God:* And for this ſuppoſed blaſphemy they put him to death. To the former part of theſe charges it may be anſwered, that they who preferred them, do not appear to have believed them: If they had, they would have made uſe of them, eſpecially when challenged to *accuſe* our Lord *of ſin*. As to the latter part of them, I acknowledge, were I to embrace any ſyſtem of Chriſtianity which leaves out the proper Deity of Chriſt, I ſhould be unable to vindicate him. Either his words did mean what the Jews underſtood him to mean, or they did not. If they did, upon every hypotheſis which excludes his proper Deity, he was a blaſphemer; if they did not, he ought explicitly, and with abhorrence, to have rejected the idea of making himſelf God. But, if I admit that he really was God manifeſt in the fleſh, all theſe objections fall to the ground.

It is worthy of notice that modern unbelievers are not very eager to attack the moral character of Chriſt. Through all their writings, full of railing accuſations on every other ſubject, one cannot but remark a cautious reſerve upon this. Mr. *Paine*, who, in a talent of the higheſt importance to the cauſe of infidelity, I mean impudence, has had but few equals; even Mr. *Paine* declines this part of the buſineſs. Amidſt all his rancour againſt revelation, he ſeems diſpoſed to follow the advice of Pilate's wife to *have nothing to do with that juſt man*. "Nothing," he obſerves in his *Age of Reaſon*, "which is here ſaid, can apply even with the moſt diſtant diſreſpect to the *real* character of Jeſus Chriſt. He was a virtuous and an amiable man. The morality that he preached and practiſed was of the moſt benevolent kind." Whether Mr. Paine can conſiſtently with theſe conceſſions reject the evangelical hiſtory, we ſhall by and by inquire; ſuffice it at preſent to obſerve, that though he diſowns Jeſus to be the ſon of God, yet he ranks among the witneſſes in

* *Acts, iii.* 14. † *Mr. Levi.*

favour of his moral character. But can it be true, we may be tempted to aſk, that Mr. Paine, that determined adverſary to Chriſtianity, ſhould have made ſuch a conceſſion in favour of Chriſt? Is Saul alſo among the the prophets? It is even ſo; nor let it appear a matter of ſurpriſe: The father of lies himſelf was conſtrained to unite in this truth: "I know thee who thou art—the holy one of God*."

Thirdly, *Chriſt himſelf, who beſt knew his own heart, and who never was known to boaſt, bore witneſs of himſelf, that he was free from ſin.* Not only did he challenge his moſt inveterate enemies, ſaying, *which of you accuſeth me of ſin?* but declared, what no other man did or could, that he "always did thoſe things which pleaſed God†;" that there was "no unrighteouſneſs in him‡;" that when the prince of this world ſhould come, he ſhould "find nothing in him§;" and that he was *meek and lowly in heart*, a perfect model for his followers to imitate, and into whoſe *image* they were predeſtinated to be conformed‖." If it be objected in the words of the ancient Jews, *He beareth record of himſelf, his record is not true*; it might be anſwered in the words of Jeſus, "Though he bore record of himſelf, yet his record is true; for he knew whence and what he was**;" and as he was never known to deal in empty boaſting, his teſtimony has great weight in it.

Fourthly, *The temptations that our Lord underwent, inſtead of drawing him aſide, diſplayed his character to greater advantage.* Seaſons of temptation in the lives of men, even of good men, are commonly dark ſeaſons, and leave behind them ſad evidences of their imperfection. It was not without reaſon that our Lord cautioned us to pray, ſaying, *lead us not into temptation.* There are but few, if any inſtances in which we enter the field of conteſt, and come off without a wound. But to our Redeemer temptation was the pathway to glory. There was nothing in him on which it could faſten: Its arrows, therefore, rebounded upon the head of the tempter.

In all points he was tempted, like as we are, "yet without ſin††." He underwent the trials of poverty and want. He was often hungry and thirſty, and had not where to lay his head; yet he bore it without repining; he wrought miracles to ſatisfy the wants, and alleviate the miſeries of others; but for himſelf, ſtrictly ſpeaking, he wrought no miracles. It was upon this ground that Satan firſt accoſted

* *Luke, iv.* 34. † *John, viii.* 29. ‡ *John, vii.* 18.
§ *John, viii.* 13, 14. ‖ *Rom. viii.* 29. ** *John, xiv.* 30.
†† *Heb. iv.* 15.

him: "If thou be the Son of God, command that theſe ſtones be made bread:"—*q. d.* Would I having all creation at command, know the want of a piece of bread? But this temptation was repelled in a manner that diſcovered his heart to be wholly devoted to the will of God. Our Lord had alſo temptations of another kind; he had worldly honours offered him. Not only did Satan preſent to him *all the kingdoms of the world*, but the Jewiſh populace would have *made him a king* even *by force*, if he had not withdrawn himſelf. If Jeſus had poſſeſſed the leaſt degree of worldly ambition, there were arguments enow to have induced him to comply with the popular deſire. They had no king but Cæſar, and he was a tyrannic invader; who had juſt as much right in Judea, as the Empreſs of Ruſſia and the King of Pruſſia have in Poland. If the virtue of Jeſus had reſembled that of the great ſages of Grecian and Roman antiquity, he would have embraced this opportunity, and his name might have been enrolled in the annals of fame. Their pride was to be patriots; but that which they called patriotiſm was abhorrent to the ſpirit of Chriſt. He poſſeſſed too much philanthropy to enter into national prejudices and antipathies; and though the delivery of his country from the Roman yoke might have been doing a great piece of national juſtice, and, in this view, very lawful for ſome perſons to have undertaken, yet he declined it; for it made no part of that all-important deſign for which he came into the world. He was *doing a great work, and therefore could not come down.*

As his laſt ſufferings drew on, his devotedneſs to God, and his diſintereſted love to men, appeared more and more conſpicuous. He incurred the diſpleaſure of the Samaritans by *ſtedfaſtly ſetting his face to go up to Jeruſalem*, even though he knew what would follow upon it *a*. Under the proſpect of his ſufferings, he prayed, ſaying, "Now is my ſoul troubled, and what ſhall I ſay? Father, ſave me from this hour; but for this cauſe came I unto this hour. Father, glorify thy name *b*!" Never ſurely was ſuch a flood of tenderneſs poured forth as that which follows in his laſt diſcourſe to his diſciples, and in all his concluding prayer for them *c*. Follow him to the Jewiſh and Roman tribunals, and witneſs his meekneſs and patience. "When he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he ſuffered, he threatened not, but committed himſelf to him that judgeth righteouſly *d*. He was led as a lamb to the ſlaughter; and, as a ſheep before her ſhearers is dumb, ſo he opened not his

a *Luke, ix.* 53. b *John. xii.* 27, 28. c *John, xiii. xiv, xvi. xvii.*
d 1 *Pet. ii.* 23.

mouth *." There are two kinds of characters which are common among men—oppreſſive tyrants, and cringing ſycophants. The firſt are Lords, the laſt are ſlaves. But the character given of Chriſt ſhews that he was neither the one nor the other. "He did no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth." Though the Lord and Maſter of his diſciples, he was amongſt them as their ſervant; and when brought before Herod and Pilate, he betrayed no ſigns of fear: but amidſt their bluſtering, imperious, and ſcornful treatment, maintained a dignified ſilence.

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our ſorrows!" Throughout his ſufferings he manifeſted the tendereſt concern for ſinners, and even for his murderers. *The same night in which he was betrayed*, he was employed in providing for us, by inſtituting the ſacred ſupper; and as he hung upon the croſs, and beheld his enemies, he prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

Let not faſtidious infidelity object his want of *fortitude* in the garden; or rather, let it object, and make the moſt it can of the objection. It is true *his soul was troubled;* it is true he prayed, ſaying, "Father, if it be poſſible, let this cup paſs from me!" That is, he diſcovered what amongſt men of the moſt refined ſenſe are always accounted, *the amiable weaknesses of human nature.* Is it an honour under affliction to carry it off, or affect to carry it off with a high hand? rather, is it not an honour to feel the hand of God in it, and to acknowledge that we feel it? And if, amidſt theſe feelings, we be in *subjection to the Father of Spirits;* if, while we mourn, we do not murmur, this is the higheſt degree of perfection of which human nature is capable. Such was the ſpirit of our Redeemer, and ſuch the concluſion of his prayer in the garden, "Not my will, but thine be done.

That our bleſſed Lord was not deficient in *real* fortitude, is manifeſt from his conduct during his trial and crucifixion. He feared God, and put up ſtrong cries, and was heard in that he feared; but he feared not men. There his ſpirit ſhrunk under the weight: but here he is firm as a rock. The principal engines with which he was attacked from men, were *pain* and *disgrace.* By the firſt they deprived him of life, and by the laſt they hoped to wound his reputation, and cover his name with eternal infamy. But neither the one nor the other could divert him from his courſe: *He endured the cross, despising the shame, and went and sat down at the right hand of the throne of God!*

* *Ias. liii. 7.*

By the miſgivings of Chriſt's human nature in the garden, together with his firmneſs before men, we are furniſhed with very important inſtructions. From thence we learn, that the moſt dreadful part of his ſufferings were not thoſe which proceeded from men, but thoſe which came immediately from the hand of God. This agrees with what is implied in that pathetical exclamation, "My God, my God! why haſt thou forſaken me?" He could have borne the reſt, but this was worſe than death! How can this agree with any other idea of the death of Chriſt, than that of his being a *ſubſtitute* for ſinners? Upon no other principle can his agony in the garden, or his exclamation upon the croſs, be fairly accounted for.—From whence alſo we learn the abſolute *neceſſity* of Chriſt's death for our ſalvation. If it had been *poſſible* for the great deſigns of mercy to have been accompliſhed without his being made a propitiation for our ſins, there is every reaſon to ſuppoſe that his requeſt for an exemption would have been granted.

GAIUS.

On the Immaculate life of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

PART II.

IN a former paper I conſidered the evidences of the fact; in this I ſhall inquire into its importance, as it ſtands connected with the truth of Chriſtianity itſelf, and of ſome of the moſt intereſting branches of it.

Firſt, If the life of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt was immaculate, it muſt go a great way towards proving the truth of the Goſpel which he taught, and of that religion which he inculcated. If Jeſus Chriſt was "a virtuous and an amiable man," as Mr. Paine himſelf acknowledges, he muſt have been what he profeſſed to be, the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world. To allege, as this writer does, that "Chriſt wrote no account of himſelf—that the hiſtory of him is altogether the work of other people," is mere trifling. If the hiſtory that is written of him be undeſerving of credit, how came Mr. Paine to know any thing about either the amiableneſs of his character, or the excellence of that morality which he preached and practiſed? He knows nothing of either the one or the other, but through the medium of the evangelic hiſtory; and if he admit this hiſtory in one caſe, with what conſiſtency can he reject it in another?

† See page 363

Mr. Paine affects to rank Chriſtianity with other religions —with heatheniſm and Mahomediſm, calling the New Teſtament writers "The Chriſtian Mythologiſts:" But what founder or teacher of any religion will he reſort to, whoſe character will bear any compariſon with that of Chriſt? Amongſt the ſages of antiquity, or the teachers of what is called *the religion of nature*, there is not one to be found whoſe life will bear a thorough ſcrutiny. Natural religion itſelf muſt be aſhamed of its advocates; and as to Mahomet, there is ſcarcely any thing in his character but a combination of ambition, brutality, and luſt, at the ſight of which Nature itſelf revolts.—"Go," ſays an eloquent writer, "to your Natural Religion, lay before her Mahomet and his diſciples, arrayed in armour of blood, riding in triumph over the ſpoils of thouſands and tens of thouſands, who fell by his victorious ſword. Shew her the cities which he ſet in flames, the countries which he ravaged and deſtroyed, and the miſerable diſtreſs of all the inhabitants of the earth. When ſhe has viewed him in this ſcene, carry her into his retirements. Shew her the Prophet's chambers, his concubines, and his wives; let her ſee his adultery, and hear him allege revelation and his divine commiſſion to juſtify his luſt and his oppreſſion. When ſhe is tired of this proſpect, then ſhew her the bleſſed Jeſus, humble and meek, doing good to all the ſons of men, patiently inſtructing both the ignorant and the perverſe. Let her ſee him in his moſt retired privacies: Let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and ſupplications to God. Carry her to his table to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly diſcourſe. Let her ſee him injured, but not provoked. Let her attend him to the tribunal, and conſider the patience with which he endured the ſcoff and reproach of his enemies. Lead her to the croſs, and let her view him in the agonies of death, and hear his laſt prayer for his perſecutors, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!'

"When natural religion hath viewed both, aſk which is the prophet of God? But her anſwer we have already had when ſhe ſaw part of this ſcene through the eyes of the centurion who attended at the croſs; by him ſhe ſpake and ſaid, "Truly this man was the Son of God*."

To admit the amiableneſs of Chriſt's moral character, and yet reject the evangelical hiſtory of him, is chuſing a very untenable ground. The hiſtory which the evangeliſts

* *Bishop Sherlock's Sermons, vol. i. page* 270, 271.

have given of Chriſt, evinces its own authenticity. A character ſo drawn is a proof of its having really exiſted, and of thoſe who drew it poſſeſſing a mind congenial with it. If Chriſt had not been that immaculate character which they repreſent, they could not have ſo deſcribed him. It is not in the power of man to invent any thing like it; the imagination of impoſtors, eſpecially, would have been utterly unequal to the taſk, ſuch a picture could not have been drawn without an original correſponding with it. Writers of fiction have often produced wonderful characters; they have emblazoned their heroes with extraordinary charms, but they are charms of a different kind from thoſe which Jeſus poſſeſſed: The beauties of holineſs are not to be collected in the manner in which the ſacred writers have collected them, by the mere power of imagination; and as the exiſtence of the picture implies the reality of the original, ſo alſo it proves the *congeniality* of mind poſſeſſed by thoſe who drew it. Let the moral character of Chriſt have been ever ſo fair, a ſet of impoſtors could not poſſibly have drawn it in the manner in which it is drawn; for this it was neceſſary, not only that it ſhould be obſerved, but felt, and loved, and imitated. If Judas had written a hiſtory of Chriſt, it would have been a very different one from thoſe which are tranſmitted to us, even though it had been of a piece with his confeſſion, "I have betrayed innocent blood."

I am not inclined to call Mr. Paine, what he calls the ſacred writers, either *fool* or *liar*; but methinks it were no great labour to prove him both. It certainly was no great mark of *wisdom* in him to acknowledge Chriſt to be "an amiable character, and that he taught and practiſed morality of the moſt benevolent kind," in an attempt to overturn Chriſtianity; and the flagrant manner in which he has *belied* the ſacred writers, muſt be manifeſt to every one that is in the leaſt acquainted with them, and will take the trouble to compare them with what he hath aſſerted concerning them.

Secondly, From the purity of Chriſt's character, ariſes an important part of his fitneſs for his undertaking: Without this he could not have been a *priest*, a *sacrifice*, or a *mediator*. It was neceſſary that the prieſts of Aaron's order ſhould be *without blemish*, and their ſacrifices *without spot**. This purity, it is true, was of a ceremonial kind, but it was typical of that which was moral; for in reference to this it is ſaid of Chriſt, that "ſuch an High Prieſt became

* *Lev. xxi.* 21. *Numb. xvii.* 3. 9. 11.

us, who is holy, harmleſs, undefiled, and ſeparate from ſinners. We are redeemed, not with ſilver and gold, but with the precious blood of Chriſt, as of a lamb without blemiſh and ſpot. He hath made him to be ſin for us, who knew no ſin, that we might be made the righteouſneſs of God in him*." The prieſts under the law were but ceremonially clean; they needed "daily to offer up ſacrifices, firſt for their own ſins, and then for the people's; but Chriſt "offered himſelf once without ſpot to God," and thereby "perfected for ever them that are ſanctified†." A polluted being might endure the demerit of ſin, as the ungodly actually will; but he cannot make atonement for it ſo as to *make an end* of it. The world might have borne its own iniquity; but it is the *Lamb of God* only that could *bear it away*. And as it was an important part of the prieſtly office to mediate, and make interceſſion for the people, ſo Chriſt is our mediator and interceſſor before the throne: "With his own blood he entered once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." This mediation is founded upon his ſacrifice; and the acceptableneſs of the former depends upon his ſpotleſs purity, equally with the latter. A mediator could in no caſe be admitted to plead in behalf of a criminal, unleſs he himſelf were innocent. Had Moſes been guilty of idolatry at Horeb, he could not have mediated on behalf of Iſrael. Our advocate with the Father is Jeſus Chriſt *the righteous*. Though he mingled with ſinners, yet he muſt be holy, harmleſs, undefiled, and ſeparate from them; and though he pleaded for ſinners, yet he muſt not extenuate their ſin, but condemn it without reſerve, and juſtify the righteous government of God, by which it was threatened with deſtruction. It was on this account that the mediation of Chriſt was ſo highly acceptable to God, and ſo glorioufly ſucceſsful, that he gave him the deſire of his heart. "Thou loveſt righteouſneſs, and hateſt wickedneſs: Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladneſs, above thy fellows‡."

Thirdly, From the ſpotleſs purity of Chriſt's character ariſes his fitneſs to be the great *exemplar*, after which we ſhould be formed, and which it ſhould be our daily practice to imitate. God hath "predeſtinated us to be conformed to the image of his Son." Jeſus ſaith to the weary and heavy-laden, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of

* *Heb. vii.* 26. 2 *Pet. i.* 19. 2 *Cor. v.* 21.
† *Heb. vii.* 27. *ix.* 14. *x.* 14.
‡ *Heb. ix.* 12. 1 *John, ii.* 1. *Pſalm, xlv.* 7.

heart, and ye ſhall find reſt unto your ſouls." One great object of the Holy Spirit is to *glorify Chriſt;* and this he doth, not only by "receiving the things of Chriſt, and ſhewing them unto us," but by working, as I may ſay, by his ſpotleſs life as a model, and forming our ſouls into a reſemblance of it. And as the Holy Spirit *glorifieth Chriſt* in his operations upon us, ſo alſo muſt we glorify him in voluntarily copying after his example.

The nature of man is ſuch, that he requires an example before his eyes. We all feel a ſtrong propenſity to imitation: Hence the danger of evil, and the benefit of good company; and hence the ſuperior effects of example in miniſters and heads of families to mere precept. But where ſhall a ſuitable example be found? God is too much above us: Our weak ſouls cannot look ſtedfaſtly at his glory. With angels we have but little or no acquaintance: And men, even the beſt of them, are ſtained with imperfections, which it would be dangerous to imitate. If we had been predeſtinated to be conformed to the image of the beſt merely human character, we ſhould never *appear faultleſs before the preſence of the divine glory.* Whatever imperfections attend us in the preſent ſtate, we require a perfect model, otherwiſe we ſhould never attain perfection in any ſtate. The example of Chriſt is the only one that is adapted to our circumſtances. In his face the glory of God is ſeen without the eye of the mind being dazzled with its overwhelming luſtre. In his character there is every thing to love; and, in conforming to it, nothing to fear. Happy are the men who are found *followers of the Lamb whitherſoever he goes!*

GAIUS.

MONITION TO PROFESSORS.

A RECENT FACT.

DR. Owen, in his uſual judicious manner, obſerves, that "the ſad and ſcandalous failings of the ſaints are recorded in Scripture to inſtruct us, that no perſons can promiſe themſelves ſecurity from the prevalency and overcoming power of ſin, any other way than by keeping cloſe conſtantly to him who hath ſupplies to give out that are above its reach. Thoſe examples are ſet up as buoys to diſcover unto us the ſands, the ſhelves, the rocks whereupon they made their ſhipwreck; to their hazard, danger, loſs, yea,

and would have done to their ruin, had not God been pleaſed, in his faithfulneſs, graciouſly to prevent it.

The following relation may be uſeful, as ſuch an example. If it ſhall contribute to ſtrengthen the faith of any, to excite a greater abhorrence of ſin and watchfulneſs againſt it, or to exemplify the all-powerful grace of God our Redeemer, its deſign will be anſwered.

E. was educated by his pious parents with all the care of an earneſt ſolicitude that Chriſt might be formed in him. He eminently enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, as well as the ſuperior privileges of a powerful and ſerious miniſtry, and conſtant examples of the influence of the holy Goſpel. After a childhood ſpent in vanity and ſin, it pleaſed the Lord, as we hope, to call him by his grace in his early youth. This happy circumſtance, together with a natural vivacity of temper and his literary acquirements, rendered E. the delight of his godly parents, and the eſteem of a numerous circle of religious friends. In due time he was admitted into the communion of a Chriſtian church with general ſatisfaction. In this important connexion he was conſidered as a valuable and uſeful member.

But now we have a ſad reverſe to relate. This unhappy young man, after walking in the main conſiſtently for ſome years, moſt awfully fell by the hand of the enemy. He failed in the hour of temptation; and, by one ſad inſtance of departure from God, he deſtroyed his peace of mind, ſcandalized the ſacred name he bore, and pierced through his own ſoul with the feſtering arrow of keeneſt remorſe. By the great goodneſs of God, he was not permitted actually to accompliſh the crime to which he was tempted, but the dreadful conſequences were nearly the ſame. The following are his own words:

"Ah, my friend! little did I think, as we took ſweet counſel together about the things of God, on our walk to ———, that only four days were to elapſe till I ſhould act the part of a perjured traitor to my adorable Lord. O how deceitful is ſin! or rather, how deceitful and deſperately wicked the heart of a fallen ſinner! Should I attempt to trace the progreſs of the enemy, I would deſcribe it thus: Your expreſſions of warm affection—ſuffer me to ſay they were too flattering—became, through my corruption, an incitement to that fatal diſpoſition, ſpiritual pride. Through the blindneſs of ſelf-complacency, I became heedleſs and unwatchful over that beſetting ſin which I may properly call mine own iniquity. Thus I was an eaſy prey to the violence of a ſtrong aſſault. Inſtead of crying mightily to God

for ſtrength and deliverance, I tampered with the propenſity, I fanned the flames, and, to finiſh the tragedy, I deſperately fell in with the temptation. Pity me, O my friend; for the hand of God hath touched me. I truſt he hath pardoned mine iniquity through the blood of an almighty Saviour; but my bones are broken, and my wounds corrupt, becauſe of my fooliſhneſs. I muſt go mourning all my days in the bitterneſs of cutting anguiſh and remorſe."

We have reaſon to believe that the Shepherd of Iſrael did not ſuffer this wanderer to continue in the pit into which he had fallen; but that he was graciouſly recovered from his backſlidings by an immediate work of humiliation and repentance. Near a year has now elapſed ſince the deplorable fall, but the righteous God is ſtill viſiting the wretched E. with the rod of his chaſtiſing hand. His ſoul is bowed down to the duſt, and his wounds bleed afreſh. So evil and bitter is it to forſake the Lord, and turn aſide to lying vanities.

Chriſtian reader! learn from this awful example to walk humbly, watchfully, and conſcientiouſly. *Thou* ſtandeſt by faith; be not high-minded, but fear. If thou wouldſt avoid ſuch a fate, if thou wouldſt enjoy peace of conſcience, if thou wouldſt walk in the light of God's favour, if thou wouldſt honour thy profeſſion, beware of ſelf-eſteem, ſelf-dependance, and ſelf-pleaſing. Live by faith on the fulneſs of Jeſus; and in him thou wilt have not only pardon and righteouſneſs, but holineſs and ſtrength.

A NEW TEST OF CHRISTIANITY.

By which we may prove whether we are going to Heaven, or should like it if we were there.

A THOUGHT lately occurred in reflecting on the neceſſity of a change of heart, in order to a ſinner's enjoyment of the happineſs of heaven, which may ſerve to illuſtrate that truth, and bring it home to the conſcience more forcibly.

Surely we might judge whether we are preparing for the enjoyment of heaven, by inquiring ſeriouſly *how we should enjoy the presence of Christ upon earth.* We might judge how we ſhould wiſh for him to entertain us in the world above, by examining how *we* ſhould be inclined to *entertain him,*

if he would condeſcend to ſubmit to a ſecond reſidence below.

Chriſt has promiſed to thoſe, who open their hearts to receive him, that he will enter in, and *sup with them*, and that *they* ſhall *sup with* him ; this implies, that the enjoyments of Chriſt and of his people will be of the *same kind ;* like the enjoyments of friends, who ſup together on the ſame food, and feaſt out of the ſame diſh.

I would to God that all ſorts of nominal Chriſtians would try themſelves thoroughly by this teſt ! Let them try to *realize* the *ſuppoſition*, that Jeſus Chriſt was about to viſit Chriſtendom, and ſpend ſome time in viſiting all his profeſſed followers, and that it ſhould be univerſally admitted that it was himſelf, and no impoſtor, who made this appearance ; and let it be ſuppoſed that he ſhould pleaſe to act with ſuch reſerve as not, by any freſh declaration of his will, to lay any claſs under a reſtraint from paying their reſpect to him in their *own* way : But let it be imagined that our Lord was inclined to make an actual experiment how thoſe, who call themſelves by his name, would ſhew their regard to their profeſſed Lord.

How would he be received at Rome by his profeſſed vicar ? How by the inquiſitors of Spain and Portugal ? Would they aſk him to take a view of their inſtruments of torture, that he might witneſs their zeal for pure and undefiled Chriſtianity ? How would he be received at the different courts of Europe ? And how by the commanders of armies and navies ? Would any royal defender of the faith invite his Maſter to a review, and exclaim, " O Jeſus ! is not this a heavenly ſight ?" Could thoſe who are fighting for the ſupport of Chriſtianity againſt infidelity, preſume to invite the Founder of their religion to viſit a field of battle, and with the eyes that wept over Jeruſalem, to glance at the multitude of mangled corpſes that ſtrew the bloody plains of Germany or Italy ; and then requeſt him to take the command of the allied army ! Would any of our great men invite him to witneſs the debates of the Britiſh ſenate ? Or would any of his profeſſed followers propoſe to conduct the Saviour of ſinners to the theatre or the race-ground ? Or would our Chriſtian nobles entertain him at their own houſes with a maſquerade, a ball, or a ſelect card party ? I dare not purſue the thought too far, becauſe it is ſcarcely poſſible, without ſome appearance of irreverence, to name the different ways in which nominal Chriſtians muſt attempt to ſhew their loyalty to the King of Saints, if they were to invite

him to partake of thoſe enjoyments in which they now place their higheſt happineſs.

Yet if theſe purſuits are conſiſtent with Chriſtianity, not only would it be lawful to entertain Chriſt with them, were he again to viſit the earth, but theſe ſame good Chriſtians, who take it for granted that they ſhall ſhortly be invited to go to ſee Chriſt in heaven, might expect pleaſures of the ſame kind there. To make ſome of them happy, in their own way, it would be neceſſary there ſhould be again war in heaven, that they may enjoy the ſublime and exalted pleaſures of a ſiege, or a field of battle; and others muſt be ſurpriſingly altered if they could be happy there, without taverns, or theatres, or hoards of gold and ſilver.

But it is more probable that moſt of the unconverted, into whoſe hands your Magazine will fall, have received ſo much light by ſitting under the Goſpel, that their conſciences would teſtify, that were Chriſt to reviſit the earth, they would be laid under a ſevere reſtraint by his preſence; they would be afraid to aſk him to partake of thoſe pleaſures which they now idolize. They would be obliged to affect a different aſpect from what they now actually wear. Let ſuch then infer that they are not fit for heaven: They cannot go thither unleſs they are born again. Were they permitted to enter that holy place, without being firſt made new creatures, they would be weary of it, they would be almoſt as miſerable as if they were in hell.

But many of your readers, I hope, may indulge a conſciouſneſs, that were Chriſt to return bodily to the earth, their chief deſires would be to be led more clearly into his truth, to be more perfectly acquainted with his will, to be more affected with his love, more conformed to his image, to have their faith, and love, and every grace abundantly increaſed; therefore would they follow him wherever he went, and liſten to the gracious words which ſhould proceed from his mouth. Let them reflect that though the heavens have received his humanity till the laſt great day, he is really at hand, near to every one of them; he knows their deſires, and their groans are not hid from him. And ſoon will he fulfil his promiſe. Where I am, there ſhall my ſervant be. Then ſhall we be like him, for we ſhall ſee him as he is.

S. C.

THE REPENTANCE OF THE DYING MALEFACTOR.

THE Lord Jeſus came into the world to ſave ſinners, and in accompliſhing this great purpoſe of his love, he was ſo humbled as to be *numbered with them.* He was treated as the vileſt of all tranſgreſſors. The enmity of the Jews againſt him roſe to the higheſt pitch of rage. They called him an *impoſtor*, a *drunkard*, and a *friend of publicans and ſinners.* They ſaid, he *hath a devil, and is mad.* Barabbas, an infamous robber and murderer, was named in competition with him, and preferred before him; and *two thieves were crucified with him.*

But to exemplify the glory of his precepts, and to diſplay the omnipotence of his love, he brings *one* of theſe miſerable men, in the eleventh hour, to acknowledge the divinity of his miſſion, to anticipate the grandeur of his exaltation, to rely upon the perfection of his ſacrifice, and to aſſurances of eternal happineſs in Paradiſe immediately on the diſſolution of nature. Was ever revelation of mercy more *ſeaſonable!* The man was *dying*—dying in *agony* and *ſhame*—dying under the terrors of wrath to come; he was almoſt wrecked and undone for ever, when the haven of ſalvation appeared in view.

From this event we may deduce the following important obſervations:

Firſt, That the grace of God effects a ſurpriſing change in the natural ſtate and moral circumſtances of men. In the volume of inſpiration, this change is repreſented as an emancipation from ſlavery—the healing of deſperate maladies—a reſurrection from death—a new creation. It comprehends a genuiue ſenſe of guilt—Indignation againſt it—zeal for the prevention of its progreſs—humble confeſſion—and importunate prayer. Such was the change wrought in the ſoul of the dying thief; a change which muſt have excited the greateſt aſtoniſhment in the ſubject and witneſſes of it, and which as the firſt fruit of the Saviour's travail, would, in a peculiar ſenſe, inſpire the joy of angels. Every ſinner, converted from the error of his ways, is another jewel added to the mediatorial crown of the Lord Jeſus, another conqueſt to the final triumph of grace.

Secondly, the purpoſes of grace are often accompliſhed by *trivial* or *extraordinary* means. Matthew, and Zaccheus, and Saul were *created anew* by *a word*—Peter was reclaimed from his apoſtacy by a *look*—Juſtin Martyr was deeply affected with the divinity of the Goſpel, by the patience and courage of the ſaints under perſecution—Auguſtine was converted by the relation of an anecdote—Luther by the death of a friend—Lord Rocheſter by ſickneſs—The *little stone*, cut out of the mountain without hands, fills the world with glory—Fiſhermen and tent-makers are choſen for the firſt promulgation of the Goſpel—Sinners are ſaved by the *foolishness of preaching*—The forgetfulneſs and miſtakes, the ignorance and obſtinacy, the follies and crimes, the afflictions and diſgrace of men, have, in various inſtances, proved ſubſervient to their ſalvation. The ſubject of the hiſtory before us was, by the ſhame and agony of the croſs, raiſed to the throne of God.

Thirdly, Thoſe who are called with an holy calling, and who ſhall be ſaved with an eternal ſalvation, are, in general, moſt unlikely to obtain ſuch bleſſedneſs. The glories of redeeming love are hidden from the wiſe and prudent, and revealed unto *babes*.—In the path of life, the way-faring men though *fools*, ſhall not err.—God hath choſen the *poor* in this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promiſed to them that love him.—Outcaſts and peſts of the world, publicans, and harlots, and thieves, the guilty and the wretched of every deſcription, receive the Lord Jeſus while men, who are their reverſe in rank, in mental powers, and moral rectitude, are, on account of their enmity againſt him, caſt into outer darkneſs. At the ſame time that he is reviled by the chief prieſts and ſcribes, a poor wretch, whoſe crimes had rendered his life a curſe to ſociety, implores his mercy, and is tranſlated into the regions of eternal life.

Fourthly, This event diſplays the ability and willingneſs of Jeſus to ſave under circumſtances the moſt hopeleſs and deſperate. When firſt nailed to the croſs, this criminal was not more penitent than his companion. He continued in a ſtate of rebellion till nature was almoſt exhauſted. A few moments will involve him in all the horrors of the vengeance he has defied. But how ſuddenly the deathly paleneſs of his countenance is ſucceeded by the crimſon bluſh of evangelical ſhame! What an anxious look he caſts upon him whom, till now, he had derided and blaſphemed! But the agitation of his ſoul overcomes the power of utterance. At laſt, from the abundance of a broken heart, he prayed to Jeſus in this

brief, ſimple, energetic language, "Lord remember me when thou comeſt into thy kingdom!" when, *without upbraiding, without delay*, he obtains the promiſe of full redemption, and like a bird eſcaped from a long confinement, and broken away from every ſnare, he ſoars on high, inhales the pure air of Paradiſe, and ſings, with kindred ſociety, in ten thouſand ſweet melodious ſtrains, the praiſes of his wonderful deliverance.

Fifthly, All who receive Jeſus Chriſt as a Saviour, will acknowledge and obey him as their *Sovereign*. Behold a *rebel* proſtrate at his feet! The rebel proſtrate before his throne becomes a *ſubject* devoted to his glory. The ſubject devoted to his praiſe, is now a *ſon* adopted into his family, and conſtituted an heir of all things. From hence we ſee, that his ſalvation, ſo full of encouragement to the penitent, can adminiſter no real ſatisfaction to the *presumptuous*. I have been told, ſays a popular writer, that it is in the power of chymiſtry to extract a ſpirit from the common loaf of bread, ſo acid that coral, and even gems may be diſſolved in it. The application of this circumſtance to the diſpenſations of divine love is too obvious to require enlargement. But let it be conſidered, that this is the *only* inſtance of ſuch a late repentance recorded in the divine writings; and that it was attended with clear evidence of *holy* attachment to the *King of Saints*. Grace makes a difference that muſt be *felt*, and that will be *ſeen*.

Finally, This diſplay of invincible grace is calculated, above all others with which we are acquainted, to endear the merits of Jeſus, and to perpetuate the remembrance of his precious name. The happineſs of eternity was accompliſhed in a moment. He was ſaved while his companion was left to periſh. The Sun of righteouſneſs did not riſe till the ſhadows of eternal night were gathering around him. And we ſhould remember, that when the Lord of glory had compaſſion on him, he himſelf was ſuffering to the uttermoſt from the pains of Calvary, and from the wrath of heaven. Sir Joſhua Reynolds, in his laſt addreſs as Preſident of the Royal Academy, praiſes in very extravagant terms, the great powers of Michael Angelo, a celebrated painter; he ſays, "I reflect, not without vanity, that theſe diſcourſes bear teſtimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I ſhould deſire that my laſt words, which I ſhould pronounce in this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo! Michael Angelo! We call this extravagant praiſe; but the whole compaſs of language can afford no terms adequate to the juſt praiſes of Immanuel. The review of what he did

for this dying thief, of what he hath done for millions ſince, of what he is engaged to do for all the nations of the earth, and a ſenſe of what he hath done for us, will animate us with the ambition of bearing teſtimony of our adoration of him in *every* ſermon, of pronouncing bleſſings on his name in our laſt moments, and of uniting with all the redeemed, in the perfect and uninterrupted joy of his immediate preſence.

P.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

SIR,

THE following account was extracted from a German Magazine, in which it had been inſerted by a Gentleman, whoſe brother, a worthy Miniſter of Chriſt, gave it to me, tranſlated by himſelf. My friend alſo atteſted that he knew Mr. Bakker perſonally, and had heard the ſame ſtory from his own mouth.

Briſtol. J. R.

DEAR FRIEND,

YOU, no doubt, recollect our laſt agreeable converſation with our friend B. concerning the ſpecial providence of God over individuals, and more particularly over his children. The wiſh our friend then expreſſed, that a collection might be made of the moſt remarkable inſtances of God's paternal care of, and attention to, thoſe who are his own, ſupported by hiſtoric proofs on which we might depend, belongs by no means to the number of vain and idle wiſhes, but is well worthy of being carried into effect.

In the mean time I will relate a particular inſtance of the evident interpoſition of Divine Providence, which may ſerve as a very proper ſpecimen of ſuch a collection. I can warrant the truth of the fact, and am perſonally acquainted with the man it chiefly concerns, from whoſe own mouth I received the relation; and whom I know to be an upright perſon, and I am perſuaded a genuine Chriſtian.

John Bakker, the ſubject of this narrative, travelled in the year 1762 (the very firſt time in his life he had taken a long journey,) quite alone, from Zeyſt, near Utrecht, to New Wied upon the Rhine, and was now upon his way from Cleves to Cologne. He had with him (beſides many letters) a conſiderable ſum of money in gold, and ſome watches

and jewels. His road led him through a wood, about four Engliſh miles in length, which at that time was infeſted by French marauders, who, the very day before, had murdered a travelling taylor, of which, however, he had not heard any thing. Having proceeded in this wood for about half an hour, in unuſual anxiety, of which he at laſt had rid himſelf, by engaging his mind in meditation on a text of holy writ, he perceived a man behind him, who aſked him, What a clock it was? While he gave him for anſwer, that it was near eleven (in the forenoon,) there ſtepped forth, from a thicket on one ſide of the road, three other men, who immediately demanded his money.

He declared to them, that though he wanted it for his journey, yet he was ready to deliver it up to them. He actually produced his purſe, which contained about four rix-dollars (worth about thirteen ſhillings,) and ſurrendered it into their hands. But now the villains, laying hold on him, tore his coat and waiſtcoat with violence from his body, and ſeized upon his ſmall-clothes, in which he had his gold concealed, abuſing him withal in a moſt cruel manner. He inſtantly intreated them to ſpare his life, or, at leaſt, to allow him a few minutes to commit his ſoul into the hands of God. But the robbers, who, amidſt dreadful imprecations and barbarous treatment, were tearing off his ſmall-clothes, at laſt agreed with each other to drag him from the road into the thick wood.

You may eaſily conceive the deadly anguiſh he endured while in their mercileſs hands. But while the robbers, regardleſs of his groans and intreaties, were engaged in dragging him away, there came two men on horſeback full gallop behind him along the road, whom he could not ſee, but at the appearance of whom the robbers immediately threw away his clothes, and eſcaped with his purſe only, into the wood. The horſemen approaching, found him almoſt fainting, and taking his clothes to them on their horſes encouraged him to run, as faſt as he was able, along with them, in order to bring again into circulation his blood, congealed and ſtagnated through the anguiſh of death. He did it as well as he could, laying hold of the tail of one of the horſes, and was conducted by his deliverers into the next village adjoining the wood, where they took him to the bailiff of that diſtrict. This gentleman, immediately on ſeeing him, and having received from the men a brief information of what had happened to him, cried out, with great emotion of mind, "My friend! you muſt needs be a Chriſtian indeed, and God muſt have a ſpecial regard for you." He then related to

him how he, going that morning into his garden to weed, on a ſudden felt an impulſe to diſpatch his men into the wood, in order to try whether any trace of the robbers, who had murdered the taylor the day before, could be diſcovered: and that thinking it might as well be put off for the afternoon, he had ſuffered ſuch anxiety and purturbation of his mind, as rendered his eyes ſo dim that he could not ſee a ſingle plant in his garden. On which account he, ſtraight returning into his houſe, in all haſte diſpatched the two men on horſeback into the wood; and thereupon immediately recovered his peace of mind.

You may, my dear friend, eaſily conceive the ſenſations of the heart of our traveller, who had been ſo mercifully delivered, at this relation of the bailiff; who, in addition to his having proved the means of ſaving his life, took the moſt kind and liberal care of him, and lodged him that day and the enſuing night at his own houſe. Directly after this, meaſures were taken to ſearch after the robbers, and divine juſtice cauſed them to be diſcovered and apprehended, when they received their deſerved reward.

Methinks this event is a moſt affecting inſtance of the Lord's looking down upon his own in mercy and favour, and of his knowing how to deliver and preſerve them in a moſt wonderful manner. O! that we might ever truſt in him, reſigning ourſelves, and all our concerns, with filial confidence and faith, unto his holy will and providential care!

I am, &c.

MINISTERIAL ACCOUNTS AT THE GREAT DAY.

[AN EXTRACT.]

A DIVINE, in the former part of the laſt age, was preaching before an aſſociation of Miniſters, and in order to quicken their regard to the principle, end, and motive from which they acted, pointed to them the laſt and awful day of judgment, and having brought in Chriſt the Judge, as taking his place on the throne, he then, by an elegant *prosopopœia*, repreſented him as calling his *Miniſters* to an account, examining how they had preached, and with what views they had undertaken and diſcharged the work of the miniſtry.—"*What did you preach for?*"—"I preached Lord, that I might keep a good living that was left me by my father of 150 or 200 pounds *per ann.* which, if I had

not entered into orders, had been wholly loſt as to me and my numerous family." Chriſt ſays to him, "*Stand by, thou haſt had thy reward.*"—The queſtion is put to another, "*And what did you preach for?*" He anſwered, "Lord I was applauded as a learned man, and I preached to keep up the reputation of an excellent orator, and an ingenious preacher." Chriſt's anſwer to him likewiſe was, "*Stand thou by, thou alſo haſt had thy reward.*"—The Judge puts the queſtion to a third, "*And what did you preach for?*" Lord," ſays he, "I neither aimed at the great things of this world, though I was thankful for the conveniences of life, which thou gaveſt me; nor did I preach that I might gain the character of a wit, or of a man of parts, or of a fine ſcholar; but I preached in compaſſion to ſouls, and to pleaſe and honour thee; my deſign in preaching was, Lord, that I might win ſouls to thy bleſſed Majeſty." Upon this the Judge called out, "ROOM, men! ROOM, angels! let this man come and ſit with me on my throne, as I am ſet down with my Father on his throne; he has owned and honoured me on earth, and I will own and honour him through all the ages of eternity."

The reſult of all then was, that the miniſters went home much affected, reſolving that, through the help of God, they would mind the work of the miniſtry more, and look better to their aims and ends than ever.

THE TENDENCY OF FREE THINKING.

Mr. EDITOR,

SHOULD you think the following anecdote of Mallet, taken from Davies's Life of Garrick, worth inſerting in your valuable Magazine, as contradictory to the frequent aſſertion of Deiſts, that mankind would be as moral without what is called revealed religion, as with it, you would oblige a conſtant reader. W. H.

"THERE was a ſtriking peculiarity in Mr. Mallet's conduct that ought not to be omitted, as it may probably convey ſome uſeful advice to others. He was a great free-thinker, and a very free ſpeaker of his free thoughts; he made no ſcruple to diſſeminate his ſceptical opinions wherever he could, with any propriety, introduce them. At

his own table, indeed, the lady of the houſe (who was a ſtaunch advocate for her huſband's opinion) would often, in the warmth of argument, ſay, "Sir, we Deiſts." The lecture upon the *non credendo* of the free-thinkers was repeated ſo often, and urged with ſo much earneſtneſs, that the inferior domeſtics became ſoon as able diſputants as the heads of the family. The fellow, who waited at table, being thoroughly convinced that for any of his miſdeeds he ſhould have no after-account to make, was reſolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate. Luckily he was ſo cloſely purſued, that he was brought back with his prey to his maſter's houſe, who examined him before ſome ſelect friends. At firſt the man was ſullen, and would anſwer no queſtions put to him; but being urged to give a reaſon for his infamous behaviour, he reſolutely ſaid, "Sir I have heard you ſo often talk of the impoſſibility of a future ſtate, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, nor puniſhment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well but you raſcal (replied Mallet), had you no fear of the gallows?" "Sir, (ſaid the fellow, looking ſternly at his maſter), what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greateſt terror, why ſhould I fear the leſſer?"

A TESTIMONY TO THE HOLY BIBLE.

By the late Sir William Jones, one of the judges in the ſupreme court of Bengal.

SIR William died about two years ago. His laſt act was an act of homage to the Redeemer; he died in his cloſet, with his hands claſped together, *and his eyes turned upward* towards heaven. "I have regularly and attentively read theſe holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, independent of its divine origin, contains more ſublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more important hiſtory, and finer ſtrains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been compoſed."

On the Importance of the Doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement.

A GENTLEMAN of eminent learning, but whoſe religious principles I cannot exactly aſcertain, obſerved ſome time ſince to another diſſenting miniſter, that "it was impoſſible to point out any good moral tendency of the doctrine of the Trinity, or the atonement of Chriſt:" He added a reſtriction on the latter ſubject, "as it was commonly ſtated." But not knowing wherein he would reprehend the common ſtatement, I can only offer my remarks on his aſſertion, agreeably to my own views of that doctrine, whether mine be the common method of ſtating it, or not.

As I believe theſe two doctrines to be the two principal articles of mere revelation, or the two moſt important truths, which would have been utterly concealed from the moſt unbiaſſed of created minds, had not God graciouſly diſcovered them in his word, I can by no means give into this gentleman's idea concerning their being deſtitute of a good moral tendency.

It appears evident to me alſo, that the principal end of the two poſitive inſtitutions of the New Teſtament, is to keep up the belief of theſe two doctrines in the church: That the ordinance of baptiſm, which I conſider as a ſolemn act of worſhip, is deſigned to uphold the belief of the Trinity, and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to confirm our faith in the atonement. And I do not believe that either the violent abuſe of ſome of the enemies of theſe doctrines, or the inſidious artifices of others, will be able to deſtroy theſe articles of the Chriſtian faith, as long as thoſe ordinances continue to be obſerved, which I doubt not will be till the ſecond coming of our crucified and inſulted Lord.

When I conſider the innumerable wonders of creation, wherein I find the moſt confident philoſophers acknowledge themſelves puzzled with countleſs myſteries, it would ſeem ſtrange to me, if, in a revelation made by the Creator of himſelf, there ſhould be no remarkable peculiarity of his nature introduced; but that I, who am unable to comprehend the vegetation of a blade of graſs, or the voluntary motion of a worm, or a fly, ſhould be able to comprehend all that

God can tell me about himſelf. I own, therefore, that if a revelation, claiming a divine origin, contained no myſteries, it would be to my mind a much ſtronger objection to its authenticity, than any myſtery commonly reputed to be contained in the Bible.

As to that peculiarity in the divine nature, by which the uncreated Being combines in himſelf the moſt perfect unity, and the moſt complete ſociety; ſo that in one ſenſe he is abſolutely one, and in another reſpect is really three; I do not imagine this could have been diſcovered by the moſt exalted of created beings without a revelation, and I gueſs that one deſign of the redemption of the church was to make it manifeſt; but now it is revealed, it appears to me very reaſonable and beautiful, and gives me, I think, the more exalted ideas of God.

But theſe two great doctrines of revelation appear of the greateſt importance when viewed in their connexion with each other. The economy of ſalvation illuſtrates the Trinity, and the previous threefold diſtinction in the divine nature lays the foundation for the cleareſt manifeſtation of the divine perfections in the ſalvation of the church. "We cannot underſtand the ſcheme of redemption unleſs we know who the Saviour is. Nor can we rationally, and with comfort and ſatisfaction, believe and truſt in him, unleſs we know his ſufficiency as a Saviour; his ſufficiency in *power* to ſubdue our iniquities, to ſanctify our ſouls, to conquer Satan and all our ſpiritual enemies, and to uphold us to the end; his ſufficiency in *wisdom* to diſappoint the devices of our grand adverſary and all his agents, and to make us wiſe unto ſalvation; his ſufficiency in *goodness* and *grace* to forgive our ſins, to watch over us continually for our preſervation, to intercede for us with the Father, and to diſpenſe to us grace to help in time of need; and the ſufficiency of his *merit*, and the price of his redemption, or his propitiatory ſacrifice to atone for all our ſins, and to procure our acceptance with the Father. Now, if he be a divine perſon, his ſufficiency in theſe things, and all other reſpects, appears at once. But if he were not a divine perſon, might we not doubt, yea, poſitively deny, his ſufficiency? How ſhould a finite price redeem us from an endleſs or infinite puniſhment? How ſhould a finite atonement ſatisfy for crimes deſerving a puniſhment without end? If Chriſt were a mere creature, we might well diſbelieve either the Scripture doctrine of endleſs puniſhment, or the ſufficiency of the Redeemer. No wonder, therefore, that thoſe who diſbelieve the divinity

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of Chriſt, do generally, if not univerſally, diſbelieve the endleſs miſery of thoſe who die impenitent*."

What farther diſcoveries may be made to us hereafter of the intrinſic glory of Deity, as enhanced by this peculiar mode of ſubſiſtence, we cannot yet aſcertain; nor what advantages may hence reſult to the happy inhabitants of heaven. But as to us ſaved ſinners, it is certain that our obligations to gratitude, and devotedneſs to the Redeemer, and our motives to loathe, abhor, and mortify ſin, are increaſed to an unſpeakable degree, by conſidering the *dignity* of the Redeemer, and the *necessity* of the atonement, which no inferior perſon could have made.

What debtor will affirm that his obligations to a ſurety are equal, whether he paid for him an hundred pence, or ten thouſand talents? What Chriſtian will be ſo infatuated as to believe that if no greater a ſacrifice had been required than the blood of bulls, or goats, to expiate our guilt; and if he who ſaid of them, who deſerved to periſh, "Deliver them from going down to the pit, I have found a ranſom," had pointed us to a ram caught in the buſhes, as the only requiſite atonement; our reaſon to admire the love of God, and ſhudder at the evil of ſin, would have been as great, as it is on the ſuppoſition of the Lamb of God, being no other than his incarnate Son?

Sure I am that the writers of the New Teſtament lay the greateſt ſtreſs on God's giving *his* own *Son* to be incarnate, and to be ſacrificed for us; and my idea of the exalted import of that appellation abundantly enhances my ſenſe of the obligation to divine love. In like manner, my ſenſe of the abominable evil of ſin, my repentance for the paſt tranſgreſſions of which I am conſcious, my humiliation for the ſin that ſtill dwelleth within me, and my watchfulneſs againſt it in future, are all in proportion to my conviction, that it was requiſite the Father of mercies ſhould ſhew his abhorrence of iniquity in the very method of his granting forgiveneſs; and that nothing would have been a ſufficient ſalvo for his honour, or any adequate means of ſupporting the credit and authority of his law, but the vicarious ſufferings of one, who could ſuſtain the full curſe of the law, and yet emerge from thoſe dreadful ſufferings, which no inferior perſon could have ſuſtained without ſinking into perdition.

* *See a ſermon entitled, All Divine Truth profitable, by Dr. Jonathan Edwards, at the Ordination of the Rev. Dan. Bradley, of Hampden*, 1792.

O! would to God that all the worſhippers of the ſlaughtered Lamb, without the ſhedding of whoſe precious blood it would have been impoſſible for one ſin in the world to have been expiated, may ſo walk as to confound the enemies of the Croſs! The love of Chriſt conſtraineth us; let us then depart from all iniquity. We have ſeen him that was pierced for our offences, and in his ſufferings have ſeen the extreme evil of ſin; yes, we have beheld his glory as the glory of the *only-begotten* of the Father, full of grace and truth; let us mourn, and be in bitterneſs, while we reflect what it was that rendered it neceſſary for him to be ſo wounded and bruiſed: Let our indignation be rouſed againſt ſin; let us purſue it unto death. Away with it! crucify it! crucify it! It is not fit that that regicide ſhould live which murdered the Prince of life.

Meanwhile it is a bleſſed ground of encouragement, that our *Sanctifier* is divine, as well as our *Saviour*. Let them, who know not the depths of Satan, but perhaps deride his exiſtence, and who know not the depravity of the heart, and the deceitfulneſs of ſin; let them, I ſay, doubt whether there be a Holy Spirit; let them treat him only as a figurative perſon, and his bleſſed influence as a ridiculous fancy. Do you, beloved, take encouragement to work out your own ſalvation with fear and trembling, knowing that *he* is GOD, who worketh in you to will and do, according to his good pleaſure. Little do they realize the *unnatural* diſorder which ſin has introduced into the moral world, who object to any immediate interpoſition of God for the converſion and ſanctification of a ſinner, and refuſe to admit of any ſuperior agency in the production of holineſs, to that of a general law of nature. Surely this effect would be as vainly expected from the mere courſe of nature, as the laſt reſurrection; and Paul intimates no leſs in the language he addreſſed to the converts at Epheſus. Eph. i. 19, 20. ii. 1—5. While, therefore, you ever acknowledge the *ſinfulneſs* of *deadness* towards God, whether partial, or total, be you ever ready to confeſs that the Spirit who quickened you, is God who raiſed the dead; and implore an increaſe of his quickening influence, that you may, through him, mortify the deeds of the body, and live more abundantly, not to yourſelves, but to him who died, and roſe again.

S. C.

THE FEARFUL AND DOUBTING SAINT

DISTINGUISHED FROM

THE FEARFUL AND UNBELIEVING SINNER.

SOME THOUGHTS ON REV. XXI. 8.

In a Letter from——to——.

MY DEAR ——,

I RECEIVED your letter, and have to thank you for your kind attention. I am a poor, weak, disjointed mortal, ſometimes up and ſometimes down, but devoutly grateful that I am what I am; able, upon the whole, to keep my head above water, and to unfold the unſearchable riches of Chriſt to my people; which is my daily ſtudy and higheſt pleaſure; but lamenting, as I ſhall to my grave, that the beſt of my ſtrength and the vigor of my faculties were not more directed to that glorious object, and myſelf more active and uſeful in the world.

And now, having ſpoken ſo freely of myſelf, let me alſo ſpeak freely of you, and tell you, that you indulge yourſelf too much in dwelling on the dark ſide of things. This is owing, I know, partly to your natural conſtitution and the weakneſs of your bodily frame, and partly to your jealous and ſcrupulous ideas of a ſtate of grace; ſo that the cauſe is pardonable, but then its effect is not convenient; for it makes you take to yourſelf, with too much force, every thing that ſeems againſt you, while it makes you backward to explain, as a matter of comfort, what really makes for you. The text you mention is a clear proof of this. I am poſitive you have no concern with it in the way you mean—"But the fearful and unbelieving," &c. Rev. xxi. 8. All the characters in that liſt, obſerve, come to one and the ſame end, and we are therefore to conclude that they are, in ſome ſenſe, all of one kind. The *fearful* and the *unbelieving* then (thoſe characters which you would apply to yourſelf) muſt mean perſons in whom the worſt ſort of fear, and the worſt ſort of unbelief are to be found.—*The fearful*, ſuch as dare not own Chriſt, or, for fear of ſuffering on his account, have diſowned him, and apoſtatized from him. And can you apply this to yourſelf? No; the thought is ſhocking to you. Well, "but you are afraid that in the view of difficulties," &c.; and ſo

you ought. A holy diffidence and jealouſy well become ſuch creatures as we are, and is our beſt ſecurity. But while you know what is your preſent purpoſe, and what would be your heart's deſire, you may warrantably hope that he, who would call you to the hour of trial, would alſo make his grace ſufficient for you, and make "the Spirit of God and of glory reſt upon you." Thouſands, I doubt not, have ſuffered in his cauſe, who, amidſt doubts and miſgivings, have had only their preſent inward purpoſes, through grace, to ſupport them, even till the moment of need came; but who had it then given them to "glory in tribulation," and to be "more than conquerors through him that loved them." Truſt, therefore, to him who hath ſaid, "I will never leave thee, nor forſake thee; when thou paſſeth through the waters," &c. Iſa. xliii. 2. While you hold faſt your profeſſion, and know your *heart-object*, amidſt all weakneſs you have everlaſting ſtrength engaged on your ſide. This, I hope, is ſufficient as to the firſt character, *the fearful.*

As to the other, *unbelievers*—ſuch as have ſat under the Goſpel, but have rejected the Lord Jeſus, and "*will not* come to him that they might have life."—Dare you be ſo injurious to yourſelf, or ſo ungrateful to the grace that hath evidently diſtinguiſhed you from many others, as once to name yourſelf among this claſs? No, no; far be it from you. Neither unbelievers nor hypocrites are acquainted with ſuch heart-felt exerciſes as ariſe from a holy fear and a ſcrupulous jealouſy over one's ſelf: They ſit not poring over their hearts, and catching at every ground of complaint and ſelf-accuſation.—But you would be, and diſtreſs yourſelf becauſe you are not, what, you muſt give me leave to ſay, you never will be, unleſs your Lord hath ſome more trying work for you, than I can think of, that will call forth all your metal, and raiſe you above your conſtitutional weakneſs. In that event, indeed, you would be made to know your hidden funds (if I may ſo call them) of faith and ſtrength; "out of weakneſs you would be made ſtrong;" you would "wax valient in fight, and turn to flight the army of aliens." But as it is, you muſt be content, and well you may, to move on, though ſeemingly ſlowly and heavily, towards Zion; to move on with your *face thitherward*, though you ſhould go weeping. I expect no other way of going myſelf. Let me but have the ſpirit of grace and ſupplication to look upon him whom I have pierced, and mourn in ſecret, and I will rejoice before the world, and return again to my tears with joy.

You ſee, by the freedom of my anſwers, that you need be under no reſtraint. You have acceſs to my poor thoughts at all times; and am, &c.

REFLECTIONS ON A DEPARTURE FROM GOD.

IT is desirable, not only for the establishment of a Christian's peace, that he should be found in the exercise of his holy calling; but it is desirable, also, that he should live and walk continually under the light of God's countenance, that he may rejoice even in tribulation, and glorify his heavenly Father.

Sometimes even days and weeks, nay whole months are spent without the least ray of comfort, or a sweet return of enlivening hope acting upon the soul. But these gloomy scenes of spiritual adversity, which are not unfrequently accompanied with bodily affliction, often originate in a deviation from that path of rectitude prescribed in the word of God. The mountain of holiness, though surrounded with the tempestuous storms of life, is marked with a rod of sweet serenity, pleasant to the pilgrim's eye!

> But view the trav'ller wearied on his way—
> Losing the footsteps of his wonted path,
> He sinks beneath the load.—The scenes of life,
> In variegated hue, withdraw the mind,
> And clouds obscure his parting rays of hope!

When little time has been spent in reading the word, in prayer, or in the more public means of grace, the Lord is oftentimes pleased to send some painful visitation of his providence on those who are the peculiar objects of his care, to bring them to a sense of *themselves*. But these gloomy dispensations, though painful for the present, are always productive of ultimate good to the souls of the afflicted; being designed by their heavenly Father to make them partakers of his holiness, that they may be meet to be received into mansions of everlasting rest.

Amidst all the momentary trouble of believers, labouring under the pressure of spiritual or temporal afflictions, they are too apt to forget the good things that God hath done for them in seasons past. But remember, O Christian! that the Lord has dealt bountifully with thee; and let the consideration of it tend to invigorate thy mind, and rouse thee to prayer, thankfulness, and praise! Salvation is still of the Lord, and those who trust in HIM shall not be ashamed. 'Tis HE, and he alone, who can give the witness of the Spirit of all truth, that we may be enabled to speak by ex-

perience of the hope that is within us. Reflect, therefore, upon the difficulties thou haſt already been enabled to ſurmount, and be diligently found in the means of grace. Look no more to frames and feelings, nor temporal calamities; but remember that the merciful attribute of *a God in Chriſt Jeſus* is what faith fixes its hope upon; for he who cometh unto God by prayer, muſt firſt believe that he is ſuch a being as his word repreſents him to be—*merciful and gracious.* —Retire then, O child of ſorrow! into the cloſet of thine heart, and "EXAMINE THYSELF!"—*Is there not a cauſe?*— Look ſimply towards God in his word, and he will give thee an heart to underſtand, and a propenſity again to holy things. Strive in the ſtrength that is given thee, to preſs forward in the holy exerciſe of a living faith; impreſſed with an humble aſſurance of what the Lord has already done for thy ſoul in ſeaſons paſt; for he has dealt bountifully with thee; and it is thy duty to rejoice even in tribulation, and glorify the God of thy mercies.

Tisbury. U.

MISTAKES IN RELIGION DETECTED.

WE form very improper notions of a religious life, if we ſuppoſe it is a life of quietneſs and peace. Man is no ſooner changed from darkneſs to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, than he becones acquainted with troubles, of which he had formerly no conception. He has to "wreſtle with principalities and powers, with the rulers of the darkneſs of this world, and with ſpiritual wickedneſs in high places." He commences a warfare with all the enemies of God, from which he is not allowed a moment's releaſe, till death calls him from the field. He enjoys, and can promiſe himſelf no peace, till he go where the wicked ceaſe from troubling, and the weary are at reſt. But many of his troubles and cares are of his own creating. Little experienced in religion, he ſets out in the expectation of the ſame compoſure, and confidence of heart, that he enjoyed in the days of his firſt love, when the candle of the Lord ſhone bright upon his tabernacle. After a little more experience, he is convinced, that he had taken by far too limited a view of practical religion. He walks in darkneſs, and has no light. Thus bewildered, he frequently concludes, that the pleaſures which he formerly enjoyed in religion, were only the fruits of a diſtempered imagina-

tion ; or if there was any reality in his religion, he cannot diſcover the cauſe, why God withholds from him thoſe pleaſing communications of his love, to which he was accuſtomed in the early part of his Chriſtian life. This is the caſe with many of the people of God. They doubt of the genuineneſs of their former experiences, and of the love of God to them, becauſe they have not the ſame joys and pleaſures in religion which they formerly enjoyed. To ſuch perſons I beg leave to ſuggeſt a few conſiderations, which, I truſt, will not be unprofitable.

When you were firſt brought to the knowledge of God, much enlargement of ſoul, and pleaſure in religion, were neceſſary to attach your hearts to God, to engage you in his ſervice, and to perſuade you, that you were the objects of his love. When you are come to ſome age and experience in religion, you are not to expect the tokens of the divine love in the ſame number and in the ſame meaſure that you enjoyed in your early days, or for ſome time after you became ſavingly acquainted with him. This may be illuſtrated by a plain ſimilitude. A father takes pleaſure in performing offices of kindneſs to all his family ; but eſpecially takes pleaſure in careſſing the younger children. Thoſe in the family arrived to years, are not treated in the ſame manner ; nay, they do not expect it ; but though they are not dandled and careſſed as little children, they have no reaſon to doubt of their parent's love ; the time was when they, in the ſame ſtate, enjoyed the ſame kindneſs. Thus the child is early attached to his parent, and convinced, by ſuch offices of kindneſs, that he is the object of his father's love. As he grows up, though the parent does not expreſs his affection in the ſame manner, the child has no reaſon to doubt of the reality of his love. In like manner may the chriſtian judge of the gracious deſigns of God. Though he does not now enjoy ſo many pleaſing teſtimonies of divine love in the ſame engaging manner as he did at firſt, he is not to conclude that his former experiences were not genuine, or that God does not love him. He is not now, and he muſt not expect to be treated as a babe. Formerly much enlargement of ſoul in divine exerciſes, with other diſcoveries of divine love, were neceſſary to beget and ſtrengthen in him that filial affection and obedience, which he owes to his Saviour ; and as he makes progreſs in religion, while he waits on God for grace to help him in the time of need, he muſt exerciſe and exert the grace he already enjoys.

Senſible manifeſtations of the divine favour, I grant, are very deſirable : they ſtrengthen and confirm the grace of

faith ; they carry away the heart in the moſt pleaſing contemplations on the excellencies of God, and the exhauſtleſs riches of redeeming love ; they ſavour of heaven, and fill the ſoul with a rich anticipation of its joys. But the Chriſtian muſt live by faith, and be directed by the word on which faith reſts, rather than by ſenſible experiences. Such precious enjoyments are not long continued ; they are only tranſient gleams of light, darting acroſs the Chriſtian's path, ſufficient to ſhew him that he is upon the road, and to encourage him to hold on his way. By faith in the word, the promiſe, the oath, and the faithfulneſs of God, the ſoul may preſerve confidence and hope, though darkneſs, thick darkneſs be round about.* On theſe, Chriſtians, as on a ſure foundation of hope, you ought to truſt ; hoping, at the ſame time, that God will, in his own gracious manner, bleſs you with ſome ſenſible diſcoveries of his love, to enliven your faith, and quicken your deſires for the enjoyments of the heavenly ſtate.

There may be a danger, perhaps, of your placing too much dependance on ſenſible manifeſtations ; and therefore God wiſely withholds them. You are not proper judges of what is uſeful and ſuitable for you in this imperfect ſtate. Even the beſt enjoyments you are apt to abuſe ; and theſe ſenſible manifeſtation of divine love, which you ſo much deſire, you are in danger of perverting to a wrong uſe ; you may truſt in them, and forget that your only ſupport and ſtrength is the rock of ages himſelf ; you may boaſt of ſuch attainments, and overlook the grace from which they proceed. No man was leſs in danger of this than the apoſtle Paul, a man who had acquired a more extenſive knowledge of God, and of himſelf, than any of his cotemporaries ; yet, leſt he ſhould be too much exalted by theſe manifeſtations of the divine favour, he was viſited with a trying diſpenſation, of which he gives us the following account : " Leſt I ſhould be exalted above meaſure, through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the fleſh, the meſſenger of Satan, to buffet me, leſt I ſhould be exalted above meaſure." 2 Cor. xii. 7.

* " What, Thomas, can't you truſt ſo much
To me, as to your ſight and touch ?
Won't you believe till ſenſe be guide,
And thruſt its hand into my ſide ?
Where is thy faith, if it depends
On nothing but thy fingers ends ?
But bleſt are they, who truth do ſeal,
By faith, yet neither ſee nor feel."

Beſides, you ought to conſider, that it is not by ſenſible enjoyments, but by their effects, that you are to judge of your religion. There is no queſtion of the reality of ſenſible communion with God; yet with reſpect to this, it is probable ſome weak minds are ſometimes miſtaken. It is well known that the human heart is eaſily affected by what accords with its natural feelings, and the ſublimity of an expreſſion may fill the mind with awe, when the heart does not properly apprehend the important truth it contains. An affecting recital of the ſufferings of Chriſt may awaken the heart to ſympathy, and produce in ſome a flood of tears; while the mind does not ſpiritually contemplate the infinite love that moved him to die, nor that depth of miſery, from which he came to redeem us. In many caſes, ſome may miſtake the exerciſe of mere natural affection for the fruits of the divine Spirit. Though, then, you are anxious to enjoy ſome ſenſible diſcoveries of divine love; not to enjoy them at the time, nor in the manner you wiſh, is no reaſon for you to conclude, either that your former experiences have not been genuine, or that God does not love you; for theſe enjoyments do not form a ſafe ſtandard by which you are to judge of your religion: It is by their effects, or the fruits they produce, that you will come to a more ſatisfying view of your own ſtate, and a knowledge of your growth in grace.

To aſſiſt you in this important matter, let me inquire, what are the fruits which your former comfortable attainments have produced? Have your hearts been more enlarged in a holy contemplation of the divine excellencies? Have you admired the glory of them, as diſplayed in the whole ſcheme of redemption? Have you been filled with wonder and admiration, in conſidering the riches of divine grace and redeeming love? Have you acquired more humbling diſcoveries of yourſelves? Have you bluſhed, and been aſhamed to lift up your heads, when you conſidered the depth of divine condeſcenſion? Is your love to Jeſus, and is your hatred of ſin daily increaſing? Is obedience to Chriſt's authority a pleaſure and a joy? Are the diſpoſitions of your hearts becoming more conformed to the image of God? Are love, joy, peace, long-ſuffering, gentleneſs, goodneſs, faith, meekneſs, temperance, becoming more perfect? Theſe are inquiries you may eaſily anſwer; and theſe you will anſwer in the affirmative, if your former attainments in religion have been the fruits of the Spirit. By thus ſearching for the fruits of your former experiences, you will acquire a more ſafe ſolution to the doubts you entertain of your religion,

than by calling to your remembrance the enjoyments themſelves, or by having them repeated.

It is likewiſe neceſſary for you to conſider, that God, by withholding ſenſible manifeſtations of his love, proves your graces, and brings them to perfection. Many changes in your ſpiritual life are neceſſary to give you the opportunity of exerciſing your humility, your patience, your faith, and hope. You never can experience your hearts in the exerciſe of any of theſe graces, till you are brought into ſuch circumſtances as require you to exerciſe them. In enjoying ſenſible manifeſtations, you are neither exerciſing patience, faith nor hope, properly ſpeaking, "for what a man ſees, why doth he yet hope for;" but when theſe enjoyments are withdrawn, you are to "poſſeſs your ſouls in patience," to exerciſe faith and hope, till faith vaniſh into viſion, and hope into enjoyment. "He that walketh in darkneſs, and hath no light, let him truſt in the name of the Lord and ſtay himſelf upon his God."

Finally, let me remark, that thoſe enjoyments you ſo much deſire, are chiefly reſerved for the happineſs of the heavenly ſtate. There your faith will vaniſh into viſion, your hope into enjoyment, without a ſingle cloud to darken your proſpect, or a ſingle ſtorm to ſhake your confidence and joy. Then you ſhall "with open face behold the glory of the Lord, and be changed into the ſame image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord. Eye hath not ſeen, neither hath ear head what God hath prepared for them that love him;" ſo inconceivably glorious, and unſpeakably great, will be your happineſs in the boſom of God. Be not impatient then under a few changes in this vale of tears. The borders of Emanual's land will ſoon open to your view. The ſhades of night will ſoon be diſperſed. The light of eternal day will ſoon break in upon your ſouls. Be patient till the time arrive, when God will ſet you free from this mortal ſtate, and all the ills which attend it; then the perfect enjoyment of God will more than compenſate for all the unwelcome changes you experienced below; You ſhall ſit down with Abraham, with Iſaac, and with Jacob, and with the moſt illuſtrious characters that ever lived; there you ſhall be eternally happy; for "ſorrow and ſighing ſhall flee away, and God ſhall wipe away all tears from your eyes."

ADJUTOR.

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ADJUTOR.

HATRED OF SIN, A CERTAIN PROOF OF SAVING GRACE.

A MEDITATION,

Written by the Author of "SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

HOW many are my fears! but whence do they ariſe? Do I ſuſpect the care and faithfulneſs of God; or the power and love of Jeſus; his ability and willingneſs to ſave thoſe who ſincerely confide in him? No; I believe that heaven is as ſure to ſuch, as if I now ſaw them caſting their crowns at the Redeemer's feet: But ſuch is the awful depravity of my nature, and the deceitfulneſs of my heart, that I am uncertain whether *I* am of that happy number. When I read that they who are Chriſt's have crucified the fleſh, with its luſts and affections; and ſurvey my unmortified corruptions, the vanity of my mind, the earthlineſs of my affections, and the ſtubbornneſs of my will; I am ready to conclude that I am yet in the gall of bitterneſs, and in the bonds of iniquity. How uncomfortable and diſtreſſing is ſuch a caſe! To be uncertain of the favour of God, uncertain of my chief and only happineſs; uncertain of another hour in this life, and yet uncertain of my right to eternal happineſs! I charge thee, O my ſoul, by all that is ſacred, that thou doſt not reſt here; nay, I proteſt in the preſence of God, that thou ſhalt not reſt here. As ſin is the cauſe of thy fears, I will bring thee to the teſt, and inquire how far thou art influenced by it. Perhaps thy fears may be groundleſs; but I am not to be ſatisfied with a may be: This is a concern of the utmoſt importance; and a miſtake here would prove awfully fatal. Let me ſeriouſly aſk thee, O my ſoul, doſt thou take pleaſure in ſin? canſt thou indulge this accurſed evil? art thou a willing ſlave to Satan and thine own carnal appetites? Or, is the yoke of ſin grievous and burdenſome to thee? and doſt thou groan to be delivered from its cruel bondage? Methinks theſe queſtions afford me ſome ſatisfaction. Stand aſide, ye gloomy thoughts, ye unbelieving fears; and let me appeal to God in this matter. Perfection is not to be found here; but may I not, by ſtrict examination, gain ſome ſolid ground of hope?—With the profoundeſt reverence I appeal to thee, O thou Searcher of

hearts; if I am thine, if I ſhare in the bleſſings of thy covenant, why ſhould I not take the comfort of it, and give thee the glory? Why ſhould I go mourning all my days, to the diſhonour of thy grace; and through ignorance give credit to the ſuggeſtions of the father of lies? I intreat thee, O God, to aſſiſt my inquiry; help me to be faithful to my own ſoul; forbid that I ſhould make this ſolemn appeal with a lie in my right hand! Forgive this abrupt addreſs, and permit me to proceed. If ſin is not the object of my hatred, why all this uneaſineſs on the account of it? The things which I love I purſue with pleaſure, and find ſatisfaction in the enjoyment of them: But not ſo is it here; when I find my heart diſpoſed to wander from thee, and to take up with forbidden evils, diſcontent immediately takes place, my ſoul is out of its element; ſenſible of my own weakneſs, I call in the aſſiſtance of thy Spirit, and endeavour, in the ſtrength of Jeſus, to ſuppreſs its wild deſires; and if, through grace, I gain the conqueſt, how does my ſoul rejoice! what pleaſure and ſatisfaction does it afford me! Can this be recconiled with the love of ſin? If I love it, why do I grieve when it is preſent, and rejoice over its abſence? Lord, thou art witneſs to the truth of this; for thou art better acquainted with my heart than I am myſelf; nor do I repeat any thing with a view to inform thee of it, but that I myſelf may be informed, and taught to know and underſtand the true ſtate of my ſoul.

Let me aſk again; If ſin is not the object of my hatred, why do I confeſs and lament it before thee? why do I make it a part of my daily work to pray againſt it? why all theſe earneſt deſires to be preſerved from it? why do I count its weight more grievous than the heavieſt affliction? why does my diſpleaſure ariſe at the appearance of it in others? why does it wound my heart to hear thy name profaned, O God? If ſin is not the object of my hatred, why is my ſorrow ſo often excited by it? why do I loath myſelf on account of it? why do I long for an everlaſting ſeparation from it? why theſe repeated cries for ſanctification?

Lord, what have I moſt complained of before thee? I confeſs I have frequently complained of pain and ſickneſs, of poverty, of inward and outward diſtreſſes; but can I not call thee to witneſs that ſin has borne the largeſt weight of my complaints? nay, may I not ſay, that this is the ſum of all my complaints? Here every ſigh begins and ends; 'tis this that renders life uncomfortable, and death deſirable. And what ſhall I ſay more? May I not view theſe as ſure

grounds of a real hatred to ſin? Lord, thou knoweſt all things, and thou knoweſt that ſin is the object of my utter deteſtation. Do not I deſire to be made holy, becauſe thou art holy? Do I not hate ſin, becauſe thou hateſt it? is it any thing ſhort of thy diſpleaſure that renders it diſagreeable to me?

Let me ſtill urge the inquiry: Do I not hate it as the accurſed thing, for which Jeſus ſhed his precious blood? 'Twas ſin that brought him from heaven to earth, that turned the Lord of glory into the form of a ſervant; 'twas ſin that expoſed him to hunger and thirſt, to cold and wearineſs; 'twas ſin that cauſed the Maker and Owner of all things to complain, "the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have neſts, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head;" 'twas ſin that treated him with ſcorn and contempt; 'twas ſin that agonized him in the garden of Gethſemane. How keen muſt be his ſorrows, when "his ſweat was as it were as great drops of blood falling to the ground!" 'Twas ſin that perſecuted him, that betrayed him, that arraigned him at Pilate's bar; 'twas ſin that accuſed and condemned him; 'twas ſin that ſmote him, that ſpit in his face, and that ſcourged him; 'twas ſin that crowned him with thorns, that led him away to be crucified, that nailed him to the accurſed tree, that pierced his ſacred ſide, and that made him cry out, "My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?"—O ſin, what haſt thou done! Can I meditate on theſe things, without bearing my teſtimony againſt thee? How much revenge and holy indignation do I owe thee! In the preſence of God I once more proclaim everlaſting war with, and hatred to thee. Here ſin appears ſin indeed; never do I ſee ſo much of its deformity as when I view it in the glaſs of the Redeemer's ſufferings. May I not again appeal to thee, O thou heart-ſearching God! and ſay in the ſincerity of my ſoul, Thou knoweſt that I hate it?

Bleſſed Jeſus! didſt thou undergo all this for ſinners, and didſt thou, in the midſt of thy ſufferings, caſt an eye of pity upon me the chief of ſinners, one of the unworthieſt of thy creatures? Let me pauſe awhile—here I am loſt in admiration:—Why me, Lord, why me? Who and what am I, that thou ſhouldeſt be mindful of me; that thou ſhouldeſt viſit me with the leaſt token of thy favour; that thou ſhouldeſt be content to bear the load of my guilt, and make peace for me by the blood of thy croſs! How much love and gratitude do I owe thee! O help me to praiſe thee; touch my heart with a live coal from thine altar;

let this love influence and guide all my thoughts, words, and actions; and let my whole life be one continual ſcene of praiſe and thankſgiving!

Now I ſearch in vain for my fears; I have left them at the foot of the croſs; they are drowned in the ſea of unbounded love and grace. Why may I not join the ſong of angels, in aſcribing ſalvation to Him that ſitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever?

SIGNS OF A LIVING OR GROWING CHRISTIAN.

[*From a valuable author of the laſt century.*]

The righteous ſhall flouriſh like a palm-tree; he ſhall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Pſalm xcii. 12.

SIGN 1. When your chief delight is with the ſaints, eſpecially them that excel in virtue. Pſalm xvi. 3.

2. When the ſmitings of the righteous are not a burden to you, and you can hear of your faults with affectionate attention. Pſalm cxli. 5.

3. When Jeſus Chriſt, in the midſt of temptation, is more to you than all the world. Phil. iii. 8.

4. When reproach for Chriſt makes you not aſhamed of Chriſt. Mark, viii. 38. Heb. xi. 26.

5. When wandering thoughts in time of duty find leſs entertainment than formerly. Pſalm cxxxix, 23. 1 Cor. xiii. 11.

6. When length of ſtanding in the profeſſion of Chriſtianity works increaſe of hatred to all ſin. Pſalm cxix. 104—113.

7. When you carry about with you a conſtant Jealouſy over your own heart, that it turn not aſide from God and goodneſs. Prov. xxviii. 14.

8. When every known new mercy begets new thankfulneſs, and that with delight. Pſalm cxlv. 2.

9. When known calamity in God's houſe begets deep ſorrow in your heart. Neh. i. 4.

10. When God's afflicting you for your ſins makes you love God the better. Pſalm cxix. 75.

11. When the ſame care and travail you at firſt laboured in to get Chriſt, is as much, if not more, laboured in to keep Chriſt. Heb. vi. 11, 12.

12. When a feeling ſenſe of the peace and edification of the church of God lies ſo near your heart, that you can prefer it above your chief concerns. Pſalm cxxxvii. 6. Rom. xiv. 19. 2 Cor. xi. 9.

13. When, under deep diſtreſs or languiſhing, the word of God is precious to you. Pſalm cxix. 92.

14. When any condition, though in itſelf mean, as it comes from God, is moſt welcome. Job, i. 21. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

15. When the peace of Chriſt's houſe begets chief joy in your heart. Pſalm cxxii. 7, 8, 9.

16. When chief care to avoid all ſin is as truly occaſioned through fear of diſhonouring God, and incurring his preſent diſpleaſure as *wrath to come*. Neh. v. 15. Gen. xxxix. 9.

17. When the leaſt apprehenſion of God's withdrawing makes you ſeek him more earneſtly in ſuch ways wherein he will be found. Pſalm lxiii. 1.

18. When every company is burdenſome to you, that is not deſigning your Father's glory, but derogating therefrom. Pſalm cxx. 5. 2 Pet. ii. 7, 8.

19. When the ſins of others come ſo near your heart, that you walk ſadly to ſee ſuch perſons tranſgreſs God's commandments. Pſalm cxix. 136.

20. When the light of your underſtanding grows more ſtrong to your making judgment of ſpiritural things according to God's word. Eph. i. 18.

21. When bitter things become ſweet to you, as they are ſquared by, and founded on, the will of God. Matt. xxvi. 38, 39. Acts, xxi. 14.

22. When the path of the humble is ſo delightful, that you'd rather be with them, than in the tents of the ungodly. Acts, xx. 19. Pſalm lxxxiv. 10.

23. When your pity is ſuch to periſhing people, that you cannot but weep at the thoughts of their ruin. Luke, xix. 41. Jer. ix. 1. Phil. iii. 18, 19.

24. When the yoke of ſelf-denial, as impoſed by Chriſt Jeſus, is not grievous, but pleaſant to you. Matt. xi. 29, 30. Mark, x. 28.

25. When the force of the reſurrection and judgment to come, lies ſo cloſe at your heart, that it makes you anſwer every call of Chriſt to do or ſuffer cheerfully. 2 Cor. v. 9, 10. Acts, xxiv. 15, 16.

26. When *increase* of time in Chriſt's acquaintance works *increase* of delight in communion with Chriſt. Pſa. xcii. 12. 13, 14.

27. When in the walk of faith you are more frequent, and leſs depend upon walking by ſenſe. 2 Cor. v. 7. Gal. ii. 20.

28. When the majeſty of the great God, conſidering how viſible you are in his ſight, hath an awful prevalence upon your heart. Job, xxxi. 4.

29. When you are at open war and conſtant hoſtility with *bosom sin*, as diſpleaſing to God, and forbidden by his law. Pſalm xviii. 23.

30. When you have a thirſting care to get the power of godlineſs in your heart, rather than the form of godlineſs in the head, or outward profeſſion. 2 Cor. i. 12.

31. When the worſhip of God, agreeable to his word, is highly prized, and faithfully practiſed, in the worſt of times. Mal. iii. 14, 15, 16.

32. When the ſoul is more hungry for the word of God, than the body is for temporal food. Job, xxiii. 12. Pſalm cxix. 72, 162.

SIGNS OF A DYING, OR DECAYING CHRISTIAN.

1. WHEN you are ſo indifferent to aſſemble, or frequent the church of God, that you can come, or you cannot come, at your own pleaſure.

2. When, in your ſolemneſt worſhip, you are quickly weary without warrantable cauſe.

3. When few ſermons will pleaſe you; either you like not *matter*, or *manner*, or *man*, or *place*.

4. When you think you know enough.

5. When a ſmall occaſion will keep you from Chriſt's table, or communion with the church of God.

6. When you have uſually no great mind to prayer.

7. When reading the Holy Scriptures is more burthenſome than delightful.

8. When you are mighty inquiſitive after novelties or new things, rather than wholeſome doctrine.

9. When you are ſo little prepared for the ſolemn aſſemblies, that they come before you think of them, or long for them.

10. When you come to the aſſembly more for fear of the brethren's eye, than Chriſt's omniſcient and all-piercing eye.

11. When you will rather betray the name of Chriſt Jeſus, and the credit of his Goſpel, by your ſilence; than appear for it to your own ſuffering and diſparagement.

12. When, at a ſmall offence, you are uſually ſo impatient, that you commit great ſin.

13. When you are more careful to get the words of Chriſt's people, than the ſpirit of Chriſt's people;—the *form* and the *power*.

14. When you are not much troubled at your own miſcarriages, while they are kept from *public view*.

15. When you love *leaſt* thoſe Chriſtians that deal moſt faithfully with you, in the opening your ſores, and tendering you remedies.

16. When you pray more for afflictions being removed than ſanctified.

17. When under God's calamity, you can neither find neceſſity, nor excellency, to humble yourſelves by faſting and prayer.

18. When the thought of your boſom-luſt, or any other ſin, is more prevalent with you, than pleaſing God.

19. When you are mighty curious about the leſſer matters of God's law, and mighty careleſs about the weightier.

20. When the Holy Spirit's help to the great work of mortification, ſeems not of abſolute neceſſity to you.

21. When you are ſo ignorant of your ſpiritual ſtanding, that you know not whether you grow or decay.

22. When increaſe of time in Chriſt's acquaintance, worketh decreaſe of affection to Chriſt's company.

23. When great ſins ſeem ſmaller, and ſmall ſins ſeem none at all.

24. When your tongue is frequent in complaining of leſſer miſeries, and ſilent in praiſing for greater mercies.

25. When your ſenſe of the great worth of time is ſo ſmall, that you are turned prodigal.

26. When a watchful care of a godly life, and Chriſtian converſation, is more accidental than habitual.

27. When care for your body is uſually moſt pleaſant, and care for your ſoul uſually moſt irkſome.

28. When you are much a ſtranger to the practical part of meditation on the word and works of God.

29. When the thoughts of a dying Jeſus, for your ſins, doth little diſſuade you from an unchriſtian converſation.

30. When you can remember paſt ſins committed, rather with liking than lothing.

31. When you can ſee ſpectacles of morality carrying to their long home, and be as practically unconcerned, as

though yourſelves were exempted from the like ſtate of mortality.

32. When you find greater ſatisfaction in the company of the world, than with the people of God.

THE UNKNOWN GOD.

WONDERFULLY REVEALING HIMSELF TO A POOR PAGAN.

PEMMEHANUIT, an Indian of the firſt eminence in Martha's vineyard, and his wife, buried their firſt five children ſucceſſively, within ten days after the birth of each, notwithſtanding all the efforts of *Powaws* and the uſe of medicines for their preſervation. In the year 1638, which was before the Engliſh ſettled there, a ſixth child was born. The mother, agitated with fear leſt this child alſo ſhould die, and utterly deſpairing of help from the means ſhe had formerly tried, took the babe in her arms and walked out into the field, that there ſhe might freely vent her ſorrows and her tears. While ſhe was there, muſing on the inſufficiency of all human help, ſhe felt it powerfully ſuggeſted to her mind, that *there is one Almighty God who is to be prayed to*—that *this God hath created all the things that we see*—and, that *the God who had given being to herſelf, and all other people, and who had given this child to her, was eaſily able to continue his life.*

Upon this, the poor pagan reſolved that ſhe would cry to this God for that mercy, which ſhe accordingly did. The iſſue was that her child lived; and her faith (ſuch as it was) in Him, who thus anſwered her prayer, was wonderfully ſtrengthened: The conſideration of which cauſed her to dedicate this child to the ſervice of that God who had preſerved his life.

Soon after this the Engliſh came to ſettle in the iſland; and the Indians who had been preſent at ſome of their devotions reported, that the man who ſpoke among them frequently looked upwards. The woman hearing this, concluded that their aſſemblies were for prayers, and that their prayers were to that very God whom ſhe had addreſſed for the life of her child. In this opinion ſhe was ſoon confirmed when *Mr. Mahew* preached the Goſpel there to the Indians; which Goſpel ſhe readily, chearfully, and cordially embraced. And in the confeſſion ſhe made at her admiſſion into the church, ſhe related that preparation for

the knowledge of Chriſt, with which God had ſo wonderfully favoured her. But that which enhances this wonderful mercy is, that this very child has proved an eminent preacher of Chriſt among the Indians. He is living at this time, ſays our author*, (1696), a very religious Chriſtian, and a laborious Miniſter; he is paſtor of an Indian church, compoſed of ſome ſcores of regenerate ſouls, and has taken pains to extend the Goſpel to other Indians on the main land with great ſucceſs. His name is *Japhet*.

Who can tell how often the good Spirit may impreſs the mind of an Heathen? Who can tell how many *Otaheitans*, *Indians*, and *Africans* may now be under ſimilar impreſſions, "a people prepared for the Lord," to whom a Miſſionary may addreſs the words of St. Paul—"Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worſhip, Him declare I unto you!"

THE DEADLY FRUIT OF INFIDELITY.

THE mutiny among the ſeamen having had alſo a partial operation in the ranks of the Marine Forces at Plymouth, hath induced an awful example of its ill effects in the puniſhment, by death of three private Marines laſt week under the ſentence of a Court Martial. One of theſe unhappy and miſguided ſufferers was a Mr. Lee, of Dublin, a man of conſiderable natural and acquired talents, and who had reaſoned himſelf into a diſbelief of the principles of revealed religion from the writings of ſceptics, and particularly from the pamphlet entitled *The Age of Reason*. The fallacy of theſe principles, and their ſad conſequences, cannot better be deſcribed than in the following letter, with which we are favoured from one of our correſpondents, who was an eye-witneſs of their flimſineſs in this man's inſtance in the hour of death. We only detain our readers from the peruſal with juſt obſerving, that, from the circumſtances which attended the writer's behaviour in his laſt hours, there is great reaſon to hope that God's grace triumphed over infidelity in this inſtance, and ſaved him as a brand from the fire through the ſovereignty of his mercy.

* *Dr. Cotton Mather, in his Magnalia Christi Americana, Book vi. p.* 63.

From my Cell, Citadel Prison, Plymouth,
July 6, 1797.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

YOUR exertions to ſave my life cannot now avail. Yeſterday the order for my execution *this day* arrived. I have but a few ſhort moments to live, and I truſt that, therefore, what I wiſh to impart to you will be received by you with that ſerioufneſs with which it muſt come from the heart of a dying man.

Like you, I have been miſled by the *ſophiſtications* of thoſe who deny the *truths* of the Goſpel, and deride the *evidence of God's word*; like you, I gave them implicit confidence; but the awfulneſs of my preſent ſtate has induced a candid examination of them; and the arguments of the enemies of divine revelation appear now to me in the vileſt colours.

I have thought it neceſſary to ſeek the aid of a Miniſter of the Goſpel, who, I truſt, is a witneſs to my converſion, to my regeneration, and will teſtify it, as far as he can be ſuppoſed to place a confidence in the ſincerity of it. On this ſubject I have no time to add more, than to exhort you to avail yourſelf of the opportunity you have to renounce thoſe opinions, which were near proving fatal to my eternal happineſs hereafter, through the merits of his dear Son, Jeſus Chriſt, the Redeemer of mankind.

The gentleman who has been conſiderably inſtrumental in producing my converſion, will, I preſume, at my requeſt, take up the pen to offer you ſuch arguments as his ſuperior abilities and experience will dictate; and I have no doubt, but if you inveſtigate the *truth* with a due impartiality, your mind will ſoon acknowledge that conviction I do, and *your ſoul will be filled with it.*

Whatever family claims I have, I transfer to my ſiſter Aldridge, and requeſt you will do all in your power to render the evening of her days as comfortable as poſſible.—For ever farewell, dear Brother, (here).—Remember my laſt dying advice, and conſult *your eternal welfare.*—Recommend my affection to my ſiſters and brothers, and all friends.

Your ſincere Brother,

ROBERT LEE.

AN ADDRESS TO SLEEPERS IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

CHILDREN of ſloth! Your crimes need not be proved—you are your own accuſers; and, as though you gloried in your ſhame, you are repeatedly expoſing yourſelves to freſh guilt and diſgrace before many witneſſes. Hardened in your ſin, neither the voice of the preacher, the ſubject of his miniſtry, the eyes of ſpectators, no the preſence of the GREAT GOD himſelf have hitherto reſtrained you! Suffer one among the many, whoſe grief and indignation your inexcuſeable indolence repeatedly provokes, and whoſe devotional pleaſures it interrupts, to addreſs you in the language of faithful remonſtrance.

What mean ye, O Sleepers! by chooſing the *day of God* above all others, for a day of ſlumber, and the *time of his worship* above all other, for ſlothful indulgence? Have ye not houſes and couches to ſleep in at home, that you muſt convert your pews into bed-chambers? Are there no ſeaſons of repoſe you can enjoy beſide, that you muſt chooſe thoſe which are conſecrated to God? O Sleepers! know, that every pillow in your habitations unites with every ſetting ſun, to leave your ſlumbers in the ſanctuary without excuſe.

Or will ye find that excuſe in the *nature of the service?* Will you plead that the Goſpel of Chriſt is a thing ſo unintereſting, or devotional exerciſes ſo ſtupifying, that in vain you endeavour to preſerve your attention to them? Ah think, what a teſtimony ſuch a plea will bear to the extreme *hardness and carnality of your own hearts.* What *can* engage your attention, if a God incarnate, ſhedding his precious blood for guilty men, cannot? What ſubject ſo intereſting as this, or what more deſerving your regard!

When the Redeemer expired, the rocks trembled—the earth ſhook—the graves opened—the dead aroſe—the ſun hid his beams, and a Centurion exclaimed, "this is the Son of God." But you—harder than the rock—more ſtupid than the earth—more unfeeling than the grave, or the dead carcaſes it contains, can preſent, to a diſguſted aſſembly, a yawning countenance at that very ſcene which made the lamp of heaven aſhamed to appear before an admiring world, and tacitly declare, that an idolatrous Gentile ſoldier felt more like a Chriſtian than yourſelves.

But you profeſs to be *Chriſtians*, and would be offended with the man who ſhould call your piety in queſtion. Is this then the evidence you give of it, and are theſe the fruits by which we muſt judge of your religion? Enter the moſque of a Muſſelman—the pagod of an Indian, or the ſynagogue of a Jew, and, if you are ingenuous enough to draw a fair inference, confeſs, that if *attention* be the criterion, they are better worſhippers than you. Yes it is the infamy of *Chriſtian aſſemblies* above all other, to diſhonour their religion, belie their profeſſion, aud inſult their God! And at your door, O Sleepers! that infamy lies.

Where is your reſpect for your Miniſter? For ſix days he labours, and on the ſeventh he brings into the pulpit what he has in ſecret prepared. Unhappy man! Thy hearers tell thee to thy face that thy labours for a week are not worthy their attention for an hour. O how often has it been, that when the faithful, zealous man of God has had his heart warmed with his ſubject, and has fondly thought each attendant's feelings were in uniſon with his own; that by your indecent yawning, your filthy ſnoring, or repeated nodding before his eyes, his pleaſure hath yielded to ſurprize—his ſurprize to grief, and his grief to diſcouragement, until he has ſcarcely poſſeſſed ſufficient fortitude to cloſe the ſentence he had begun, and a ſeaſon which promiſed univerſal delight, becomes, through your accurſed indolence, tormenting to the preacher, and unprofitable to attentive hearers.

What mean you thus to ſleep and break our hearts! Have we not diſcouragements enough in the world, that you muſt bring yours into the ſanctuary! Shall we labour to exclude every thing from our recollection that would ſadden our ſpirits whilſt we are worſhipping in the beauty of Holineſs, and will you, to our faces, counteract our efforts; and inſtead of animating our devotion by your cheerful attention, reſign yourſelves to the inſenſibility of logs, till you diffuſe ſtupidity or grief over all around?

Will you apologize by urging a drowſy habit of body which induces a natural lethargy? I aſk you, why are you not lethargic in your buſineſs? Which of your cuſtomers do you inſult as you do the congregation and the Miniſter with whom you profeſs to unite in divine worſhip? who ſees you aſleep in your ſhops, or in the circle of your friends? When do you cloſe your eyes over a newſpaper? or your ears to a tale of ſcandal?—Abuſe your conſcience no longer. This is the fact—either you make the day of God a day of

intemperate indulgence, and ſo criminally induce that drowſineſs which is your conſtant diſgrace, and renders you common nuiſances to every congregation that you viſit, or elſe your reverence for God and attachment to the Goſpel of Jeſus, is little more than mere profeſſion; for nothing can be more evident or eaſy to be underſtood than this, that if the concerns of the world will keep you awake at the ſame hours, and in the ſame circumſtances as thoſe in which you ſleep in the houſe of God, it muſt be becauſe you have not ſo much reliſh for, nor feel your heart ſo much intereſted in religion as about the world.—You may draw your own concluſion.

Be perſuaded to anſwer the following queſtions.—Do you believe that public worſhip is an ordinance of God? Do you believe that *Chriſt is always present* where two or three are met in his name? Do you believe there is a day of reckoning at hand, when he who inſpects his churches now, will call you to his bar? Will not all ſuch deſpiſers of Chriſt and his worſhip, as you are, be aſhamed before him at his coming?

Becauſe efforts from the pulpit have been unſucceſsful, this is made from the preſs. Should it fail of its deſign, you muſt ſleep on, till an inſulted God ſhall meet you in awful retribution. Of your guilt, your Miniſters waſh their hands, and appeal to Heaven and to you, that they are not partakers of your ſins.

CURE FOR DROWSINESS IN WORSHIP.

I HAVE frequently heard the people of God complain of the infirmity of drowſineſs, and an almoſt irreſiſtible propenſity to ſleep whilſt under the word. This has been matter of the greateſt uneaſineſs to them, and they have not been able altogether to conquer it, notwithſtanding their utmoſt care and watchfulneſs. I ſhall not attempt to lay down any certain method, by which this may *always* be prevented; but only to drop a hint or two, which has been uſeful to me, and may be ſo to many.

The afternoon is the time when this diſpoſition is moſt particularly felt, and on the Sabbath the time between ſervice is ſo ſhort, that people riſe almoſt directly from their tables to go to the houſe of God, where for want of the accuſtomed exerciſe of the week, the body experiences an unuſual load, and conſequently produces a languid frame

and ſtupor of mind. I would not immediately recommend faſting on the Lord's Day, (although that would be commendable, if eating incapacitated us for its duties) but I am perſuaded if people were a little more abſtemious, and would defer their principal meal till evening, and only make uſe of a ſlight refreſhment, inſtead of a hearty dinner, this would have a very great effect in preventing *drowsiness*.

There are ſome perſons who in conſequence of age, and conſtitutional habits, are more particularly inclined to this diſpoſition than others; thoſe children of God may reckon this among the reſt of their infirmities, and will lament it as they do evil thoughts and ſuggeſtions of the heart. But let not ſloth and idleneſs, and the want of a little ſelf-mortification influence any to ſeek ſhelter under this pretence. God is a ſearcher of the heart, and a trier of the reins, and can very eaſily diſcriminate between the infirmities of nature, and allowed ſin. In nothing ought we to be more careful than in a point of this nature. Such is the deceitfulneſs of the heart, that we are too apt to fly to weak ſubterfuges, and lay the fault of every imperfection on any thing rather than on ourſelves.

UBIQUE.

A DREAM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

If the following account of a DREAM be worthy of your notice, pleaſe give it a place in your Magazine. I ſhall be highly gratified if any of your Correſpondents will attempt to account for the wonderful fact.

I am, SIR, your conſtant Reader,
CANDOUR.

ABOUT four miles diſtant from where I lived, a young man, the ſon of a widow, was ſeized with a conſumption, which at laſt carried him off. I had but little acquaintance with him; but I knew he was bleſſed with a religious education, and diſtinguiſhed for piety. He was a

conſiderable time under his complaint, and ſo far from being thought dangerouſly ill by his relations, as to be frequently left alone, and he died without a friend to witneſs his departure.

The ſame night on which he died, I dreamed I ſaw him, and that I was appointed by Divine Providence to attend him through the Valley of the Shadow of Death! We ſet out together through a very dangerous lonely valley, of a moſſy appearance, with pits on every ſide of the road, which was covered with graſs. We went on with conſiderable ſpeed on this untrodden path, with a light very much reſembling a miſty day, for we could ſee but a ſmall diſtance before us. At length, after many turnings and windings, we came to our journey's end, and ſaw Heaven as repreſented in the Revelation, four ſquare, with ſeveral gates. When a good way off, we heard the ſongs of the redeemed, which made us quicken our pace. We approached one ſide of the New Jeruſalem, and aſcended ſome ſteps, but found no admittance; yet nothing diſcouraged, we proceeded to another ſide, where we found an open door, at which my companion entered, and I ſaw him no more. I was allowed only to glance my eye into the bleſſed abodes, where I ſaw a vaſt concourſe of people, on ſeats riſing in regular order above each other; the whole bleſſed company had their eyes fixed on ſome object in the midſt of the celeſtial Temple, but which I could not behold; and all were ſinging in rapturous ſtrains of joy, with a mixture of veneration and aſtoniſhment on their countenances. Having finiſhed this pleaſant taſk of accompanying one to the gates of Heaven, I returned alone by the way which I went, highly delighted with what I had ſeen and heard.

On awaking, I was not a little ſurprized at my dream, and early in the morning told a friend all the circumſtances; about two hours after, we were informed that the young man had died that night.—Though it is forty years ſince, yet every circumſtance is as freſh in my mind as that day after it happened.

Glasgow, May 26, 1797.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

MAHOMETANISM.

"THE 5th Angel," ſaith John, "ſounded, and I ſaw a ſtar fall from Heaven upon ea rth, and to him was given the key of the bottomleſs pit." Rev. ix. 1.

The moſt eminent expoſitors of ſcripture agree in the application of this terrible prophecy to the grand impoſtor, MAHOMET. A name of ſuch conſiderable magnitude, in conſequence of its connexion with the Chriſtian church, as deſervedly to demand our attention in this place.

This ſingular perſon was born at Mecca in Arabia, ſomewhere about the year 572. His father dying when he was only two months old, he was left to the care of his grandfather. At his birth many prodigies are reported to have happened, as omens of his future greatneſs. Early in life he was inſtructed in the buſineſs of a merchant, and employed by a rich widow, of the name of Khadijah, as a factor. Into her favour he ſo effectually inſinuated himſelf, as to obtain her in marriage. By this event he became poſſeſſed of conſiderable wealth and power, and continued in the mercantile occupation for ſeveral years.

About the 38th year of his age he began to enter upon the execution of his deſign, of introducing to the world a new religion. For the more facile accompliſhment of his purpoſe, he judged it requiſite to give celebrity to his name, by leading a life of rigid ſanctity. Retiring to a cave called Hira, near Mecca, in the exerciſe of ſevere abſtinence and meditation, he profeſſed to have extraordinary revelations, and frequent converſe with the Angel Gabriel. In the courſe of his profeſſion as a merchant, by his communications, both with Jews and Chriſtians, he obtained a knowledge of their reſpective religious tenets; and incorporated ſeveral mutilated parts of both into his own abominable ſyſtem. Availing himſelf of the corruptions of Chriſtianity, and the diſtractions which at that time ſo ſhamefully prevailed amongſt its profeſſors, he ſeized the opportunity which their vices favourably afforded, and entered upon the deſign of rendering himſelf illuſtrious as the head of a new religion.

At the commencement of his undertaking he only brought forward the moſt unexceptionable parts of his novel ſcheme; profeſſing no more than a deſign of purging religion from that groſs idolatry into which, he pretended, its abettors had fallen, and to reſtore it to its ancient purity, by calling men back to the worſhip of one true God.

In his retirement at Mecca he pretended that the angel Gabriel had informed him of his divine miſſion; and that he was conſtituted the Apoſtle of God, ſaying, "O, Mahomet! thou art the Apoſtle of God, and I am Gabriel."

By the neceſſary converſion of his wife, and that of ſome conſiderable relations, he was emboldened in the proſecution of his impious fraud. With unremitting perſeverance he devoted himſelf in effectuating his original plan, which received ſo conſiderable an acquiſition, that in the 44th year of his age he made a public declaration of his pretended miſſion, avowing himſelf a prophet ſent by God to purge chriſtianity from its errors.

Notwithſtanding the diſcouragements attendant upon his firſt enterprize, he combated every difficulty, and by the ardour of his genius ſo far overcame them, as to attach the moſt eminent men in Mecca to his intereſt; and to give his party a formidable appearance. Thus ſupported, he ſet up his ſtandard as a rallying point; encouraged his followers in predatory excurſions, and laid the foundation of his future greatneſs by his ſucceſs at the battle of Beder, in which, with only 313 followers, he defeated a caravan defended by more than 1200 ſoldiers. Animated by this ſingular ſucceſs, he advanced in his career, and by increaſing achievements added ſuch ſplendour to his name, that he was enabled to bring to the field an army which, in conſequence of the enthuſiaſm infuſed into their minds by the eloquence of their chieftain, inſured ſucceſs wherever they appeared.

Such was the iſſue of his exploits, that in the courſe of his military apoſtleſhip he effected a revolution, from which aroſe an empire that, in the immediately ſubſequent 80 years extended over more countries and kingdoms than ever the Roman did in 800 years. The empire of Turkey, of the Mogul in India, and the vaſt empire of China in the preſent day, are ſtriking memorials of its former greatneſs. In the year 628 he united in himſelf the royal character, with the ſacred one of Chief Pontiff of his religion.

In the year 632 this notorious impoſtor died at Medina of a lingering fever, ſuppoſed to have been the effect of

poiſon adminiſtered to him three years before. A violent conteſt ſucceeded about the place of his burial, which at laſt was determined to be at Medina; to which place prodigious multitudes of Muſſulmen annually reſort to viſit the tomb of the prophet.

The theological principles which conſtitute Mahometaniſm are the following: God is one in eſſence, neceſſarily exiſting from eternity. Mahomet was *the Prophet* and Apoſtle of God. God has decreed all things and modes, ſo that nothing can happen in the world, whether it reſpects the conditions or operations of things, but what is contained in his decrees. That there are angels, pure from ſin, who act in obedience to the Divine commands. That there are 104 ſacred books; in the number of which are the Pentateuch, the Pſalms, and Goſpels; and principally the Alcoran of Mahomet. That there will be a general reſurrection and final judgment.

The rewards he propoſed to his faithful diſciples were ſuch as correſponded with oriental manners, and ſuited corrupt nature: Pleaſant gardens, ſtreams, and flowing fountains, delicious beds, all manner of fruits, the enjoyment of beautiful women, in whoſe company they might ſolace themſelves with amorous delights to all eternity, drinking with them the moſt ſavory wines in cups of gold, &c.

How different this recompenſe of reward from thoſe pure and unſullied joys propoſed to the expectation of the followers of the immaculate Jeſus! How different the characters of the real and the pretended Prophet! It is impoſſible to reſiſt the opportunity of making the exemplification in the words of Biſhop Sherlock*.

"Go to your Natural Religion: lay before her Mahomet and his Apoſtles, arrayed in armour and in blood, riding in triumph over the ſpoils of thouſands and ten thouſands who fell by his victorious ſword; ſhew her the cities which he ſet in flames, the countries which he ravaged and deſtroyed, and the miſerable diſtreſs of all the inhabitants of the earth. When ſhe has viewed him in this ſcene, carry her into his retirements; ſhew her the Prophet's chamber, his concubines and his wives; let her ſee his adultery, and hear him alledge revelation and his divine commiſſion to juſtify his luſt and his oppreſſion. When ſhe is tired with this proſpect, then ſhew her the bleſſed Jeſus, humble and meek, and doing good to all the ſons of men, patiently inſtructing both the ignorant and the perverſe: let her ſee him in his moſt retired

* *Vol. I. Sermon 9.*

privacies ; let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and ſupplications to God : carry her to his table to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly diſcourſe : let her ſee him injured but not provoked : let her attend him to the tribunal, and conſider the patience with which he endured the ſcoffs and reproaches of his enemies : lead her to his croſs, and let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his laſt prayer for his perſecutors—*Father forgive them, for they know not what they do !*

"When Natural Religion has viewed both, aſk, *which is the Prophet of God?* But her anſwer we have already had, when ſhe ſaw part of this ſcene through the eyes of the Centurion who attended at the croſs, by him ſhe ſpoke and ſaid, *Truly this man was the Son of God.*" *Z.*

ON CLEANING CHAPELS, &c.

To the Editor.

Rev. Sir,

As your valuable Magazine often mingles uſeful and ſalutary reproof with that inſtruction and entertainment, which have ſo well recommended it to the religious world, I ſhall eſteem it a particular favour, if you will give me leave to bring the following complaint before the public by means of its extenſive circulation.

THERE are Chriſtian congregations in different parts of the kingdom, but particularly in country towns and villages, that ſuffer their meeting-houſes to go without any ſweeping or cleaning for many months, and ſometimes for years together. The clothes of the worſhippers are the only brooms and duſters that are ever uſed ; and as theſe only come in contact with the ſeats on which they ſit, the floor, aiſles, ceiling and pulpit, are often in a very dirty condition. It is not long ſince, I was much interrupted while preaching in a neighbouring chapel, in which there is conſtant worſhip, by inhaling one of the cobwebs, which hung from the ſounding board : and I could mention other places, where the pulpit, cuſhion, bible, and hymn book, were ſo duſty as to make it quite neceſſary to waſh my hands, as ſoon as I had performed the ſervice.

In moſt of theſe places, a number of the worſhippers have neat, clean, and ſometimes elegant houſes. Why then ſuch a diſparity between their own dwellings, and the houſe they have dedicated to the ſervice and glory of God! In divine worſhip we are inſtructed to do all things *decently*, as well as in order; and if it were not ſufficiently obvious to every one who will take the trouble to think on the ſubject, many arguments might be brought to prove that to keep a place of worſhip clean and neat, is a reaſonable ſervice.

If thoſe Chriſtian ſocieties whom it concerns, are but willing to redreſs this grievance, the means of doing it are always in their power. The Miniſter, with the deacons and truſtees, ſhould ſee to it, that this neceſſary work is not left undone. The leading people might alternately ſend their ſervants to clean the chapel. Or, thoſe who have it not in their power to ſupport the Goſpel with their purſes, might be perſuaded to perform this ſervice in rotation, as a proper and grateful acknowledgment for thoſe ineſtimable privileges they enjoy gratis. Or, a poor family might be hired for the purpoſe, and a compenſation made by an annual mite from each of the worſhippers. This laſt method is adopted, where I have the honour to preach, as well as in many other places throughout the kingdom; and we have the pleaſure to ſee our chapels as clean as our parlours. If you will have the goodneſs to inſert theſe hints, I am perſuaded they will not be altogether in vain, and it will be a favour conferred on

Rev. Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

Lancaster. P. S. C.

ON RELIGIOUS RAPTURES.

THE ſhining of the ſun may be controverted, may be denied by thoſe who never ſaw it; but it ſhines notwithſtanding. The ſoul-animating views, which the believer enjoys through the ſhining of the Sun of righteouſneſs, may be reproached and deſpiſed, by ſuch as are dull of themſelves and ſtrangers to Chriſt; nevertheleſs, the children of God are thus indulged at times, in their way to Canaan. But what I mean now more particularly to conſider, I ſhall name in two branches.

1. I have known various perſons whoſe talk on this topic has been loud—whoſe pretenſions have run high, who have been very buſy to make themſelves known. Once I envied them; afterwards I pitied them. Had I not been taught that vital godlineſs is *personal*, and been led to underſtand the parable of the ſtoney ground hearers, I had envied them ſtill. The profeſſed experience of one, whether real or feigned, can be no ſtandard for another. And though the young Chriſtian is often entangled with this bait to his diſtreſs; yet, as he goes forward, his underſtanding is enlarged, and he is delivered. The ſtoney ground hearers have no root in themſelves, and therefore endure for a while, and then fall away. Some ſuch bold profeſſors I have known, drop as a candle in its ſocket. I ſtaggered, I ſtumbled; but, through rich grace, I ſoon recovered.

The Goſpel reveals the ſupreme good in its beauty and fulneſs. With this book in his hand, and in his head, it is not difficult for a natural man to perſuade himſelf that the treaſure is his, and that all ſhall be well. His confidence is firm; his ſin is no burden; his joys have no ebb; for all appears ſecure. But when the ſongs of the tavern and the play-houſe have charms for ſuch perſons, as well as the ſongs of Zion—when their conduct is juſtly condemned by the world, and cannot be juſtified by the ſaints—I aſk, does the ſanctifying joy of the Holy Spirit produce this fruit? Is Chriſt, at laſt, become the Miniſter of ſin? Does no ſelf denial reſult from the light of his countenance? Can they profeſs to triumph in his ſalvation, and yet join with his foes to his face? Of all the modes of ſelf-deception, this is, perhaps, the moſt aggravated of any; becauſe, while it profeſſes the greateſt knowledge of Chriſt, it is, in fact, the moſt flagrant oppoſition to his character and truth.

"Miſtaken ſouls! that dream of Heav'n,
"And made their empty boaſt
"Of inward joys, and ſins forgiv'n,
"While they are ſlaves to luſt." WATTS.

I am confident, that every manifeſtation of the love of Chriſt to the ſoul does, in its own nature, embitter ſin, empty of ſelf, and give a godly jealouſy for his honour. Such profeſſors therefore have much reaſon to fear an awful diſappointment at the laſt.

II. When a man tells me, "That he knows his ſins are forgiven, that Chriſt loved him and gave himſelf for him, and that his eternal all is ſafe in his hands." I do look for

more than *words: actions*, that ſpeak louder than words in this caſe, are neceſſary for my conviction. I am not ſatiſfied with negative righteouſneſs, without the addition of ſuitable deportment to glorify God. If ſuch experience truly exiſts, as before expreſſed, will it not be operative? Were it ever known, that the effects of ſuch a cauſe were mere ſounds? Does the kingdom of God conſiſt in *word*? Is it not in *power*? And, can there be *power*, in the ſenſe of the holy Ghoſt, where there is not *action* to the praiſe of his name? Let the leaſt eſteemed in the church judge. However, in ſome inſtances, I am ſatisfied—encouraged—animated. I behold the late excellent *Hervey*, and ſee profeſſion and practice agree to his lateſt breath! I follow the Engliſh Apoſtle, *George Whitefield*, and have before me one continued effort to win ſouls to Chriſt for five and thirty years! The one though confined to a country pariſh, employed his purſe, his voice, and his pen, with affectionate aſſiduity, to promote and publiſh the truth of God. The other traverſed half the known world to proclaim the ſalvation of Chriſt. When I hear theſe men ſpeak of "*rapturous*" delights, in communion with God, I believe—their profeſſion and practice accord. Nor have I any doubt of ſuch a man as Dr. Gill, who was confined to his ſtudy or his pulpit for upwards of fifty years, to digeſt to miniſters, and defend the truths of the goſpel. When one man's pen produces nine volumes in folio and eight in quarto, amidſt the labours of his ſtated miniſtry, and all to ſubſerve the cauſe of Chriſt, I am convinced that his application and diligence muſt have been almoſt incredible. Here you have different gifts, but the ſame ſpirit. They had ſuch views of their glorious Lord, and ſuch experience of his mighty love, that each was willing to ſpend and be ſpent to glorify his name. And, as ſoon as God revealed his Son in Saul of Tarſus, he chearfully entered on his work—made the tour of the then known world maugre all oppoſition, to miniſter the grace of God to all nations; and reſted not till he finiſhed his courſe: as a proof that his whole heart was in his work. The practice of ſuch men is an honour to their profeſſion, and their maſter. They give evidence that the love of Chriſt conſtrained them.

I am far from limiting the Holy One of Iſrael—but I do believe that this cauſe will produce correſponding effects wherever it is felt. I know there is a diverſity of gifts and different ſpheres of action, more various than perhaps I am appriſed of; and to which therefore I am not diſpoſed to ſet bounds. But can it be ſuppoſed, that large engagements

of fellowſhip with God engender ſupineneſs and inactivity in his work and worſhip? What, has the love of Chriſt loſt its efficacy? Or is there no deception in the caſe?* *James* was ready to atteſt the truth of his faith by his works; and, our Lord ſays, "By their fruits ye ſhall know them." Will not theſe paſſages apply here? Poſſibly ſuch perſons might not impertinently aſk themſelves this queſtion.—"When I declare my confident aſſurances of eternal life, and the tranſporting experience of God's love to my ſoul; who will give me credit except they ſee me zealous and active to promote the kingdom of Chriſt? All the world have agreed that love begets love; and, therefore, unanimouſly reject the profeſſion of it where there is not a correſponding conduct. A profeſſion of *divine* love, eſpecially, ſhould not be in *word* and in *tongue*, but in DEED and in TRUTH, to gain credit with men, or bring honour to God. Muſt not ſuch perſons feel a reproof of their indolence when they ſee the active uſefulneſs of their inferiors in knowledge and experience, the timid and the fearful, ſo far outſhine theirs? The Lord commends the *active* ſervant. "Well done, good and faithful ſervant: thou haſt been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Though his joys and confidence might not abound—his gifts not ſplendid—his ſphere of action not extenſive; yet, being diligent in uſing what he had to the honour of his maſter, his Lord approved his faithful ſervice. This is applicable as well to private Chriſtians, as to miniſters, to whom it more immediately belongs.

MINOR QUAM NIL.

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* *Do not all causes discover themselves in effects suitable to their own nature? Were all our professed religious joys and delights analized and reduced to their first principles, there would be found much more dross of natural passion mixed with them than is generally apprehended; for pure spiritual joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ cannot but produce, according to its measure, lively active zeal for his honour, both in heart and life; while natural affection, being merely selfish, is empty in itself, and transient in its appearance. If it be, therefore, an allowed rule of judging, from the effects to the cause, we may safely conclude which cause predominates from the effects which follow.*

ON VISITING.

IT is to be lamented, that though we live in a day when the Goſpel Sun ſhines with ſuch glorious luſtre, yet our hearts are little warmed and animated by it! Profeſſors of the Goſpel often meet and viſit each other, but there is little ſaid or done for the glory of their Maſter. The cares of the world, the politics of the day, or the circumſtances of the family, form the general topics of converſation, while there is little time left for thoſe more important things that relate to God and their immortal ſouls. A word of advice, therefore, on this ſubject, I hope, will be both ſeaſonable and profitable.

In all our ſocial interviews let it be remembered, that we ſhould have each other's welfare at heart. Many viſit for the ſake of gaining temporal good, inſtead of imparting what is ſpiritual; but our chief object ſhould be the improvement of the mind. In this way a Chriſtian may get good and do good. But it is painful to ſee in ſome profeſſors nothing but levity and noiſe. Many always carry with them a long ſtring of fooliſh and ſcandalous anecdotes, to excite the laughter or malevolence of the company; while others have nothing to ſay except it be about themſelves, what they have ſaid, and how much they have done!—But have Chriſtians no better ſubjects than theſe to diſcourſe of? Surely, they of all men ought to be the moſt heavenly, the moſt conſiſtent, and the moſt *ſublime* in their converſation. The aſtoniſhing events in Providence, and the delightful truths of revelation, would afford them ample field for the moſt animating and profitable converſations. In ſome companies a text of ſcripture propoſed for diſcuſſion would beneficial; in others, a plain Goſpel truth brought forward and improved; and in moſt, if not all, prayer and praiſe ſhould be attended to. When viſits are kept up in this manner, they reſemble a little heaven upon earth, and are far more profitable than the unmeaning *chit-chat*, or that deſultory talk which ſo much prevails when we viſit each other.

Miniſters of the Goſpel ſhould be very circumſpect and ſpiritual at theſe times. The eyes of all are upon them, and their little indiſcretions are more eaſily ſeen than others.

They ſhould therefore be forward in diſcourſing on ſpiritual ſubjects, and be *Miniſters* out of the pulpit as well as in. It is not enough for a miniſter to diſcourſe well publicly, but he ſhould endeavour to communicate inſtruction when in private companies; and that, not only with his lips, but in his conduct. As the great Dr. Owen obſerves, "a paſtor's life ſhould be vocal; for if a man teach uprightly and walk crookedly, more will fall down in the night of his life, than be built up in the day of his doctrine."

Parents when viſiting their children ſhould diſcover a regard for their ſouls as well as their bodies; ſhould direct them to their glorious Parent above, ſhould pray with and for them, ſhould converſe with them about the beſt things, and endeavour to draw off their attention from the world; this would be the moſt ſtriking way of ſhewing affection to them, and care for them.

Relations and acquaintance when they meet ſhould beware of trifling converſation, eſpecially of ſlander and backbiting, ſo common in the preſent day. They ſhould not talk of the faults of any one but to his face. He that is always ſpeaking evil of others, thinks but little how others are talking of him; or, at leaſt, what foundation he is laying for others to do ſo.

Young people would do well when viſiting, to watch againſt their natural vivacity, to ſpend their time in profitable converſations, and not in idle, frothy talk. How delightful is it to ſee a company of young perſons joining in things of a ſerious nature! How amiable do they then appear, and how likely are ſuch to be intelligent, good, and happy! How incumbent is it upon all Miniſters and people, rich and poor, young and old, whenever they meet, to conſider how much good may be done, and how much evil may be avoided, by being watchful, ſpiritual, and circumſpect!

GAMMA.

REFLECTIONS AT THE GRAVE OF A DECEASED FRIEND.

IN the whole circle of human obſervation, perhaps there are no ſubjects that ſo forcibly addreſs our reaſon and our paſſions, as death and the grave. To the greateſt ſolemnity is added the higheſt importance; and to the ſorrow that we feel at the deceaſe of a friend, and our affectionate

ſympathy with ſurviving relatives, is added the impreſſive conſideration of our own mortality.

The human mind is fond of contemplating thoſe ſubjects, and viewing thoſe ſcenes, which rouſe its feelings and agitate its paſſions. On this account it is, that when a fellow mortal is committed to the duſt, the grave is generally ſurrounded with ſpectators, and the ſolemn ſervice which is then performed is liſtened to with the moſt ſerious attention. Such a ſcene I lately witneſſed; I was affected by it, and endeavoured to realize its whole importance.

"In that grave," ſaid I, "is laid the remains of a perſon, whoſe natural conſtitution was ſimilar with my own, and who lately thought and acted with as much mental energy and bodily health as I enjoy at preſent. Our circumſtances were alike, our friendſhip was natural, and our hopes of continued happineſs were equally ſanguine: but alas! on his part, they are by one ſtroke all ſwept away! He is inſenſible; he is in the land of darkneſs and corruption, and both the bond and the felicity of human friendſhip are deſtroyed forever. The ſimilarity of paſt circumſtances, and the awful change that has taken place, ought to remind me, that I am liable to the ſame ſtroke that he has ſuffered; and a retroſpect of paſt ages muſt ſurely convince me, that my diſſolution is ſwiftly approaching, and is unalterably ſure. I ſhall ſoon be ſuch a lifeleſs and corrupted body as I have lately beheld; and ſhall be committed to the grave, the houſe appointed for all living. Thus far, in the ſenſible horizon of natural and experimental truth, I look, and am inſtructed and admoniſhed: but the ſacred volume of inſpiration preſents a rational, a clear, an unbounded view, for my moſt expanded intelligence, and moſt ſerious reflection. It reveals the cauſe of all human calamity,—that it is ſin. It tells the conſequence, that it is death. It contradicts thoſe vain and impious notions of the government of the world being left to the erring blindneſs of chance, or the unreaſonable certainties of fate; and preſents a ſupreme Being who ruleth among the armies of heaven, and over the inhabitants of the world. It reveals a reſurrection —a Judgment—an Eternity.

O my ſoul! how inexpreſſibly important is this preſent life, as it is connected with an eternal exiſtence in the boſom of heavenly happineſs, or in the gloom of infernal miſery. To be inſenſible is irrational; to be preſumptuous is madneſs: But to tremble under the conviction of unworthineſs and guilt; to hope with humble confidence in freely offered mercy; to believe and truſt in that glorious perſon,

who is able to ſave from the deepeſt miſery, and to exalt to the higheſt happineſs; to anticipate the reſurrection of a glorified body united to a ſanctified ſpirit, and to think of being with the Lord for ever! theſe thoughts are worthy of a man; theſe hopes are the privilege of a Chriſtian: This revelation, I muſt believe to be ſafe; this experience, I muſt enjoy, to be happy.

Could I but believe theſe truths with the fulleſt aſſurance, and feel them with all the ſweetneſs of ſelf appropriation, how reſignedly and chearfully might I lie me down by the ſide of my departed friend. The duſt might cover and the worms devour me; yet neither ſhall the grave for ever confine, nor corruption entirely deſtroy. The Redeemer liveth! and ſhall ſtand at the laſt day upon the earth. He ſhall ſwallow up Death in Victory: He ſhall change this vile body, and make it like his own glorious body. He ſhall ſhew me the path of life; and, as the conſummation of my bleſſedneſs, ſhall introduce me into the preſence of God, where there is fulneſs of joy; and place me at his right hand, where there are pleaſures for evermore.

CLERICUS.

SELECT SENTENCES,

Found among the Manuscripts of the late Dr. Conder, of London.

CHRIST's firſt coming was to finiſh our Redemption; his ſecond coming will be to finiſh our Salvation.

We are never beneath hope while we are above Hell; and never above hope while we are beneath heaven.

The Bible, in the hand of ſome wicked men, is like a naked ſword in a madman's hand; it only ſerves to wound themſelves and their friends.

The believer makes the glory of God his chief end, the grace and providences of Chriſt his chief ſupport, and the divine precepts his chief delight.

There are three days coming in which Chriſt will be eſteemed peculiarly precious:—the day of public calamity, the day of death, and the day of judgment.

If you can make nothing of your paſt evidences, as to your intereſt in Chriſt, then begin afreſh in going to Chriſt

as a poor ſinner ; and remember that none ever periſhed, or ſhall periſh, that put their truſt in him.

There is more ſin in an inordinate attachment to lawful things than we are aware of : that which is lawful in itſelf, is not ſo, when it has an aſcendancy in the mind.

He that is more frequent in his pulpit *before* his people, than he is in the cloſet *for* his people, is but a ſorry watchman.

Love to Chriſt expressed by a dying Infant.

A LITTLE child when dying was aſked, where it was going? "To heaven," ſaid the child. "And what makes you wiſh to be there?" ſaid one. "Becauſe Chriſt is there?" ſaid the child. "But," ſaid a friend, "what if Chriſt ſhould leave heaven?" "Well," ſaid the Child, "I will go with him." Sometime before its departure, it expreſſed a wiſh to have a golden crown when it died. "And what will you do," ſaid one, "with the golden crown." "I will take the crown," ſaid the child, "and caſt it at the feet of Chriſt."———How pleaſant to remark the effects of grace in little children, and to view them in their dying moments bearing an honourable teſtimony to the precioufneſs of Chriſt, and the excellence of religion. Mat. xxi. 15.

AWFUL DEATH OF A MURDERER.

THE following awful fact has been communicated, and is inſerted, as an inſtance what an evil and better thing ſin is:

A young woman, being upon a viſit to her ſiſter, at Littleton in Middleſex, fell into a ſtrong convulſion fit. On recovering from it, ſhe exclaimed, "I am damned!—I *ſee*, I *feel* the flames of Hell all around me!" Her friends concluding that a ſudden frenzy had ſeized her, medical aid was immediately ſent for; ſhe aſſured them that ſhe was *not mad*, but that ſhe was A MURDERER! This (as ſhe had always been a young woman of remarkably good character) confirmed the opinion that it was frenzy; when ſhe began the

following ſhocking tale: "This time three years I came over from my father's to attend my ſiſter here while ſhe lay-in of that fine child below. Very ſoon after ſhe was brought to-bed, I fell in labour. I went out into an out houſe, where, in little more than an hour, I was delivered of a fine beautiful boy. I looked at it ſome little time, then pinched its throat till I killed it. I then wrapped it up, carried it into the houſe, and locked it into my box; went to my ſiſter, aſked how ſhe did, then went down to the nurſe and aſſiſted her. After a fortnight I took my murdered infant out of my box, and threw it into the common horſe pond by the rode ſide, where it was ſoon trod to pieces; and I have never had one happy, no, not one eaſy minute, ſince; and *now* the ſight of my ſiſter's ſweet little lively child playing about diſtracts me; for, I think that, if it had not been for my dreadful wickedneſs, I might now have had one alſo. But I murdered it; and I am going to Hell for it." Upon recollection and conference it appeared that ſhe had been miſſing an hour and a half at the time ſhe mentioned, and could not be found. She alſo told them, that, in conſequence of her milk, ſhe had two broken breaſts; for cure of which, ſhe applied to a ſurgeon in the neighbourhood, who ſaid to her, 'If I did not know you, and know that you are a young woman of ſuch extraordinary good character, I ſhould ſwear that you had borne a child.' She ſoon after married a young man who had courted her ſome time. She ſaid, that, ſome time after her marriage, her huſband aſked her what became of her pregnancy previous to their marriage? To which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe replied, "*It never came to good.*" It ſurely came to evil for all parties. Immediately upon this, ſeveral miniſters were ſent for, one of whom, in particular, earneſtly exhorted her to fly to Chriſt, endeavouring to ſhow her the gracious promiſes of the Redeemer to ALL who will come to him—"Him that cometh to ME I will in NO wiſe caſt out."—"Though your ſins be as SCARLET, they ſhall be white as ſnow; though they be RED as crimſon, they ſhall be as wool." But, alas! for her, poor unhappy woman, ſhe was not enabled to come; for, her uniform reply was, when ſhe was entreated to cry to the Lord Jeſus for mercy and pardon, "I cannot *even name his name!*—I cannot utter it!—I am damned to all eternity!—I ſee, and feel the flames of Hell within and all around me!" Thus died this unhappy woman—of, as ſaid all about her, *no* diſorder but a wounded ſpirit; not having, as the medical men who attended her ſaid, any bodily diſorder—only the horrible agonies of her

mind!—How ſtrong a proof this of the wiſe man's aphoriſm: "The ſpirit of a man can ſuſtain his infirmities—but a "wounded ſpirit who can bear?"

ON THE OTAHEITAN SACRIFICES.

THE occaſions of ſacrifices and oblations are multitudinous, as from the day a perſon is born, a number of Amoas, or offerings, are neceſſary, at various ſtages, to render them capable of eating with their different relatives, and on a variety of feſtal ſeaſons; as the building of war canoes —the ſacred canoes—meeting of chiefs, &c. The general oblations, are hogs, fiſh, cloth, and a variety of roots and fruits, with the plantain, &c. Theſe are all performed at the Morais, and attended with much feaſting.

But the moſt ſingular are the human ſacrifices, which on many occaſions form an eſſential part of the ſervice. Theſe always accompany warlike preparations to engage their Deities to proſper their enterpriſes, or to deprecate their wrath under any great calamities: and are eſpecially numerous on the acceſſion of a new monarch. A tranſaction of this ſort, reported by one preſent, will convey the ſtrongeſt idea of the horrible ceremony.

The ſucceſſion of inheritance is known to be ſingular, as the child ſupplants his father, and as ſoon as he is born becomes the head of the family. The preſent king of Otaheite is the ſon of Otoo, who on the acceſſion of his ſon, became Pomarree, and ſunk down into one of the chieftains, to give place to his child. On the day of his inauguration, the greateſt preparations were made, and the feaſting immenſe.

The Royal Maro, or badge of ſovereignty, is a ſaſh of net-work, and thrummed with red and yellow feathers. This is placed on the Morai, and from thence, with ſolemn prayers brought by a chief Prieſt, and bound round the young king, who is carried on men's ſhoulders.

His uncle, a chief of Eimeo, firſt harrangued his majeſty, acknowledging his ſupreme dominion. He then produced three dead human victims, which were ſolemnly conveyed from the canoes to the Morai. A chief Prieſt, with a young plantain tree in his hand, ſcooped out an eye from each of the victims, and with a long train of ceremonies preſented them to the young king. The bodies were then conveyed away, and buried in the Morai. The ſame

ceremony was repeated by the Chieftains of the ſeventeen diſtricts into which the iſland is divided; ſome offering one, and ſome two human ſacrifices, according to the extent of their diſtrict.

Theſe were followed by a large drove of hogs, and immenſe quantities of turtle fiſh, and vegetables, on which the chiefs feaſted in the greateſt abundance, and continued for two months. The reaſon aſſigned by their Prieſts for offering the eye of each victim to the King, was, that the head of a man being reputed ſacred, and the eye the principal feature, this was the propereſt to be preſented; as the king holds his mouth open during the preſentation, additional ſtrength and diſcernment is ſuppoſed to enter into him thereby; and as his tutelar Deity receives the ſoul of the ſacrifice, his own is ſuppoſed to be in conſequence greatly enlarged.

The deſtruction of the human ſpecies by this inhuman cuſtom cannot but be great, and its abolition among the mercies to be ſought in conveying to them the goſpel.

The mode of ſelecting the victims has been ſomewhat differently reported, though probably reconcileable. One ſays, that whenever a victim is required, the Prieſt, with five or ſix other perſons, goes round the diſtrict, and that the man whom the Prieſt fixes upon, is immediately knocked down with a club, by a perſon coming behind him, unſuſpected, and ſuddenly.

But a perſon who more explicitly deſcribes the proceſs may perhaps be more exact in the mode, and as ſome circumſtances take off a little from the horror of the proceeding, I ſhould hope the facts may be credited.

When a human ſacrifice is demanded the chief of the diſtrict convenes the Ratirras, or principal landholders, and none are permitted to be preſent but ſuch as are nobles by birth. After ſtating to them the purpoſe of the meeting, they confer together, upon the moſt criminal, and the moſt worthleſs ſubject in their diſtrict; fixing uſually upon a culprit, who has been guilty of blaſphemy, a notorious thief, or who hath fled into that diſtrict from another, on account of his crimes. This deciſion, once formed, is kept a profound ſecret, and probably the only one of the kind. Perſons are appointed to execute the ſentence with the greateſt privacy. They are to watch their opportunity, uſually at night, and when the victim is aſleep. The weapon uſed on this occaſion is a ſtone adze: and they are eſpecially careful to ſtrike on the nape of the neck, and kill with a

blow, without disfiguring the body, as the Prieſts may not offer any body which is mangled. And if a woman even bites a man to draw blood, he is thenceforth profane, and cannot be offered in ſacrifice, nor admitted to any ſacred ſervices of the Morai. The dead body is immediately put into a baſket of cocoa-nut leaves, and carried to the canoe to be conveyed to the Morai.

But it is not always that the chief can find a man, who is judged deſerving of death, nor can he oblige the Ratirras to pronounce ſentence, if they think the requiſition improper, or find none deſerving death for their crimes; for this ſeems the only way in which criminals are executed, as they never bring any perſon to trial face to face, leſt his friends ſhould interpoſe, and attempt a reſcue: but no notice is taken of his death in this caſe, and every one ſuppoſes it was juſt.

On ſuch occaſions, they who are conſcious of guilt, ſhelter themſelves on the ſacred ground near the Morai, where they may not be ſlain, unleſs trepanned from their retreat. If the Ratirras will grant no human victim, a hog is then ſubſtituted.

This, with the horrible cuſtom of murdering the new-born infants, a frequent uſage, forms the moſt forbidding feature of theſe otherwiſe mild and gentle iſlanders. We hope to teach them a ſacrifice, that will put an end to theſe atrocities; and ſet them examples of paternal love, that will make them cheriſh their offspring.

T. H——s.

INCONSTANCY. A FRAGMENT.

SCARCELY had Philander entered his cloſet to meditate on the ſermon he had juſt heard, when his ears were aſſailed by a ſudden rap at the door; and he was quickly informed, that ſome company waited in the parlour to ſee him. With much reluctance, increaſed by the conſcious impropriety of Sunday viſits, he left his beloved retreat: and, upon entering the room, was ſaluted by the complaiſance of Curioſo, Mutator, and Ventoſus. After the formalities of an unexpected interview were adjuſted, Philander, addreſſing himſelf to Curioſo, ſaid, "Where have you been this morning?"—"why, really," replied Curioſo, "I can hardly tell; for to be honeſt, I have ſpent a great part of the time in running about."—"Then, I fear," ſaid

Philander, "you have not ſpent the time very profitably."—"Indeed you are much miſtaken," anſwered Curioſo, "for I have attended two prayer meetings, and heard three ſermons, and it is not dinner time yet."—"How can that be poſſible?" replied Philander, with an unuſual degree of earneſtneſs. "Why," ſaid Curioſo, "I heard Diligens at ſeven o'clock, and as ſoon as ſermon was over, haſtened to a ſocial prayer meeting at a friend's houſe. After breakfaſt, I met with ſome Chriſtian brethren in the veſtry of our meeting, and ſpent ſome time in prayer before ſervice commenced; then, after hearing our miniſter, I ran as hard as I could to a certain chapel, and was juſt in time for the text; ſo that you ſee I have made a *good* uſe of my time." Juſt as he was pronouncing the laſt ſentence, he was interrupted by Philander, who with a very ſerious air told him, he much doubted the propriety of his laſt expreſſion.—"Why ſo?" ſaid Curioſo. "Becauſe," replied Philander, "I think the time could have been better ſpent."—"Surely," anſwered Curioſo, "it cannot be more profitably ſpent than in hearing the Goſpel."—"Give me leave, friend," ſaid Philander, "to enquire what were the particular ſubjects you heard inſiſted upon?" The moſt tremendous clap of thunder could not have produced a more ſudden change in Curioſo than did this queſtion. He was mute: but at length, with a faultering accent, he begged that Philander would give him time to *recollect*. "That," anſwered Philander, "is what I wanted you to *take*. It does not appear to me that you have gained much good by your attendance, when you cannot call to mind even the general outlines of the ſubject. Had you been ſatisfied, as I was, to hear *one* ſermon, with a mind prepared by ſerious ſelf-examination, and after that, to retire, in order to apply what you had heard, which was ſuitable to your caſe, you would not only have retained in your memory the precious truths which fell from the lips of the preacher; but might, perhaps, have been able to ſay—They were life and ſpirit to my ſoul." Philander, perceiving that Curioſo was quite embarraſſed, in order to afford him time to recover himſelf, turned the converſation to Mutator, who, finding he was about to be addreſſed, was willing to be beforehand, and ſaid, "Pray who do you think I heard this morning?" "Why," anſwered Philander, "as I know your attachment to Gracilis, it is but natural to ſuppoſe you have attended upon him."—"Not I, indeed," rejoined Mutator, "I thought you had known that I have entirely left him." "Surprizing!" ex-

claimed Philander, "left Gracilis! why the laſt time I ſaw you, you were extravagant in his praiſes. His ideas were ſo original, his voice ſo ſonorous, his action ſo graceful, and his manner ſo energetic, you pronounced him the greateſt preacher you ever heard."—"I really thought ſo," ſaid Mutator, "till Eugenio came to town; but he has quite altered my opinion."—"Pray who is Eugenio?" enquired Philander.—"I do not much wonder," replied Mutator, "that you are ignorant of him; this is the *first* time of his viſiting the metropolis; but when he becomes known, he will eclipſe every body elſe."—"On what account?" ſaid Philander. "Why," anſwered Mutator, "becauſe——" "I ſuppoſe you mean," ſubjoined Philander, "becauſe he is a different perſon, a new face, that great *Gospel magnet* of theſe wonde[illegible] days."——"Surely," ſaid Mutator, "you are not ſeriou[illegible] talking thus; you mean to banter me."—"Not I, truly," replied Philander; "if you could learn the impropriety of ſuch a changeable diſpoſition, and act accordingly, it would much more adorn the profeſſion of the truth than does a zealous, but *transient* attachment to a preacher; not becauſe he is really more eminent than others, but becauſe he is of more recent appearance."—"What, then," exclaimed Ventoſus, who had hitherto been ſilent, "I ſuppoſe you wiſh us always to hear one Miniſter. This would be lifeleſs work indeed. Variety and change are eſſential to improvement." "That I much queſtion," ſaid Philander. "Such a practice may gratify a fickle mind, and may, in ſome caſes, be attended with advantage; but it is not calculated to increaſe knowledge, or eſtabliſh the mind. Excuſe me for adverting to your caſe, Curioſo," continued he, "it gives birth to the error with which I think you are chargeable, and, perhaps, to ſeveral others." Here Ventoſus interrupted him by ſaying, "Really, Philander, I think you are very bigotted. You ſhould remember every perſon does not think as you do, and therefore give them the ſame latitude you take for yourſelf."—"This I will moſt cheerfully do," ſaid Philander, "and the evil will be cured at once. I embrace the liberty of the Goſpel, and wiſh to extend it to others. Thence I learn that it is *a good thing for the heart to be established with grace.* Now I conceive you purſue methods, which have no tendency to promote this object. You gain no benefit from a miniſter unleſs he is popular. If he declines in this reſpect, you imagine his preaching is dry, inſipid, and perhaps *legal*; and concur in the cenſure of others, that ſuch a perſon, once a favourite with the Public, is not what he uſed to be.

This clearly proves, either that *he* is changed, or that *you* are miſtaken; if *he* is altered, it muſt be either for the better or the worſe. In the former caſe, you are not juſtified in leaving him; and even in the latter, you may be miſtaken in your judgment; and if ſo, you careleſsly, though inadvertently, leave *him*, under whom you once profited, and are hereby guilty of a contempt of one of God's meſſengers. I believe it ſeldom happens, according to the common courſe of things, that a miniſter is the worſe for advancing in years. If his knowledge and experience increaſe, this ought to endear him to the people; whereas, in common, his continuance with them is the oſtenſible reaſon for departing from him."

Philander was now aſſailed by all his viſitors, and charged with making unfriendly ſtrictures upon their conduct. "I can only ſay," replied he, with much coolneſs, "that what I have advanced on this ſubject is conſiſtent with reaſon and fact. Let me appeal to your experience."—"But ſtop," ſaid Ventoſus, "here comes Mnaſon; we will have his opinion." Upon being introduced, he apologized for his intruſion, which he ſaid he ſeldom had occaſion to do on that day, in which he never paid any idle viſits; but he had been to ſee a ſick brother, and finding himſelf weary, had called in for ſome refreſhment. Philander told him that apologies were needleſs in his circumſtances, at the ſame time that he perceived the confuſion of his other gueſts at this undeſigned, but poignant reproof which had dropped from Mnaſon. "We have," ſaid Ventoſus, addreſſing himſelf to Mnaſon, "for ſome time been converſing on a ſubject, which we will now refer to you. Philander condemns the practice of many perſons, in following different popular preachers, and thinks we ought to confine ourſelves *chiefly* to a ſtated miniſtry."—"In that," anſwered Mnaſon, "I think he is perfectly right. You ſee I am now old; I have ſtood for many years a tree planted, I hope, by the Lord's right hand; and though not ſo fruitful as I could wiſh, yet I truſt not altogether barren. I have for many years ſat under the truly venerable Judicator, and find more inſtruction, and as much ſatisfaction in him as ever. With him I began my Chriſtian race, and with, or ſhortly after him, I hope to end it."—"I am ſure," ſaid Mutator, "the caſe is very different with us: we have been but a few years in the good old way yet, and——" ſubjoined Philander, "have had as many favourites as moons." This ſudden interruption quite diſconcerted them; and though at firſt

they intended to ſpend the afternoon with Philander, and the evening at ſome lecture, they now began to prepare for a departure. When Philander perceived this, he told them that he did not judge it a breach of true hoſpitality, to reject ſuch viſits as theſe; "and," added he, "as I never expect, ſo I never prepare for them; but if you will take ſuch fare as we have, you ſhall be welcome; and after dinner we will accompany Mnaſon to hear Judicator." They accepted the offer, and, amongſt other things which were mentioned in converſation, Mnaſon particularly requeſted them to remember, that there were relative duties between a Miniſter and his people, which ought moſt conſcientiouſly to be regarded. On the miniſter's part, by watching for the ſouls of his hearers; and on the people's part, by holding up, and ſtrengthening the hands of their miniſter. Theſe duties," continued he, "muſt be neglected by a conformity to that practice for which you have been contending againſt Philander. There ſeemed a general acquieſcence in this obſervation, and the time being come to go to the place of worſhip, they went accordingly, and were all of them properly ſeated before the commencement of the ſervice: for it was a maxim with Mnaſon and Philander never to diſturb public worſhip by a late attendance, which they conſidered both as *indecent* and *criminal*. They accompanied Judicator in his addreſs to the Throne of Grace; but were not a little ſurprized to hear him read for his text the benediction of David, "*Bleſſed are they that dwell in thy houſe, they will be ſtill praiſing thee**. From which he took occaſion to ſhew the privilege they enjoyed in having public ordinances to reſort to. The duty of ſuch as have this mercy, as conſiſting in a conſtant, ſtedfaſt, and perſevering regard to them. The peculiar advantage which reſulted from DWELLING in the Houſe of God,—great cauſe for praiſe, and a diſpoſition correſponding to it. When the aſſembly were diſmiſſed, they departed from the courts of God, acknowledging the benefit they had received from the diſcourſe, and reſolving, in the ſtrength of Divine Grace, to be, in future, more *ſtedfaſt, and always to abound in the work of the Lord, which ſhall not be in vain.*

CHIOS.

**Pſalm lxxxiv.* 4.

ON RESIGNATION.

A SPIRIT of reſignation to all the will of God ought ever to be conſpicuous in the life and conduct of every believer in Jeſus. The advantages that reſult from the continued poſſeſſion of it cannot be too much inſiſted upon, ſince our own comfort and uſefulneſs in the Church of Chriſt greatly depends upon our poſſeſſing this Chriſtian diſpoſition. Many examples we have in the Word of God of perſons living under its benign influence, who, on all occaſions, have been ſubmiſſive under difficulties of the greateſt magnitude. Nor is the Sacred volume deſtitute of characters indulging a contrary temper of mind, the hiſtory of whoſe lives preſent to us a ſcene of diſcontent and miſery.

Let us enter into the meditations of a renewed ſoul under the influence of the Holy Spirit; ſuppoſe him to be deprived of his deareſt earthly comfort; is not his language ſomething like this?—"From thy bounteous hand, my God, I received the bleſſing; when I received it, I bleſſed thee for it; during the interval of its continuance, I was, in ſome meaſure, grateful that it was prolonged to me; and now thou haſt taken it from me, I chearfully reſign the gift to thee, the kind benefactor that beſtowed it." Is he called to part with the amiable partner of his life, to whoſe counſels and endearing care he was much indebted? Does he behold, or hear of a brother in Chriſtian fellowſhip change an abode of miſery for realms of bliſs? We find him ſtill acquieſcing in the Divine diſpoſal, being ſenſible that

"Such are not loſt, but gone before,
"Where ſin and ſorrow are no more.

But from what ſource do theſe lively, yet refined effuſions of his mind flow? Surely, they muſt ariſe from a firm perſuaſion that all things ſhall ultimately work together for his good: thus he is enabled to meet every event of Providence with compoſure; and he at laſt reſigns his ſoul into the hands of God, who is able to keep what is committed to him.

M. F.

THE THUNDER STORM.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PROVIDENCE.

[*Extracted from a German Magazine.*]

IN a certain diſtrict of Upper Luſatia, there aroſe, on the Lord's-Day, April 18, 1773, about noon, an alarming thunder ſtorm. The Rev. Mr. G——, the pariſh miniſter at E——, immediately on perceiving it, felt ſome anxiety. He went to church, catechiſed the children, and intended to preach. But, while the congregation were ſinging an hymn after the catechiſing, he went out of the church, to look round, and perceived the thunder ſtorm hovering over the village, and lowering over the very church. He ſeemed to feel an unuſual intimation of ſome impending danger and diſaſter, but could not, for a conſiderable time, come to a determination whether he ſhould aſcend the pulpit to preach or cloſe divine ſervice, and diſmiſs the congregation. It was not till during the laſt verſe of the hymn, when he was to go into the pulpit, that he reſolved to drop the preaching. He ſtepped before the communion table, and addreſſed the congregation in words to this effect, "That a heavy thunder ſtorm was hanging over them, and it was ſtrongly impreſſed on his mind, that God was about to viſit them on this very day; but it might, perhaps, be moſt proper for every one to be at his own houſe; he therefore would now cloſe divine ſervice for this time." Having read the collect, and pronounced the bleſſing, the congregation ſung the uſual cloſing verſe, "Bleſs our going out, O God! when we come in alſo bleſs us, &c." During theſe laſt words, the miniſter being upon the point of entering the veſtry, a mighty flaſh of lightning ſtruck into the wall of the ſteeple behind the organ, and fell upon the gallery, in which about thirty perſons ſtood, chiefly ſchool-boys, and among them three ſons of the clergyman. The lightning ran from behind thro' the floor of the organ loft, along a beam towards the front of it, and then downward along a pillar which ſupported the loft. On both ſides of this pillar, on the lower gallery, a number of people were ſtanding. A youth was killed, and another man, ſtupefied, was fixed immoveable on his ſeat. From this lower gallery the lightning pierced through the floor into the pews of the women below, where one perſon was ſo

ſtunned, that ſhe was carried out of the church for dead. From thence the lightning ran along the ground toward the church-door, out of which it forced a nail and a ſplinter. The whole church was ſuddenly filled with ſmoke and a ſulphureous ſmell, inſomuch, that it could not be diſcovered whether any one of thoſe in the gallery was ſtill alive. But after moſt people from the other galleries had, in the utmoſt confuſion, thrown themſelves down, as it were, tumbling over each other, on the only ſtair-caſe which leads to all the galleries, the Rev. Mr. G—— ventured to go up to the organ-loft, where he found moſt of the boys, together with his own ſons, quite ſenſeleſs, lying on the floor, or leaning againſt ſome object or other. However, they all ſoon recovered. Nine of them were curiouſly marked by the lightning on their arms, hands, thighs, and feet. Some had round red ſpots, about as large as a half-crown piece. Others had marks like branches of trees on the ſaid parts of their bodies. But in all of them theſe ſpots vaniſhed entirely after three or four days. Every one of theſe retained, for two days, a moſt loathſome ſmell and taſte of ſulphur. The man in the lower gallery, who was ſtupefied, came ſoon to himſelf; and the woman who had been carried out for dead, having been ſprinkled and refreſhed with cold water and vinegar, was likewiſe ſoon reſtored to her ſenſes. Upon the whole, no one ſuffered any eſſential injury but the youth who was killed, who had been in ſuch a lamentable condition, that every one conſidered his ſudden death as a great mercy. For he was not only extremely poor, but ſo weak in his intellects, that he could not have been capable of doing the leaſt work by which he might have earned a morſel of bread; yea, the miniſter declared he had not a ſufficient capacity to learn how to beg. His mother, a widow, who had maintained him partly by her own induſtry, and partly by the kind donations ſhe received, was far advanced in years, and her death would have rendered her poor ſon a moſt miſerable object, and a burthen to the pariſh. Thus the Lord, amidſt the diſplay of that mighty power, which could have inflicted the moſt awful judgments, was pleaſed to remember mercy, and we hope he extended it alſo to the ſoul of this poor ideot.

A MEDITATION.

I AM ſurrounded on every ſide with mercies, and yet feel myſelf a vile unthankful wretch. I ſeem to grow more inſenſible of them, as they are poured upon me more abundantly from the Lord. Nothing ſuits my evil nature but a furnace. I am ſeldom well, except when I am ill. Bitter cups ſweeten my heart, ſtrengthen my appetite, and melt my ſoul. Lord, bleſs me with a broken heart, and lead me weeping all the way to Canaan—weeping at my own vileneſs, and weeping at the love of Jeſus. Oh! the depth of that mercy which can look on ſuch vileneſs!—— Oh! the riches of that love which has purchaſed this mercy! Seldom do we think of the agonizing woe of Jeſus; and when we do think of it, how little are our hearts affected with it! "They ſhall look on him whom they have pierced and mourn." But, where is this Goſpel mourning? We are piercing him daily, but who is mourning daily?—mourning with ſweet ſorrow, made up of ſhame and love? Some are mourning for the world—ſome are mourning for perfection —ſome are mourning for their own ſins, and cauſe enough they have—yet who is mourning at the ſight of a crucified Jeſus? Oh! the wonders of that Croſs! Here let me lie, and love and weep. Nothing crucifies ſin and ſelf like this croſs; and nothing kindles humble love like it. J.

ON UNBELIEF.

UNBELIEF is the root from which every other evil is produced. It ſets a man's face, yea, more, his *heart* againſt the Bible—raiſes a man's prejudice againſt thoſe who *love* the Bible—inſpires light thoughts of ſin, and, conſequently, light thoughts of the Saviour—allows a man to purſue his inclinations though ever ſo vile—makes him outbrave all the thunders of the Divine law and eternal vengeance—allows him to ſleep at the worſhip of God, and to laugh at what he does not underſtand—intoxicates his ſenſes, drowns his reaſon till he ſtaggers from the truth, and *falls* into perdition. This leads men to forſake God, the fountain of living waters, and to hew out to themſelves ciſterns,

broken cisterns, which can hold no water. And where God is forſaken, every device of man will and muſt fail to yield real happineſs. Unbelief made Adam eat the forbidden fruit, and Achan take the wedge of gold; made Peter deny his Maſter, and many a one ſince to imitate his crime. It was this made Ananias and his wife unite to coin a baſe falſehood, and has influenced many ſince to the ſame folly. This is *that sin* of which the Holy Spirit alone can convince a man. Dear Reader, may he thoroughly convince thee, and ſave thee from it! T. H.

SELECT SENTENCES.

SINLESS perfection and tearleſs joy, conſtitute the ſupreme felicity of Heaven.

The wicked, though ſurrounded with pleaſure, only reſemble the Syracuſian tyrant's gueſt, who feaſted with a ſword ſuſpended over him by a hair.

All the gifts of Providence are in themſelves excellent, and only become hurtful when perverted to improper uſes.

The difference between a peaſant and a philoſopher may be ſcarcely perceptible to the eye of a ſuperior being.

Inſtability is marked on every object under the ſun; for Providence preſerves the world by keeping the things of it in a courſe of perpetual viciſſitude.

Sinners reverſe the very order of nature; offer pardon to a criminal, he accepts it with joy, they reject it with diſdain: offer pleaſure to a man of the world, he embraces it with gratitude; place true pleaſure in their view, they avoid it as deſtructive.

Our love to man ſhould be a reflexion of our love to God; nor can the latter be genuine without the former.

The love of the generality of mankind is mixed and vitiated; a commerce of intereſts or of pleaſures; but the univerſal charity enjoined on Chriſtians has a far different ſource.

The only way to be happy *is* to be holy; and it is a libel on religion, which God will proſecute, to ſay that there is no pleaſure in it.

You may go aſleep to hell, but not to Heaven; every ſtep thither muſt needs be a ſtep of difficulty and exertion.

The Old Teſtament is a treaſure locked up, of which Chriſt alone has the key; without him, the Bible is like the earth without the ſun; it has beauties, but they are all inviſible.

COMMUNION WITH GOD,

THE BEST SUCCOUR IN THE WORST SEASONS.

MR. HENRY, that ſweet expoſitor of ſacred writ, a little before his death, deſired his friends, to notice as his dying ſaying, "That a life ſpent in the ſervice of God, and communion with him, is the moſt comfortable and pleaſant life that any one can live in this world." The beloved apoſtle John, wrote his firſt general epiſtle, with the kind and benevolent deſign of bringing its readers to have fellowſhip with the apoſtles; but not in their bonds and afflictions, if that could poſſibly have been avoided; no, but that, like them, they might have fellowſhip with the Father, and with his Son Jeſus Chriſt. Bleſſed Paul wiſhed all men like himſelf in that reſpect. A better wiſh could not poſſibly have entered into his heart, either for a fellow-mortal, or for his own ſoul. Communion with God is the higheſt honour and happineſs of which men or angels are capable. The ſublimeſt notions of carnal minds, fall infinitely ſhort of this felicity. "It is," ſays Mr. Shaw, in his admirable treatiſe, intitled, Immanuel, "the grand diſtinction which marks the difference between true ſaints and all others." Dr. Owen, that great luminary of the laſt century, whoſe treatiſe on the ſubject has often delighted the hearts of Believers, defines it, "The mutual communication of ſuch good things, as wherein the perſons holding that communion are delighted, bottomed upon ſome union between them."

This communion implies acquaintance, agreement, friendſhip and love. God is love. He is man's beſt friend, and perfectly acquainted with him in every reſpect. But man by nature, is ignorant of God. He is an enemy to him by wicked works. His carnal mind is enmity againſt him. He is in a ſtate of darkneſs, a child of wrath, a ſlave of ſatan, and dead in treſpaſſes and ſins. Such being the caſe, how is man's communion with God poſſible? Can two walk together unleſs they be agreed? What concord hath light with darkneſs, life with death, or enmity with love? Surely none at all. Then, if any one hath fellowſhip with God, he muſt be reconciled unto him through the

death of his Son. Yes; without true friendſhip, there can be no good fellowſhip. Nor is there any Mediator between God and man, but the Man Chriſt Jeſus. If any man have fellowſhip with God, he is a new creature. He has paſſed from death to life. He is tranſlated from the power of darkneſs, into the kingdom of God's dear Son. In a word, he is God's workmanſhip, who hath created him anew in his own holy and bleſſed image. This man knows the Lord, as he is revealed in his works, his ways, and his word. He hears and obeys his voice, and that becauſe there is none on earth, or in heaven, in whom he ſo much delights. God and he love fellowſhip together. Herein, they converſe with each other. Between him and God there is a mutual giving and receiving.

In this ſpiritual converſe God ſpeaks in divers ways and manners. His voice is uttered forth not only in the lively and charming ſcenes by day, but alſo in the dark and ſolemn ſilence of the night. The ſun, moon and ſtars, together with the air, earth and ſeas, and all their numerous inhabitants, declare unto the ſaints, the wiſdom, the power and the goodneſs of the Lord. He ſpeaks to them alſo by his providential diſpenſations; ſometimes in the ſun-ſhine of proſperity, and at other times, in the darkneſs of adverſity. There are ſeaſons when he makes them lie down in green paſtures; when he prepares a table for them in this wilderneſs, and gives them all things richly to enjoy. Their cup runs over with bleſſings. By and by, he ſpeaks to them, as it were, out of the whirlwind. He brings them into the ſchool of affliction, and ſpeaks to them by the rod of correction. He ſaw them in danger of leaning too much on earthly props, of making too much of temporal enjoyments, and therefore determined to give wings to their wealth, and to take away the deſire of their eyes by the ſtroke of death. Perhaps a huſband, a wife, or a child, a Miniſter, or a friend, he calls away from them, that he may poſſeſs more of their hearts, and be every thing to them. He ſpeaks to them alſo by his word and Spirit: and theſe always agree together. The former is made effectual by the latter. But in every way in which God ſpeaks unto his people, they no ſooner underſtand his language, but they find it is that of mercy. That he ſpeaks peace out of the abundance of a kind and loving heart.

In reply to the voice of God, the ſaint, in his converſe with him, giving credit to every thing he ſpeaks, complies therewith. If his ſtubborn heart riſe up againſt any part, he will not condemn the part againſt which it riſes, but his

heart for riſing up againſt it. He will view it as the ſad effect of the plague in his heart, and as ſuch will loathe himſelf in his own ſight. It will be his concern to obey the voice of the rod, and not deſpiſe the chaſtening of the Lord; to follow the word, and not quench the motions of the Spirit; to make ſuitable returns for every diſplay of the divine perfections. He will adore infinite wiſdom, and commit himſelf to its guidance, not leaning on his own underſtanding. He will confide in infinite power, for his grand ſupport and defence. He will bow to the divine ſovereignty with humble reſignation, well knowing that he has no right to find fault, and that his Heavenly Father orders every thing for the beſt. He will ſpeak to the Lord often, with boldneſs, but not with rudeneſs. He will confeſs his ſins unto him. He will plead with him in prayer, for promiſed bleſſings; and not omit to praiſe him for thoſe which he has already received. He can and does unboſom himſelf to the Lord more than to the neareſt and deareſt friend he has in the world. He can tell him his fears, his foes, and all his deſires. He knows he cannot aſk too much, nor offend by aſking too often, or with too much importunity. God attends to his ſighs and groans, as much as to his fineſt words and ſentences; and when the fit time is come, he ſaith unto his pleading ſervant, "Be it unto thee, even as thou wilt."

In this communion, there is not only a mutual converſe, but alſo a giving and receiving. God gives to his ſaints, and they gratefully receive of him; again making dutiful returns to him, which he graciouſly accepts of. He gives himſelf to them, and they give themſelves to him. He ſays, "I will be your God," and they ſay, "We will be thy people." He gives them a ſenſe of his love, ſo that they feel it ſhed abroad in their hearts. They enjoy it as what it truly is, love infinitely great, ſovereign and free; without variableneſs or ſhadow of turning; ancient, boundleſs, and durable as eternity; the grand ſpring of every bleſſing they enjoy, or for which they hope, either in this world, or in that which is to come. He gives them his infinite wiſdom, to guide their feet in the way of peace. He beſtows his mercy upon them according to their need. He lends them his powerful arm on which they lean; and with it he holds them up, ſo that they are ſafe. He renews their ſtrength, yea, perfects his ſtrength in their weakneſs. They can truly ſay to him in the words of the pſalmiſt, "Thy right-hand hath holden us up: and again, "Thou haſt holden me by my right-hand." In a word, he offers them his all-ſufficiency; ſo, that their ſufficiency is of him, and he is

every thing to them. He ſays to them, as he did to Moſes, "I am," whatever you need, that I am, and will be to you. Now, what ſhall they render to the Lord for all his benefits? They yield themſelves unto him. They give him their hearts: ſet their affections upon him: yield their underſtandings to the guidance of his counſel, and their wills to be ruled by his in all things. They likewiſe preſent their bodies to him as living ſacrifices. With their feet they will not ſtand in the way of ſinners; much leſs run after the multitude of evil doers; but they will cheerfully go to the houſe of God, and alſo viſit the houſe of mourning. With their tongues they will not utter lies and ſcandal; but the words of truth and ſoberneſs, and what will be for the glory of God and the edification of man. Their hands will not be folded together in idleneſs, much leſs employed in doing miſchief; but therewith they will work, that thereby they may have for themſelves, and alſo to give to him that needeth. Not only in devotions, but alſo in buſineſs, and honeſt induſtry, the ſaints have fellowſhip with Deity. Whether they be hewing of wood, or drawing of water; navigating their ſhips, or digging, ſowing or reaping their grounds; minding their ſheep, or their ſhops; or whatever elſe their lawful calling may be, therein they ſhall enjoy the divine preſence and approbation.

After what has been advanced, it may be added, that there is no communion ſo ſweet, ſo ſafe, ſo durable, ſo honourable or advantageous, as communion with God. There is that in it which exactly ſuits, fully ſatisfies, and infinitely delights the ſublime and capacious powers of the immortal ſoul. Senſual delights are momentary, and rather ſurfeit than ſatisfy, after leaving a ſting behind; but in communion with God, the ſoul finds its centre and reſt. Here, the river runs into the ocean. Here, the ſpirit returns to God who gave it. Here, all the ſcattered beauties in the wide creation are found collected together. Not the moſt exquiſite painting to the limner's eye, nor the ſofteſt ſtrains to the muſician's ear, nor yet the ſweeteſt fragrance to the ſmell, or moſt delicious food to the epicurean's palate, are worthy to be compared with the bleſſedneſs of communion with God. What can be more honourable than to viſit and be viſited, to walk and talk, and have a joint intereſt with the King of kings? Herein we need fear no evil; neither loſs nor diſgrace. We are ſafe in the wilderneſs, and ſhall not be leſs ſo in the ſhadow of death. The beginning of this fellowſhip is the beginning of heaven below, and the perfection of it, will be the perfection of heaven

above. It is that communion, which no power, however great, which no place, however diſtant, can for a moment interrupt. Death itſelf, which breaks up ſo many connexions and fellowſhips, does not deſtroy, but rather brings this to perfection. How bleſſed is it to be walking with God! By ſo doing we ſhall become like him, and ere long be with him for ever and ever.

Scarborough. S. B.

A MEDITATION.

WRITTEN ON THE EVENING OF THE AUTHOR'S BIRTH-DAY.

ONCE more the glorious luminary of heaven has withdrawn his beams from our hemiſphere, and is gone to enlighten other regions. The feathered ſongſters of the grove, and the harmleſs tenants of the field are retired to their nightly coverts; and the ſons of induſtry and toil have now concluded the labours of the day, and are preparing to cloſe their weary eye-lids in the gentle arms of ſleep.

At this ſtill hour of ſolitude and contemplation, not a ſound is to be heard in this peaceful retirement, ſave the whiſper of conſcience—"the ſtill ſmall voice" of God. Come, O my ſoul! let me now take a retroſpective view of the paſt twelve months, and viſit, in ſerious meditation, the tomb of my departed hours. Another year of my ſhort life is ended, and (awful conſideration) has carried with it a regiſter of all the follies, ſins, and imperfections it has witneſſed in my conduct, in order to give it up in evidence againſt me before a Judge of infinite purity, unblemiſhed juſtice, and unlimited power. Solemn thought! melancholy catalogue! thus does every day riſe up and reproach me with vanity, and folly, with goodneſs abuſed, moments unimproved, and mercies diſregarded! Engaged by the moſt ſacred vows, by the moſt endearing ties of gratitude and love, in the ſervice of my Lord, how often, in this one year alone, have I broken thoſe engagements and forgot thoſe ties! how often, even during my moſt ſolemn acts of devotion, have my affections wandered from them, and entangled themſelves in a thouſand trifling ſcenes of

buſineſs or amuſement. How then ſhall I dare to ſtand before him, or expect to eſcape deſerved puniſhment? Jeſus, my Lord! my Saviour! I fly to thee, and caſt my trembling ſoul into thy compaſſionate boſom. I have, it is true, broken the righteous law of God, in ten thouſand inſtances; but thou haſt died upon the croſs, and there haſt made a full atonement for all my tranſgreſſions. O do thou plead my cauſe! and when offended juſtice demands ſatisfaction for my crimes, do thou ſtretch forth thy wounded hand, and declare what thou haſt ſuffered in my behalf; ſo ſhall the flaming ſword be ſheathed, and I ſhall obtain that pardon which thou haſt purchaſed for every penitent who truſts in thee: and, O my deareſt Lord! do thou thyſelf condeſcend to come and take up thy reſidence in my heart, and make me the willing ſubject of thy glorious kingdom, ſo ſhall my future days be diſtinguiſhed by love to thy perſon, zeal for thy cauſe, and diligence in thy ſervice; ſo ſhall I be enabled to glorify thy name, and ſhew forth thy praiſes on earth, and at laſt, through thy free and unmerited grace, be admitted into thy glorious preſence, where, free from folly, ſin, and imperfections, I ſhall celebrate thy love through eternal ages.

Sandwich. E. TATLOCK.

ADDRESS TO A NEW MARRIED COUPLE.

I FEEL an impreſſion upon my mind to drop on this paper a word of friendly advice, which I hope will be read in the ſame ſpirit of candour and good-will as that in which it is written. I feel a concern for your welfare. You have now taken the moſt important ſtep that can be taken in relation to the preſent life. You are united together in laſting bands. May every bleſſing in nature, Providence and grace, unite to render them happy to the end of your days!

With regard to your reſpectability in the world, much depends upon your ſubſequent conduct. Let ſobriety, ſteadineſs, and prudence mark all your ſteps. Induſtry and prudence are generally reſpected in the world. Guard againſt a ſupercilious deportment, and every thing that looks like it. Be condeſcending, but not mean; affection-

ate, but not fond. Never, for a moment, think that outward glare, or a flashy appearance, will advance your consequence and respectability. These things have little or no weight with persons of discernment and worth.

Never be deaf to good advice. Do not proudly disdain the good counsel of those who are more advanced in years than yourselves; if you do, there may come a time when you may want such counsel, and not be able to obtain it at any price. Guard well against a waste of time; it is too precious to be wasted. Never angrily thwart and oppose each other, but by the sincerest love serve one another. Respect your relations and friends, for that is the most certain way to be respected. Do not affect independence when your property shall be at your own disposal; it may betray you into difficulties before you are aware. Never be *hasty* in taking any step, nor *violent* in pursuing any object. Let discretion go first, and mark out the line of conduct which is most just and eligible to be pursued, and then never decline because of difficulties or dangers in the way.

Let the religion of the Bible be your religion. May the grace of God inspire and implant it in your hearts. Be not ashamed to profess Jesus Christ and his truth. May that blessed Lord befriend you, bless you, and keep you for evermore. I intreat you consider that an *all-seeing eye* is upon you; may that eye never be a witness to extravagance and waste, to Sabbath-breaking and vice. May you enjoy every felicity, and above all, a good hope through grace.

MILES EMERITES.

ON EXAGGERATION.

EXAGGERATION, and a disposition to exaggerate, are great and growing evils, of which many professors of religion, as well as the men of the world in general, are guilty. This evil consists in magnifying any circumstance, more or less, in a hyperbolical manner. Not to represent any matter as near its reality as we can, is certainly a deviation from *truth;* and a deviation from truth is surely a crime. This will be a growing evil in those in whom it is not checked; for, being lavish in our words, either in the praise or dispraise of persons, or any other objects, we in-

ſenſibly acquire a *habit* of exalting or debaſing them beyond the bounds of truth.

I am led to make theſe remarks principally by an interview I had with a perſon ſome time ago. Soon after being in his company, I found he ſpoke with much fluency and propriety, particularly about religion. My attention was excited by his converſation, for he appeared to have more enlarged views of men and things than moſt I had met with. He ſpoke in terms ſo high of ſome particular characters, as induced me to think that their value was not ſufficiently known. But ſoon after I was rather confounded by a ſentiment he dropped concerning another character, which was as remarkable for its detraction, as the other expreſſions were for their approbation. I had, indeed, heard ſomething relative to the latter; but it was a circumſtance that I ſuppoſed would never have been ſet forth in a criminal light, which he did in a very high degree. While I remained with him, he purſued the ſame method in his diſcourſe, and I ſaw plainly he fell into the ſin of exaggeration; for while he could ſcarcely find words to expreſs his encomiums on ſome, he again appeared at a loſs to repreſent in a manner ſufficiently horrid the faults of others.

To check this evil, which is wantonly indulged by too many profeſſors of religion, let us think before we ſpeak; and let us ſpeak as dying men, who may the next moment give an account before "God the Judge of all." Let us not be laviſh of our words; nor appear in extacies while deſcribing things which pleaſe us, nor agitated with a paſſion bordering on malevolence towards thoſe objects which offend us; for, having rouſed the attention of diſpaſſionate and more judicious minds to an examination, and the reſult being different from the repreſentation made, we ſhall become the objects of contempt, and our friends fearful to confide in us. Beſides, by not carefully avoiding ſuch habits, we ſhall plunge deeper and deeper into the evil; till we are ſo loſt to real fact, as not to reſt ſatisfied without ſome unneceſſary and unlawful addition to the moſt plain and ſimple thing.

May the reader of this in future guard well his expreſſions. We all need the caution; but thoſe in a peculiar manner who poſſeſs warm tempers and lively imaginations; for they are almoſt ſure to run into the error, without a conſtant watch over their words. If we are not puffed up with ſelf-conceit, probably we may ſtop and enquire, "Have I not been guilty of this crime?"—Such a ſuſpicion of ourſelves is entering on the direct way to be reclaimed.

Rotherham. S— B—. WIDOWS.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF JUST THOUGHTS OF CHRIST.

WHEN Chriſt made his appearance on earth, the opinions of men reſpecting his perſon and character were various. The ſame diverſity of ſentiment ſtill prevails even among thoſe who profeſs to be Chriſtians. Some imagine, that he was the moſt exalted character among men, but nothing more than human: others ſuppoſe, that in dignity of nature, and priority of exiſtence, he is inconceivably ſuperior both to men and angels, a kind of inferior Deity: Others again believe, that he is independently poſſeſſed of all the eſſential perfections of Godhead, co-equal with the Father.

As theſe ſentiments are ſo directly oppoſite to each other, ſome of them muſt, doubtleſs, be falſe. Many ſuppoſe it is comparatively indifferent which of them we embrace; and that, if we ſhould inadvertently entertain an erroneous idea on this ſubject, God will conſider it as an innocent miſtake. The deſign of this paper is to guard againſt that ſpirit of indifference, which engenders the dangerous deluſion, and to ſhew *that just thoughts of Christ are of the utmost importance.*

The manifest care God hath taken to give a clear and just representation of Christ is one confirmation of the fact. The principal deſign of God in the ſacred Scriptures is to lead us into the knowledge of Chriſt. Therein his perſon, his characters, his work, his authority, &c. are deſcribed with exactneſs, as a matter of the utmoſt importance. His Godhead is therein unequivocally affirmed.*a* Divine honours are demanded as his due.*b* His aſſumption of human nature is expreſsly declared, whereby he became and continues to be God and man in one perſon.*c* With equal plainneſs it is aſſerted, that this God-man is the only mediator and Saviour.*d* Now as God hath taken care, in the Scriptures, to give the moſt clear and expreſs revelation of Chriſt; ſo he moſt ſolemnly charges his miniſter to preach Chriſt, to unfold the dignity of his perſon, the completeneſs of his work, the fulneſs of his grace, &c. as the grand deſign of their miniſtry.*e*

a *Isaiah ix.* 6. *chap. liv.* 5. *John i.* 1. *chap. x.* 30. *Rom. ix.* 5. *Heb. i.* 8. *and* 1 *John v.* 20. b *John v.* 23. c *John i.* 14. *Phil. ii.* 5, *&c. Heb. ii.* 14, *&c.* d 1 *Tim. ii* 5. *John. xiv.* 6. *Acts iv.* 12. 1 *Cor. iii.* 11. e *Eph. iii.* 8.

The Apoſtles, who ſpoke under the immediate influence of the Holy Ghoſt, cloſely adhered to their charge; and woe to thoſe miniſters who do not follow their example.*a*

Can we ſuppoſe that God would take ſuch conſtant care, both by the Scripture, and through the medium of the Goſpel-miniſtry, to give a juſt and clear repreſentation of Chriſt, if juſt conceptions of him were not of the utmoſt importance?

Of such importance are just thoughts of Christ, that without them we cannot form a just conception of God. The perfections of God are indeed, in a meaſure, diſplayed in the works of creation, and providence; but it is in the perſon and work of Chriſt alone, that we can have a diſcovery of the nature, the purpoſes, the covenant-characters of God, as he ſtands related to ſinners.*b* He is therefore called the image of God, or that, whereby God is repreſented unto us, and every other repreſentation is inſufficient. It is in the face of Chriſt, in his perſon and work, that the glory of God's wiſdom, his juſtice, his goodneſs, his grace is diſcovered.*c* Wrong views of Chriſt will therefore lead us to wrong ideas of God. The truth of this remark is exemplified in thoſe who differ in their thoughts of Chriſt. As a natural conſequence they differ likewiſe in their thoughts of God. Thoſe who have low conceptions of the perſon and work of Chriſt, are thereby led to form low, and unſcriptural ideas of the ſtrictneſs of God's juſtice, and the riches of his grace. If then, our thoughts of Chriſt, have a neceſſary influence on our ideas of God, which is an experimental fact, ſurely juſt conceptions of Chriſt are very important indeed.

Beſides, *our prevailing sentiments of Christ, will necessarily influence and regulate our deportment towards him.* Do not different perſons act very differently, with reſpect to Chriſt? ſome pay him divine adoration; depend on him excluſively for ſalvation; love him as the chief object of their deſire and delight; ſubmit to his authority, as ſupreme. Others purſue an oppoſite line of conduct. What can be the reaſon of this difference? It is becauſe they have different thoughts of Chriſt. If we believe him to be God over all, we ſhall feel it our duty to worſhip him as ſuch. If we conceive him to be the alone and all-ſufficient Saviour, we ſhall excluſively depend on him. If we eſteem him as ſupremely amiable, we ſhall love him ſupremely. If we admit him to be our rightful ſovereign, we ſhall yield cordial and un-

a 2 *Cor. iv.* 5. 1 *Cor. i.* 22. *&c. chap. ii.* 2. b *John i.* 18.
c 2 *Cor. iv.* 6.

feigned obedience to him. But if our thoughts be different, our conduct will be different likewiſe. If propriety of deportment to Chriſt be important, and it muſt be inconceivably ſo, then juſt thoughts of him are important.

So important are juſt conceptions of Chriſt, that *wrong views of his Person and Office, if persisted in, will inevitably issue in eternal perdition.* This, perhaps, may ſound harſh and awful; but it is not more awful than true.*a* If a proper knowledge of Chriſt, be eternal life, which is declared,*b* then we may infer, that the want of it is eternal death. The vaſt importance of the queſtion in diſpute, when ſeriouſly conſidered, will juſtify the alarming idea. If he were, confeſſedly, only a creature, and the diſpute were only reſpecting his ſcale of dignity as a creature, a miſtake herein, would be comparatively of light importance: but when the matter debated is, whether he be the very God, or only a creature made by God, then the nature of the queſtion is materially altered. A miſtake in the matter then neceſſarily involves us, either in idolatry on the one hand, or a denial of the true God on the other. If Chriſt be God, it muſt be as ruinous to deny it, as to deny the godhead of the Father; if he be not, it is idolatrous to profeſs it.

An attention to the leading idea, under the former particular, muſt convince us, that ſo wide a miſtake in our conceptions of Chriſt will prove inevitably ruinous: for if improper thoughts of Chriſt, produce a proportionate impropriety of deportment towards him, what can the end of this be but ruin! not believing him to be God, you will not give him divine honours, the refuſal of which is ruinous.*c* Not thinking him to be the all-ſufficient Saviour, you will not depend excluſively upon him for ſalvation; this is threatened with damnation.*d* Not eſteeming him ſupremely amiable, you will not love him ſupremely, and thoſe who do not, are marked objects of the heavieſt curſe.*e* Not admitting him to be your rightful ſovereign, you will refuſe obedience to him; and the certain wages of this ſtubbornneſs is deſtruction.*f*

You ſee then, reader, with what propriety the Apoſtle coveted and prized the knowlege of Chriſt.*g* Follow his example. Think much of Chriſt; and eſpecially deſire that you may have *juſt* thoughts of him: juſt, as to the matter of them, viz. ſcriptural thoughts; and juſt, as to their nature and properties; believing, humbling, affectionate,

a *John viii.* 24. b *John xvii.* 3. c *John viii.* 24. *Is. xlv.* 23, 24. *Ps. ii.* 12. d *John iii.* 18, 36. e 1 *Cor. xvi.* 22. f *Luke xix.* 27. g *Phil. iii.* 7, *&c.*

transforming, aſpiring thoughts. To this end, look unto the Spirit of God, whoſe office is to take the things of Chriſt and ſhew them unto men.

MANCUNIENSIS.

PROFITABLE SUBJECTS OF CONVERSATION.

THE want of a ſubject for converſation, is among many religious people, a very common complaint, therefore many frivolities, and often worſe things are reſorted to for entertainment; but ſurely this ariſes merely from want of conſidering how many ſubjects there are worthy of our attention. Let us reflect,

How many mercies we have been made the partakers of; mercies in every way, and of every kind; mercies in our birth, in our circumſtances, in our preſervation and protection through the various periods of life; and eſpecially if we have been by the grace of God, called to the knowledge of himſelf: amidſt all theſe mercies, how can we want a ſubject? Should it be admitted, (though it ought to be cautiouſly admitted, for we are apt to extend ſuch allowances too far) that ſome of theſe would not be ſeaſonable, or proper ſubjects for converſation, yet can we ever ſay that there is a time, when no one of them could be brought forward with propriety? Surely ſome one or other of the divine mercies may be ſpoken of, where ever, or with whomſoever we may be. We are not obliged to ſpeak of them in a ſtiff formal way, but with all ſimplicity of manner, as inſtances wherein God has been kind and gracious to us, juſt as we might ſpeak of the kindneſs of an earthly friend. Above all ſhall we be inexcuſable, if in religious company, where ſuch things ſurely cannot want apology, we are backward to introduce them when we find a ſubject wanted.

Our ſins may often furniſh us with ſubject. With regard to many ſins, they are ſo common, that we may ſafely ſpeak of them, either as our own, or ſins which we are in danger from, without exciting any peculiar notice. And we know what a tendency, under the bleſſing of God, ſpeaking of ſin, in a proper way, may be likely to have: while it is repreſented as abominable in its nature, and dreadful in its conſequences, if at all under the influence of the enlightening Spirit, we cannot but be induced to deteſt, and flee from it.

Speaking of our diſorder is no improbable means of promoting a cure. Were ſin more frequently the ſubject of ſerious converſation, there ſeems reaſon to hope, that in many inſtances, it would not acquire ſo much ſtrength; but often times, among religious people, ſin is ſo little freely ſpoken of, that its evil is, comparatively, but little underſtood. Perhaps one reaſon why errors in temporal affairs, are in general more noticed and attended to, than errors in ſpiritual, is becauſe they are more the topics of familiar converſe.

Are we in want of a ſubject? Our obligations alſo may lead us to many. What is my duty in general? What in peculiar circumſtances? What would be my duty was I in any different ſituation from that in which I am, ſuppoſing there is any probability of my being in ſuch a ſituation? By theſe enquiries we might become acquainted with many duties, of which perhaps we are now ignorant, as well as get new views of others; and the real chriſtian need not be told how deſirable this is. How preferable would be conſulting with our fellow-chriſtians, in our ſocial interviews, about our own duties, to exploring the faults of others!

The works of God, likewiſe would afford ſubjects innumerable, altogether worthy of our attention, and contemplation. Even a flower, a leaf, or a blade of graſs viewed as the workmanſhip of him who is perfect in knowledge, may pleaſingly and profitably employ our minds. With regard to the ſublimer works of nature, (to ſpeak according to our common conceptions) thoſe who are beſt capacitated to explore them, know that they are ſufficient to exhauſt all their reſearches, and to bring them to exclaim, "Who can by ſearching find out God? Who can find out the Almighty unto perfection?" We need not be diſcouraged from thinking or ſpeaking of the works of God, becauſe we cannot think or ſpeak as we would; ever ſo ſimple a reflection in our own minds, or a ſingle thought advanced to others, may eventually anſwer a great and important end: but let that be as it may, the works of God are well worthy of being ſought out by us, and in this reſpect as well as others, it will hold true that God accepteth according to that which a man hath, and not according to that which he hath not. In one way or other it cannot prove fruitleſs to be thus engaged. Our complaints then of the want of a ſubject are unjuſtly founded; as Chriſtians it can never really be the caſe while we have mercies to notice and be thankful for, ſins to confeſs and to bewail, duties incumbent on ourſelves and others, and the works of God to obſerve and to recommend.

TENDERNESS TO FALLEN BRETHREN.

THE neceſſity of holineſs, or conformity to the Divine Being according to his word, is not only acknowledged but powerfully experienced by all who are renewed by the Spirit. Sweetly are they impelled to "deny ungodlineſs and worldly luſt;"—to "preſent their bodies a living ſacrifice." They "have put off the old man with his deeds, and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him." No one, therefore, who is under the dominion of ſin, can bring any ſcriptural evidence that he is born of God, or has a ſaving intereſt in the divine Redeemer. Without all queſtion, the true diſciples of the Lamb are brought to hate and oppoſe whatever is contrary to his will, for we "are not called to uncleanneſs, but unto holineſs."

But ſtill, we muſt allow, the preſent is a ſtate of much imperfection.—"In many things we all offend." Though it is not poſſible for any one renewed by divine grace to be the ſlave of Satan, yet each may be "overtaken in a fault," may be deluded, and for a time, led captive by ſin. Scripture, and the whole hiſtory of the Church, demonſtrate this has been the unhappy caſe with many who, notwithſtanding, were the heirs of a bleſſed immortality.—It is proper we ſhould be concerned and grieved when inſtances like theſe occur within the circle of our obſervation. They open the mouth of the enemy; ſtagger weak believers; bring a temporary reproach upon the cauſe of Chriſt, and the ſharpeſt diſtreſs on the unhappy offender. Yet, ſurely, it will by no means follow we ſhould deſpiſe, neglect or even treat coolly thoſe who may be thus overcome by the inſulting foe. They have, at ſuch ſeaſons, a peculiar claim upon our pity and compaſſion; they need our affectionate advice, and faithful friendſhip. Too frequently, however, the treatment they meet with is quite the reverſe, eſpecially if they are poor in this world; for it would be well, if we could with truth ſay, the conduct of profeſſors uniformly manifeſted, as it ought, that there is in theſe caſes but one law for the poor and for the rich.

The fallen diſciple uſually finds himſelf forſaken by thoſe with whom he has heretofore taken ſweet counſel, and he has cauſe to take up for himſelf that ancient complaint,

" My lovers and my friends ſtand aloof from my ſore, and my kinſmen ſtand afar off."* Many will be ready to profeſs a concern indeed, and to declare themſelves grieved on his account, while at the ſame time they are indulging and diſſeminating the moſt injurious ſuſpicions againſt him. His offence will be conſtrued into an evidence of an hypocritical profeſſion; and too often will he be left to ſtruggle, as he can, with the enemies which have beſet and entangled his ſoul. Even thoſe who continue to maintain any intercourſe with him, generally manifeſt ſuch coolneſs, and aſſume ſuch an air of ſuperiority, as, to a generous mind, will be extremely galling; and aggravates inſtead of leſſening the diſtreſs. But does not ſuch conduct further the deſigns of the malignant adverſary? How baneful, how ruinous is its influence!

The tendency of ſin is to harden the heart. A perſon ſeduced by it may, for a ſeaſon be inſenſible of his guilt and danger. His attention will be turned from himſelf, and directed towards the failings of others. Theſe are ſought out with diligence, and dwelt upon with eagerneſs, in order to enjoy the miſerable ſatisfaction of beholding others as inconſiſtent as himſelf. Therefore, as ſeverity and neglect are directly oppoſite to the ſpirit of the goſpel, they confirm a ſuggeſtion which Satan rarely fails to preſent on ſuch occaſions; namely, that religion is no better than an empty name. What faithful ſervant of Chriſt would not be anxious to guard againſt furniſhing the mind of a fallen brother with ſo deſtructive a ſentiment?

But it is not unfrequent for the offender to be convinced as ſoon as he has committed the crime. His guilt appears in its dreadful enormity; and ſevere diſtreſs harrows up his ſoul. The enemy, who before enticed, now adds dreadful terror to the accuſations of conſcience, and would lead him to form the horrid concluſion he has ſinned beyond the reach of mercy. He fears he is one that has apoſtatiſed from Chriſt; the word ſpeaks to him nothing but terror? the bleſſings of the covenant aggravate his woe, becauſe, he imagines, they are what he has no room to expect. He would pray but guilt ſtops his mouth, and drives him from the throne of grace. Then is experienced what the Pſalmiſt ſo feelingly expreſſes; " I am afflicted and ready to die, while I ſuffer thy terrors I am diſtracted." The tender ſympathy of chriſtian friends would, in ſuch a caſe, be precious healing balm; but alas it is withheld. But what can be more cruel that to deſert a fellow-ſoldier in ſuch a dread-

* *Pſalm xxxviii.* 11.

ful conflict? What more oppoſite to the ſpirit of the goſpel? Where is that charity which the Redeemer ſo forcibly enjoins, and which the Divine Spirit breathes into the renewed ſoul?

It is generally urged in defence of ſuch conduct, that believers ought on all occaſions to give a public and marked teſtimony that they deteſt and abhor ſin. This, every lover of Jeſus moſt cordially allows. However, the intereſting queſtion is, What *is* ſin? The inſpired penman will anſwer, "It is the tranſgreſſion of the law." We aſk again, What law? that of the world? No—the law of Chriſt. Now, one very important part of this is, "Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf;" and our attention to it is ſo eſſential, that the ſame authority declares, "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." How then can he that neglects or coldly treats a fallen brother, diſcover his averſion againſt ſin? He may make it evident he is influenced by the god of this world, but can by no means prove that divine grace has its genuine effect upon his heart.

The apoſtle in Gal. vi. 1. furniſhes a plain direction, and gives a poſitive command relative to this ſubject. He that ſlights the one, and diſobeys the other, may, like one of ancient days, ſay, "Come ſee my zeal for the Lord," but gives no proof of real concern for the divine honour.

When the divine life flouriſhes in a ſoul, ſuch queſtions as theſe will frequently be propoſed: "Who maketh thee to differ? and what haſt thou that thou haſt not received?" An inattentive obſerver of his own heart muſt he be, who is not convinced he ſhould be guilty of any ſin, were it not for a continuance of the ſame grace which, at the firſt, brought him from darkneſs to marvellous light; and this muſt ever produce compaſſion for thoſe who have ſtrayed, as well as earneſt endeavours for their being brought back into the right way.—Perhaps we, in general, entertain miſtaken ideas reſpecting thoſe of God's children who have fallen into actual ſin. The lively oracles will ſhew us that ſome of theſe were, notwithſtanding, eminent ſaints.—To paſs over others, what are we to think of Noah, David, and Peter? They ſurely ſtand in the firſt rank of thoſe who believe; and yet, according to the ſentiments of too many in our day, they muſt have been looked upon as mean, and treated with neglect.

Viewing the preſent life as a ſtate of warfare, we muſt allow every true Chriſtian is a ſoldier, fixed in his ſuitable poſt by the Captain of ſalvation. He does not order his weak ones to meet the fierceſt attacks of the enemy, but

thoſe whom he has furniſhed with a greater degree of ſtrength and activity. It may be, ſome of theſe are too full of themſelves;—not ſufficiently watchful;—He ſees that a diſgraceful check, or a painful wound inflicted by the foe, is the only method for correcting theſe errors; drawing forth all their powers into his ſervice; and bringing them finally to complete victory, and an immortal crown. Now, is it poſſible the divine Commander can approve, when he ſees one of his own wounded and faint, abandoned by his fellow-ſoldiers to the cruel inſults of the enemy? Certainly he cannot.

It is by divine grace alone we ſtand.—Were it not for daily application of the Saviour's merits to the conſcience, the moſt ſanctified believer would be in deſpair. How then can he, who lives continually upon free forgiveneſs, refuſe to declare its all-ſufficiency to a fellow mortal who is near the gates of death, for the want of juſtly viewing and firmly believing the glorious truth?

If we maintain as we ought, that, as the ranſomed of the Lord, we are called, by all the means in our power, to promote the Redeemer's honour, we ſhall be earneſt to ſeek diligently after thoſe who may have wandered, to the end that they may be reſtored. The reclaiming of backſliders, the raiſing of them that are ſmitten down, and the pouring of balm into the wounded conſcience, are the genuine fruits of the Spirit, and real evidences of ſaving faith.

E.

CONVERSION OF TWO PROSTITUTES.

To the Editor.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I HERE ſend you the account of two remarkable inſtances of the grace of God, diſplayed in the converſion of two poor young proſtitutes—it was written to me by one of our friends belonging to Zion Chapel. I read it in the congregation, and I have been perſuaded by many to have it publiſhed. I therefore ſend it to you that (if you judge it proper) it may be inſerted in your very uſeful work, "the Evangelical Magazine:" that Jeſus Chriſt may make it uſeful is the earneſt deſire of

Your very humble ſervant,
WILLIAM COOPER.

To the Rev. Mr. Cooper.

REV. SIR,

I TAKE the liberty to trouble you with the following account, as I think, if poſſible, we ſhould at all times comply with the requeſt of dying perſons.

I was preſent a few weeks ago at the death of a young woman, and ſhe deſired me to inform you what the Lord had done for her, in bringing her out of darkneſs into his marvellous light, and ſaving her ſoul from everlaſting torments.

On Wedneſday evening, April 25th, 1798, as I was coming out of Spa-Fields chapel, where I had been hearing you preach your awful ſermon from Numbers xxxii. 23. "*Be ſure* your ſin will find you out." I heard a perſon cloſe behind me weeping and ſighing in great bitterneſs. I diſcerned that ſhe was in great diſtreſs, although ſhe evidently ſtrove to hide it. I thought I heard her ſpeak to me, and therefore turned round: ſhe ſeized on my hand and ſaid, "Martha! Martha! I am damned to all eternity! —nothing can ſave me, nothing, nothing can ſave ſuch a vile wretch as I,—I am loſt and undone for ever!" "My dear child," ſaid I, "nothing but the blood of Jeſus Chriſt can ſave poor ſinners! He came to ſeek and to ſave the loſt, and whoſoever calleth on the name of the Lord ſhall be ſaved." Still ſhe wept bitterly. "O," ſaid ſhe, "what muſt I do? what muſt I do?" "Stop to do nothing," I replied, "but come directly to Chriſt, he will receive you; believe in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and thou ſhalt be ſaved; do you feel that you are a ſinner?" "O yes I do—indeed I do—I feel and know that I am a *great* ſinner!" "Then," ſaid I, "there is a *Great Saviour*, ready and willing to receive you, and able to ſave you; fear not, go to him, he will have mercy on you."

She then made herſelf known to me; I recollected her perſon, having lived in the family a few years ago; her father was a Turkey merchant, and a very good man: ſhe was born at Cranbrook in Kent, in 1778, and her name was Hannah S—. Her mother died when ſhe was an infant, but her father brought her up with great care and tenderneſs, and gave her a very genteel education; ſhe was a girl of great underſtanding, but made an improper uſe of it. Her perſon was remarkably handſome, which indeed proved her ruin, for being one night at a *public place of amuſe-*

*ment**, a young nobleman saw her, and in a short time stole her from her father's house, and lived with her for three years. He then married another lady, and went with her into Italy, leaving this poor young creature, then only 18 *years of age*, destitute of all support; after which, as she informed me, she was obliged to go upon the town, and became a common street-walker; "which wicked course," said she, "I have followed for *two years*." I asked her how it happened that she thought of coming to chapel? she answered that herself, and two other young creatures of the same wretched employment, came that afternoon to drink tea at Merlin's Cave, in Spa-field, and intended in the evening to go to *Sadler's Wells*, but God, who "moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform," had designed otherwise; she informed me, that one of her companions said to her, "Now we are at Islington, suppose we go and hear Cooper, the preacher at Spa-fields to night, we need not stay longer than half an hour, and shall be time enough to go to the Wells afterwards. We shall have fine fun at this Gospel Shop; Cooper will give us plenty of Hell and damnation."—"We won't mind that," said another, "so he don't burn our clothes; we shall see plenty of fun no doubt," &c.

While she was telling me how they talked, and pleased themselves, she wept greatly, and said, "Ah, Martha! there will be no fun in the midst of hell flames."—"No, my dear child," said I, "no, Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."—We were then obliged to part, but she promised to come and see me in the morning.—I took hold of her hand at parting,—"No!" cried she, with great earnestness, "do not shake hands with a *Prostitute* and *Murderer*."—"I hope (said I,) you have not committed murder!"—"Yes," replied she, "I broke my dear father's heart, therefore I murdered him; and now I see hell ready open to receive me."—I think I shall never forget the horror of her countenance as she spoke these words—she entreated me to pray for her—I promised her that I would, and after speaking some comfortable words to her, we parted.

I was greatly distressed all night, fearing that (seeing the state of her mind was so dreadful) Satan might take the advantage of her, and tempt her to suicide. I was the more uneasy in the morning, because she did not come to my house as she had promised; nor did I hear of her until Friday night, when she sent a person to inform me that she was

* *Parents, keep your children from such places, as you value their souls.*

extremely ill, and that there was no hopes of her living untill the morning. I cannot deſcribe how much I was ſhocked at this unexpected news. The perſon whom ſhe had ſent, intreated me to accompany her to her young friend's dwelling, as ſhe was very deſirous to ſee me before her death, but I was afraid I ſhould ſee the poor young creature dying in all the agonies of horrible deſpair. Indeed, when I conſidered the dreadful ſtate of mind in which I ſaw her on Wedneſday evening, I could expect nothing elſe—I therefore told the woman that I could not go with her, but would endeavour to viſit her in the morning. However afterwards reflecting on my unnatural conduct, I repented and went to her that night. It was about 10 o'clock when I reached her dwelling. I was informed that ſhe was better than ſhe had been; but I ſaw that a few hours would terminate her life. She had with her a Clergyman, who had been praying by her, and was then about to adminiſter the Sacrament. When ſhe ſaw me, ſhe ſaid, "I am happy to ſee you, I hope you are come to rejoice with me."—I replied, "I hope you have a good ground for rejoicing."—"Yes," ſaid ſhe, "I have; I rely *wholly* and *confidently* on the blood and merits of my dear Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt—I have no other dependance—O what has the blood of Jeſus Chriſt done for me!" —She then aſked me to receive the ſacrament with her, which I did; real devotion and true contrition ſeemed to fill her heart during the adminiſtration of this ſolemn ordinance. The clergyman afterwards took his leave—"I hope (ſaid ſhe) we ſhall meet in heaven;" and then exclaimed with rapture—"I ſee my dear Redeemer! He is ſtanding with open arms ready to receive me! I ſhall ſoon be with him in glory. O, I pray you, tell Mr. Cooper what the Lord hath done for me—how loud ſhall I ſing in heaven! what do you think I ſhall ſing?"—"My dear (ſaid I) we ſhall all ſing the ſame free grace and dying love." She now took hold of my hand and ſaid, "I hope I ſhall ſee your dear miniſter in heaven;" and then prayed earneſtly that the Lord would be pleaſed to continue you many years in this world, for the ſake of poor wretched ſinners; and many other things ſhe ſaid expreſſive of her great regard for you, as an inſtrument in God's hand, of plucking her as a brand from the burning. I aſked her if ſhe would take ſome refreſhment, "No; (replied ſhe) I am greatly refreſhed, Jeſus Chriſt is refreſhing me every moment, and will do until he takes me unto himſelf." One of the young women who had accompanied her to the chapel came to bid her a laſt farewell.—Immediately on ſeeing her ſhe ſaid, "Do behold

what havock ſin has made in me!—Are *you* prepared to meet your God? "*Be ſure* your ſin will find you out!" I hope you will never forget that text, nor the ſermon—but I am now going—eternally farewell!!!" The young woman went away, and I was left with her.—"Ah! my dear friend (ſaid ſhe) I earneſtly pray that the whole world may be brought to the knowledge of Jeſus Chriſt."—Her pain was exquiſite, her death being occaſioned by an inflammation in her bowels; ſhe took my hand with the little ſtrength ſhe had, (for ſhe was juſt expiring) and ſaid—"My dear friend, all is over, I am now going, God bleſs you and dear Mr. Cooper: tell him there will be another Proſtitute in heaven.—O what has the precious blood of Jeſus Chriſt done for me! Farewell, dear friend,—farewell till we meet in glory!!!" She then expired in my arms, with a heavenly ſmile upon her countenance.

Thus did God cut ſhort his work in righteouſneſs, brought a poor ſinner to hear the goſpel—convinced her of her ſtate—applied the blood of Chriſt to her heart—made her rejoice in his love, and took her to himſelf, within three days.

I am, Dear Sir,
Your's ſincerely,
M. F.

Whitechapel.

SIR,

The great regard I have for you will not let me hide from you what I think will give you pleaſure. The young woman which I mentioned in my letter, who came to take a laſt farewell of her dying companion, came to me this morning. The moment I ſaw her I perceived a great alteration in her, which gave me much pleaſure. She ſaid ſhe was going into the country to live with her mother, who is lately left a widow. "Ah!" ſaid ſhe, "I cannot now live in the practice of ſin,—No, I hate ſin,—I ſee the exceeding ſinfulneſs of it:—But there is a fountain open for ſin and uncleanneſs. You know dear Hannah, who is now in heaven, was waſhed in that fountain, and it remains open." She added, "What a dear Jeſus, to ſhed his precious blood for ſuch vile ſinners! How precious is Chriſt to me! I feel this moment more than language can utter."—Indeed, ſhe is drawn by the cord of love.

Dear Sir, I am "loſt in wonder, love and praiſe!" how gracious has the Lord dealt with theſe two poor ſinners! One he has taken to heaven, and the other, I hope, is a

brand ſnached from the burning. She told me ſhe was at Spafields Chapel the evening you took leave of the congregation and the word was greatly bleſſed to her. Indeed, the ſtate ſhe is now in, and the truly wretched ſinful condition ſhe was in ſo lately, ſeems to be almoſt like a dream. But why ſhould I wonder? I know with God all things are poſſible.

This poor dear girl is but ſeventeen years old; ſhe has lived an infamous life, ſhe told me, a year and a half; but I hope God will keep her the reſt of her life, and be the guide of her youth. She has not ſeen her mother for a year and a half, but ſhe wrote to her laſt week, and told her that ſhe had ſeen the error of her ways, and it was her wiſh to return, if ſhe would receive and forgive her. Her mother ſent her a very affectionate anſwer, which the young woman gave me to read. Indeed her mother is like the father of the prodigal; ſhe is happy that ſhe will return home, and will receive her moſt gladly. She ſays, "My dear child, you know I am very poor and diſtreſſed: notwithſtanding, if you will return home, I will provide for you till God ſhall direct you what to do for your living." She ſets off to-morrow evening to go to her mother, who lives in Wiltſhire. I do hope and pray that God may go with her, and protect her, and carry on the good work which he has begun in her.

M——F——.

Whitechapel, June 9th, 1798.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of the Evangelical Magazine.

SIR,

THE following narrative, contained in two letters to a friend, has been intereſting to me. It may poſſibly be the ſame to others. If you judge it ſuitable, you are at liberty to inſert it: but as it was wrote by a perſon now living, you will excuſe the omiſſion of names.

Yours,

GAIUS.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

YOU requeſt the particulars of that change of which a few years ago I was the ſubject. You need not be told that the religious experiences of fallible creatures, like every thing elſe that attends them, muſt needs be marked with imperfection; and that the account that can be given of them on paper, after a lapſe of ſeveral years, muſt be ſo in a ſtill greater degree. I am willing, however, to comply with your requeſt; and the rather becauſe it may ſerve to recal ſome things which, in paſſing over the mind, produce agreeable ſenſations both of pain and pleaſure.

My parents, as you may poſſibly know, were diſſenters, of the Calviniſtic perſuaſion. They were engaged in huſbandry, which occupation therefore I followed till the twentieth year of my age. I remember many of the ſins of my childhood; among which were lying, curſing, and ſwearing. It is true, as to the latter, it never became habitual. I had a dread upon my ſpirits to ſuch a degree, that when I uttered an oath, or an imprecation, it was by a kind of force put upon my feelings, and merely to appear manly, like other boys with whom I aſſociated. This being the caſe, when I came to be about ten years old, I entirely left it off, except that I ſometimes dealt in a ſort of *minced* oaths and imprecations, when my paſſions were inflamed.

In the practice of telling lies I continued ſome years longer; at length, however, I began to think this a mean vice, and accordingly left it off, except in caſes were I was under ſome preſſing temptation.

I think I muſt have been nearly fourteen years old before I began to have any ſerious thoughts about futurity.—The preaching under which I attended was not adapted to awaken my conſcience, as the miniſter had ſeldom any thing to ſay except to believers; and what believing was I neither knew, nor greatly cared to know. I remember, however, about this time as I was walking alone, I put the queſtion to myſelf, What is faith? There is much made of it, what is it? I could not tell; but ſatisfied myſelf in thinking, it was not of immediate concern, and I ſhould underſtand it as I grew older.

Sometimes conviction has laid faſt hold on me, and rendered me extremely unhappy. One winter evening, in particular, I went to a ſmith's ſhop, where a number of other boys ſat round the fire. Preſently they began to ſing vain ſongs. This appeared to me ſo much like revelling that I felt ſomething within that would not ſuffer me to join them; and while I ſat ſilent, in rather an unpleaſant muſe, thoſe words ſunk deep unto my mind, *What doſt thou here, Elijah?* They had ſuch an effect upon me that I immediately left the company; yet, ſhocking to reflect upon, I walked away murmuring in my heart againſt God, that I could not be let alone, and ſuffered to take my pleaſure like other children!

At other times I have been greatly affected by reading or thinking of the doctrines of Chriſtianity. One day in particular I took up Mr. R. Erſkine's *Goſpel Sonnets*, and opening upon a piece called *A Goſpel Catechiſm for young Chriſtians: or, Chriſt all in all in our complete redemption*, I read, and as I read I wept. Indeed I was almoſt overcome with weeping, ſo intereſting did the doctrine of eternal ſalvation appear to me: yet, there being no radical change in my heart, theſe thoughts paſſed away, and I was equally intent on the prrſuits of folly as heretofore.

Sometimes I felt a ſtrange kind of regard towards good people, ſuch of them eſpecially as were familiar in their behaviour to young people, and would ſometimes talk with me about religion. I uſed to wiſh I had many thouſand pounds, that I might give ſome of it to them, who were poor as to their worldly circumſtances.

I was ſometimes the ſubject of ſuch convictions and affections that I really thought myſelf a converted perſon; and lived under that deluſion for ſome years. The ground on which I reſted this opinion was as follows:—One day as I was walking alone, I began to think ſeriouſly what would become of my poor ſoul! I felt myſelf the ſlave of ſin.—Till now I did not know but that I could repent at any time; but now I perceived that my heart was wicked, and that it was not in me to turn to God, or to break off my ſins by righteouſneſs. I ſaw that if God would forgive me all the paſt, and offer me the kingdom of heaven on the condition of giving up my wicked purſuits, I ſhould not accept it. This conviction was accompanied with great depreſſion of heart. I walked ſorrowfully along, repeating theſe words. *Iniquity will be my ruin! Iniquity will be my ruin!* While pouring over my unhappy caſe, thoſe words of the Apoſtle ſuddenly occurred to my mind, *Sin ſhall not have dominion*

over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace. Now the ſuggeſtion of a text of ſcripture to the mind, and eſpecially if it came with power, was generally conſidered by religious people, with whom I occaſionally aſſociated, as a promiſe coming immediately from God, I therefore ſo underſtood it, and thought that God had thus revealed to me that I was in a ſtate of ſalvation, and that therefore iniquity ſhould not, as I had feared, be my ruin. The effect was, I was overcome with joy and tranſport. I ſhed, I ſuppoſe, thouſands of tears as I walked along, and ſeemed to feel myſelf as it were in a new world. It appeared to me that I hated my ſins, and was reſolved to forſake them. Thinking on my wicked courſes I remember uſing thoſe words of Paul, *Shall I continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid!* I felt, or ſeemed to feel, the ſtrongeſt indignation at the thought. But, ſtrange as it may appear, though my face that morning I believe was ſwoln with weeping, yet before night all was gone and forgotten, and I returned to my former vices with as eager a guſt as ever; nor do I remember that for more than half a year after it I had any ſerious thoughts about the ſalvation of my ſoul.

About a year afterwards, however, I was again walking by myſelf, and began to reflect upon my courſe of life, particularly upon my former hopes and affections, and how I had ſince forgotten them all, and returned to all my wicked ways. Inſtead of ſin having no more dominion over me, I perceived that its dominion had been increaſed. For ſome minutes I was greatly dejected, but was inſtantly relieved by what I accounted another promiſe from God. Theſe words were ſuggeſted to my mind, *I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins.* By this, as by the former, I was overcome with what I conſidered as God's great love to me, and ſhed I ſuppoſe thouſands of tears, not of ſorrow, but of joy and gratitude. I now conſidered myſelf as having been in a *backſliding* ſtate, and that God had graciouſly *reſtored* me; though in truth I have every reaſon to think that the great deep of my heart's depravity had not yet been broken up, and that all my religion was mere tranſient impreſſion, without any abiding principle. Amidſt it all I had lived without prayer, and was never, that I recollect, induced to deny myſelf of one ſin, when temptations were preſented. I now thought, however, ſurely I ſhall be better for the time to come. But, alas! in a few days this alſo was forgotten, and I returned to my evil courſes with as much eagerneſs as ever.

I now began to draw towards ſixteen years of age, and as my powers and paſſions ſtrengthened, I was more and more addicted to evil: nor was I merely prompted by my own propenſities; for having formed connexions with other wicked young people, my progreſs in the way to death was thereby greatly accelerated. Being of an athletic frame, and of a daring ſpirit, I was often engaged in ſuch exerciſes and exploits as, if the good hand of God had not preſerved me, might have iſſued in death. I alſo frequently engaged in games of hazard, which, though not to any great amount, yet were very bewitching to me, and tended greatly to corrupt my mind. Theſe, with various other evil courſes, had ſo hardened my heart that I ſeldom thought of religion. Nay, I recollect that on a Lord's day evening about this time, when my parents were reading in the family, I was ſhamefully engaged with one of the ſervants, playing idle tricks, though I took care not to be ſeen in them. Theſe things were nothing to me at that time; for my conſcience, by reiterated acts of wickedneſs, had become *ſeared as with a hot iron:* they were heavy burdens however to me afterwards.——But as I have now brought down my narrative to the period when I trust God began effectually to work upon my heart, I will leave that part to another opportunity, and for the preſent ſubſcribe myſelf

Yours, affectionately,

A. B.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I EMBRACE the earlieſt opportunity of concluding the narrative which I began at your requeſt. By the cloſe of my laſt, you would perceive at near ſixteen years of age, I was, notwithſtanding various convictions and tranſient affections, preſſing on in a lamentable career of wickedneſs; but about this time my convictions reviſited me and brought

on ſuch a concern about my everlaſting welfare, as iſſued, I truſt, in real converſion.

It was my common practice after the buſineſs of the day was over, to get into bad company in the evening; and when there, I indulged in ſin without reſtraint. But after perſiſting in this courſe for a time, I began to be very uneaſy, particularly in a morning when I firſt awaked. It was almoſt as common for me to be ſeized with keen remorſe at this hour, as it was to go into company in the evening. At firſt I began to make *vows* of reformation, and this for the moment would afford a little eaſe; but as the temptations returned my vows were of no account. It was an enlightened conſcience only that was on the ſide of God: my heart was ſtill averſe to every thing ſpiritual or holy. For ſeveral weeks I went on in this way; vowing, and breaking my vows; reflecting on myſelf for my evil conduct, and yet continually repeating it.

It was not now as heretofore: my convictions followed me up cloſely. I could not, as formerly, forget theſe things, and was therefore a poor miſerable creature; like a drunkard, who carouſes in the evening, but mopes about the next day, like one half dead. One morning, as I was walking alone, I felt an uncommon load upon my heart. The remembrance of my ſin, not only on the paſt evening, but for a long time back, the breach of my vows, and the ſhocking termination of my former hopes and affections, all uniting together, formed a burden which I knew not how to bear, The gnawing, of a guilty conſcience, ſeemed to me a kind of hell within me. Nay, I really thought at the time, that this was the fire and brimſtone of the bottomleſs pit, and that in me it was already kindled. I do not write in the language of exaggeration. I now know, that the ſenſe which I then had of the evil of my ſin, and the dreadfulneſs of God's righteous diſpleaſure againſt me on account of it, came very far ſhort of *truth;* but yet they ſeemed more than I was able to ſuſtain. When I thought of my broken vows, they ſerved to convince me that there was no truth in me, and that I was altogether wicked. I ſubſcribed to the juſtice of my doom, if I were ſent to hell; and plainly ſaw that to hell I muſt go, unleſs I were ſaved of mere grace, and, as it were, in ſpite of myſelf. I ſenſibly perceived that if God were to forgive me all the paſt, I ſhould again deſtroy my ſoul, and that in a very little time. I never before felt myſelf ſuch an odious and helpleſs ſinner. I ſeemed to have nothing about me that ought to excite the pity of God, or that I could reaſonably expect ſhould do ſo;

but every thing diſguſting to him, and provoking to the eyes of his glory.

And now the queſtion would turn in my mind, what muſt I do? What ſhall I do? Six or ſeven times over. Indeed, I felt utterly at a loſs what to do. To think of amendment, and much more to make vows concerning it as heretofore, were but a mockery of God and my own ſoul; and to hope for forgiveneſs in the courſe that I was in, was the height of preſumption. So I had no refuge. For a moment deſpair took hold upon me, and I even thought of returning and taking my fill of ſin, let the conſequences be what they might; but then again the thoughts of being loſt, and loſt for ever, ſunk into my ſoul like lead into the waters. While thinking on this my paſt hopes alſo recurred to mind, and aggravated the idea of eternal puniſhment. What, thought I, ſhall I at once bid adieu to Chriſt, and hope, and heaven, and plunge my ſoul into endleſs ruin? At this my heart revolted. What ſhall I do? What can I do? This was all I could ſay.

It is difficult at this diſtance of time to recollect with preciſion the minute workings of my mind; but as near as I can remember, I was like a man drowning, looking every way for help, or rather catching for ſomething by which he might ſave his life. I tried to find out if there were any hope in divine mercy, any in the Saviour of ſinners; but felt repulſed in the thoughts of mercy having been ſo baſely abuſed already. In this ſtate of mind, as I was moving ſlowly on I thought of the reſolution of Job, *Though he ſlay me, yet will I truſt in him:* and foraſmuch as it yielded me a faint ray of hope, I repeated the words many times over, and at each repetition ſeemed to gather a little ſtrength. It excited a ſort of *peradventure* the Saviour of ſinners may ſave my life, mixed with a determination, *if I might*, to caſt my periſhing ſoul upon him for ſalvation, to be both pardoned and purified, for I felt I needed the one as much as the other.

I was not then aware that *any* poor ſinner had a warrant to believe in Jeſus Chriſt for the ſalvation of his ſoul; but ſuppoſed there muſt be ſome kind of qualification to entitle him to do it; yet I was aware I had no qualifications. On a review of my reſolution at that time, it ſeems to reſemble that of Eſther, who went into the king's preſence *contrary to the law*, and at the hazard of her life. Like her I ſeemed reduced to extremities; impelled by dire neceſſity to run all hazards, even though I ſhould periſh in the attempt. Yet

it was not altogether from a dread of wrath, that I fled to this refuge; for I well remember that I perceived ſomething attracting in the Saviour. I muſt—I will—yes I will —truſt my ſoul—my ſinful loſt ſoul—in his hands —if I periſh, I periſh! Such in ſubſtance were my reſolutions. In this ſtate of mind I continued nearly an hour, weeping and ſupplicating mercy for the Saviour's ſake; (my ſoul hath it ſtill in remembrance and is humbled in me!) and as the eye of my mind was more and more fixed on him, my guilt and fears were gradually and inſenſibly removed.

I now found reſt for my troubled ſoul, and I reckon that s ſhould have found it ſooner, if I had not entertained the notion of my having no warrant to come to Chriſt, without ſome previous qualification. This notion was a bar that kept me back for a time, though through divine drawings I was enabled to overleap it. As near as I can remember, in the early part of theſe exerciſes, when I ſubſcribed to the juſtice of God in my condemnation, and thought of the Saviour of ſinners, I had then relinquiſhed every falſe confidence, believed my help to be only in him, and approved of ſalvation by grace alone, through his death: and if at that time I had known that any poor ſinner *might* warrantably have truſted in him for ſalvation, I conceive I ſhould have done ſo, and have found reſt unto my ſoul ſooner than I did. I mention this, becauſe it may be the caſe with others; and who may be kept in darkneſs and deſpondency by erroneous views of the goſpel, much longer than I was.

I think alſo I did repent of my ſin in the early part of theſe exerciſes, and before I thought that Chriſt would accept and ſave my ſoul. I conceive that juſtifying God in my condemnation, and approving the way of ſalvation by Jeſus Chriſt neceſſarily included it; but yet I did not think at the time that this was repentance or any thing truly good. Indeed I thought nothing about the exerciſes of my own mind, but merely of my guilty and loſt condition, and whether there were any hope of eſcape for me. But having found reſt for my ſoul in the croſs of Chriſt, I was now *conscious* of my being the ſubject of repentance, faith, and love. When I thought of my paſt life, I abhorred myſelf and repented in duſt and aſhes; and when of the goſpel way of ſalvation, I drank it in, as cold water is embibed by a thirſty ſoul. My heart felt one with Chriſt, and dead to every other object around me—I had *thought* I had found the joys of the goſpel heretofore; but now I ſeemed to *know* that I had found them, and was conſcious that I had paſſed from death unto life. Yet even now my mind was not ſo engaged in reflecting upon my own feelings, as upon the objects which occaſioned them.

From this time my former wicked courſes were forſaken. I had no manner of deſire after them. They loſt their influence upon me. To thoſe evils, a glance at which before would have inſtantly ſet my paſſions in a flame, I now felt no inclination. My ſoul, ſaid I, with joy and triumph, is as a weaned child! I now knew experimentally what it was to be dead to the world by the croſs of Chriſt, and to feel a habitual determination to devote my future life to God my Saviour.

From this time I conſider the vows of God as upon me; but, ah, my friend, I have great reaſon for ſhame and bitter reflection in reviewing the manner in which they have been fulfilled! Nevertherleſs, by the help of God, I continue in his ſervice to this day, and daily live in hope of eternal life, through Jeſus Chriſt my Lord and only Saviour.

I am affectionately, Your's,

A. B.

ON THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

"Time is dealt out by particles, and theſe
"Are mingled with the ſtreaming ſands of life." *Young.*

AS the ſands in the hour-glaſs ſtay not in their paſſage, but continue in inceſſant, though almoſt imperceptible, motion, till the whole are run out: as the bubbles which dance upon the current vaniſh as ſoon as they meet our touch, and the next which advances may burſt ere it comes within our reach; ſo fleeting and deluſive are the days, the hours, and moments, into which we have divided the rapid ſtream of time. The inſtant which is but now paſt has eluded our graſp, and is gone never to return—the one we look forward to may never arrive, or, which is the ſame to us, may find us cold ſenſeleſs clay, incapable of embracing the advantages it offers, or profiting by the loſs of thoſe which are gone before it. The preſent moment is all we dare call our own; yet, alas! how often do we trifle with it as if time—I had almoſt ſaid eternity itſelf, was ſubject to our controul! How amazing the infatuation which can induce us to throw away thoſe gifts, which, though momentary in their duration, are of everlaſting importance in their conſequences! Henceforth, my dear reader, may you, and I, be

enabled to reſolve, that whatever may be the practice of the inconſiderate multitude, we will regard every moment as a talent put into our hands, which muſt be either uſefully improved, or for ever loſt; and may it be the burden of our morning meditation—of our daily ſtudy—of our evening prayer—ſo as to ſpend each hour, that if we ſhould be called to exchange worlds before its cloſe, we may be prepared to meet our Judge, and cheerfully ſurrender to him a faithful account of the ſacred depoſit he hath committed to our truſt. May it be our care to engage in no employment that will not ſtand the ſcrutinizing teſt of his all-ſeeing eye; to partake of no recreation which will tend to unfit our minds for the enjoyments of the bleſt above; let us never be found in the ſociety of thoſe who can wantonly ſport with the ſacred name of our God, or ſcoff at the glorious myſteries of our holy religion: but be ever diligent in the paths of duty, and convince the world by our conduct, as well as our profeſſion, that whatever others may do, we fear the Lord. So ſhall we be enabled through life to poſſeſs our ſouls in patience, and pious reſignation to the divine will; neither regretting the hours that are paſſed, nor too confidently depending on thoſe which are to come; but calmly waiting for that joyful period when we ſhall be admitted, (through the mercies of our God, and the ſufferings and interceſſions of our dear Redeemer), into thoſe bliſsful regions where ſorrow and death ſhall find no entrance,—where paſt and future ſhall be known no more; but where we ſhall for ever join in aſcribing praiſes to the triune God in one eternal NOW.

Sandwich. E. TATLOCK.

CHRISTIANS STUMBLING-BLOCKS TO THE JEWS.

STEPPING into an Hackney-ſtage in London one Saturday evening, (ſome time ago,) I perceived a decent looking young woman had already taken her ſeat. In the courſe of a little converſation it appeared that ſhe was a *Jewess*, who had that day been at the ſynagogue, and was returning to Hackney, where ſhe reſided. Being, at that time, an Hebrew ſtudent myſelf, I was pleaſed with the opportunity of converſing with this young perſon on the ſubject of the Hebrew language, which ſhe ſeemed to underſtand.

The pleaſure of the converſation, however, was interrupted by the circumſtance of her occaſionally taking God's name in vain. This led me to obſerve to her, that I was much ſurpriſed that ſhe ſhould thus take the Lord's name in vain, in Engliſh, ſince I underſtood the Jews profeſſed ſuch a peculiar veneration for the Hebrew name *Jehovah*, that they uſed another word in its place in reading their own Scriptures. The anſwer which ſhe returned was—" *The Chriſtians do ſo.*

I wiſh it had been in my power, on this occaſion, to have vindicated the character of " the Chriſtians," or rather of thoſe who *profeſs* the Chriſtian name. What a pity it is, that the enemies of the goſpel ſhould have any arguments againſt it, from the wickedneſs of thoſe who profeſs themſelves its friends ! We may diſpute, and preach, and write, on the excellency of the Chriſtian religion—we may rail at Jews, Turks and Infidels—but, till men, who call themſelves Chriſtians, exhibit more of the genuine influence of Chriſtianity in their lives and converſation, in vain do we aim at their converſion. Such " baptiſed Infidels," (as many profeſſed Chriſtians are,) lie as ſtumbling-blocks in the way of ſuch an event. Where is the ſpirit of the goſpel, when men neglect to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour ?—What an unhappineſs, when the enemies of Chriſtianity can ſo juſtly ſay to its profeſſed advocates, " What do ye more than others ?"—What a ſtab is given to the ſacred cauſe of Chriſt, when a profane Jeweſs attempts to vindicate the violation of the third commandment, by ſaying, " *The Chriſtians do ſo !*" O, ye Chriſtians ! if ye wiſh to prove the reality of your faith in Chriſt, ſhew it by your lives and converſation. Wipe away this, and every other reproach of our Chriſtian Iſrael ; and while ſuch laudable attempts are now made to convert the Jews and Heathens to Chriſtianity, be careful that you " give none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the church of God."

Baſing-ſtoke, June 6th, 1798. ERASTUS.

SELECT SENTENCES.

DISEASES are the pioneers of death, to break the way for his approach.

The ſouls of men expire not with their bodies: they reſemble the lamp in Gideon's pitchers; the latter muſt be broken to render the former viſible.

Death is a judgment, that leaves a man no more land than his grave, no more clothes than his ſhroud, no more houſe than his coffin.

It is the perfection of holineſs to do what God loves, and love what God does.

To pretend juſtification by the works of the law, is as unreaſonable, as for man to produce in court the bond which obliges him to his creditor, as a teſtimony that he owes him nothing.

The winds and thunder ſet forth God's power; the firmneſs of the rocks, and the incorruptibility of the heavens, are an obſcure repreſentation of his unchangeableneſs; but holineſs is the moſt orient pearl in the crown of heaven, and only ſhines in reaſonable creatures.

MISSIONARY LETTERS.

THE following letters, written by one of the Sailors in the Duff to his wife and daughter, though they give no information of a public nature in addition to Captain Wilſon's letter, preſents ſo engaging a picture of perſonal piety, conjugal and paternal affection, as will make them, we doubt not, an acceptable treat to our readers.

Wampoo, near Canton, 19*th Dec.* 1797.

My dearly beloved and moſt affectionate little woman,

YESTERDAY your ſheetful of glad tidings, dated the 25th of April ult. came ſafely to hand, and filled my whole ſoul with emotions of gratitude and pleaſure. I frank-

ly confeſs that my ſpirits began to droop and to be in heavineſs at not hearing from you, by the firſt accounts that reached the Duff; (for we had ſeveral receivals the day of our arrival here, which was the 13th inſt.) yet hope, in the midſt of much doubting, fondly ſuggeſted that matters in general were well with yourſelf and our little girl. But when I called to mind former circumſtances, I ſcarce allowed myſelf to ſuppoſe that I was to have my heart gladdened with the accounts of a living ſon, bearing my own likeneſs, called by my own name, initiated publicly into the viſible church, and under God's ſparing mercy doing well. This ſpecial piece of intelligence ſeems to inſpire me with freſh and ardent deſires, that God, of his adorable goodneſs, would be graciouſly pleaſed to prolong our joint lives; not only that we may be mutual helps and comforts to each other, but alſo that, as enabled, we may bring up the children, whom He in infinite wiſdom may ſee fit to ſpare unto us, in the fear, nurture, and admonition of the Lord.

Divine Providence, in marvellous kindneſs, hath ſafely carried the Duff through an immenſe ſpace, without any material damage either to her hull, maſts, ſails, or rigging; and, what is more, to the preſent juncture, He hath not, by diſeaſe or death, made any breach among us; all the ſhip's company that belonged to her at our ſailing from Spithead being not barely alive on board this day, but in good health and comfortable circumſtances, except one ſeaman, who left the ſhip when paſſing a ſmall iſland ſituated in 7. 10. N. and 146. 80. E.

What, oh! what ſhall we render unto the Lord for his benefits to us as a collective body; or what poſſible returns of gratitude ſhall I, as an individual, make to the bountiful Author of the manifold bleſſings and privileges I have ſo richly and unmeritedly enjoyed!

When, my dearly beloved, I take a retroſpective ſurvey of the gracious dealings of Providence towards me, in reſpect of health, comfort, and protection; together with the valuable bleſſing of good news from my abſent family, ſo recently received; ſurely it becomes me to acknowledge and declare, that goodneſs and mercy have attended me through every part of our long voyage. To former bleſſings may our Divine Protector, in the continued exerciſe of his abundant kindneſs, yet add future favours, as our wants and exigencies may from time to time require; and in his own time and way, bring us all, in peace and ſafety, to the haven from whence we came, inſomuch that the mouths of

the carnal and gainſaying part of our country may be entirely ſtopped, the hearts of thoſe who wiſh well to the proſperity of the miſſionary cauſe made exceedingly glad, and God, even our own God, be thereby glorified.

I wrote yeſterday to Mr. W. and Mr. B. and if thoſe letters come to hand before this, Mr. W. will favour you with a fuller account of the landing, health, and proſpects of the Miſſionaries than I can here give you. [I muſt reſerve a corner for a few lines to my dear little girl.] I only in general remark, that the God who ſent and conducted us to the diſtant iſlands of the South Seas, ſpeedily opened doors at the different groups of the Society, Friendly and Marqueſian Iſles, for their reception, the chiefs of which, under Providence, became their immediate protectors and ſupporters, and will, I doubt not, in due time be conſtrained by divine grace to eſteem them very highly for their work's ſake.

When we ſhall ſail from hence, it is as yet quite impoſſible for me to ſay. It may perhaps be two, three, or four months. Therefore avoid anticipation, and the ſetting of bounds to the time of our arrival; but endeavour paſſively to leave the matter in God's hand, to truſt him firmly and he will bring it paſs. And, by the bye, ſhould He ſee fit to permit me to be ſnatched from the Duff, when we draw near our native ſhore, by an imperious preſs-maſter, and thereby have my abſence from you prolonged; even in that caſe, endeavour to grieve not, but ſubmiſſively bow the head, and and ſay, this alſo is of God—let him do as it ſeemeth good in his ſight. For the place of our abode, and the bounds of our habitation, are moſt aſſuredly determined by him: and he will make every event of his wiſe government to work effectually for the ſpecial benefit of his choſen people. Here however I juſt intimate, that, in that caſe, my annual tax receipts, through proper application, will procure a releaſe.

I feel myſelf ſingularly obliged, by the notice and aſſiſtance you have received from our dear father and mother. Preſent my kindeſt love unto them; and fail not to remember me to all well-wiſhers. And withal, my dearly beloved and chriſtian partner, fondly accept of my genuine, unremitted, and tendereſt affection to yourſelf. And may the Almighty Jehovah, in whom you are mercifully enabled to confide, continue moſt abundantly to bleſs and protect you and the children whom he hath graciouſly given us, and, agreeably to his faithful promiſe, evidently manifeſt himſelf, to be a

father to the fatherleſs, and a huſband to the widow; for ſuch, in a ſenſe, at the preſent juncture, yourſelf, Mary, and Tommy, in reality are.

I re-commit and commend you all to the ſovereign mercy and ſpecial love of God in Chriſt, which I muſt earneſtly pray and entreat may be the ſubject of all our ſongs in that world where ſeparations, anxieties, and troubles will never annoy.

I am,

My much beloved little woman,

Yours, in the affectionate bonds of the moſt tender ſympathy.

My dear little Girl,

I HAVE read and peruſed your part of your mother's letter to me, with great pleaſure, glad to hear that you are fond of your brother, obedient to your mother, and ſtill mindful of me. I have, you ſee, in return for your few affectionate lines, reſerved a corner of my ſheet to breathe out a few paternal ſentences in behalf of my now riſing eight year-old little daughter.

Believe me, that I continue to love you dearly, and think frequently of you with a fond and fatherly affection; ever anxious that it may be your privilege, through grace, to advance in the paths of virtue, piety, and true godlineſs, as you advance in age and ſtature. Yes, it gladdens my very ſoul, when encouraged to hope that the God who made and preſerves you will mercifully enable you to come forward unto life, with ſuch deſires and purſuits as will accord with my early ſurrender of, and daily prayers for you. You, are, my ſweet girl only a loan from God to me, and your good mother, to train you up, I truſt, for his own praiſe and glory. And to our united endeavours I hope it will ſeem good in his ſight to add the gifts and graces of his good ſpirit, and reveal to the growing faculties of your tender ſoul, the invaluable bleſſings of his precious goſpel, which alone can render you either happy in time, or bleſſed through eternity. But ſhould you be inclinable to, and prevailed upon, to purſue the cuſtoms and vanities of this world, you have only deliberately to read the little Bible which you told me your mother preſented you with, to learn the fatal iſſue. In that invaluable book you will find many precepts and promiſes, beſides a variety of examples, excellently calculated to encourage children, even of your age, to ſeek the glory and enjoyment of the God that made them.—Samuel, accor-

ding to the records of the 1ſt, 2d, and 3d chapters of his firſt book, miniſtered before the Lord in the year of his childhood. Jeſſe's youngeſt ſon, when only a ſtripling ſhepherd, behaved himſelf wiſely in all his ways, and hath left on record the moſt ample teſtimony that God was with him. See the acts of David's early life, from the 16th of 1 Samuel and onwards. It is alſo recorded, to the honour of Obadiah, that he feared the Lord from his youth up. See 1 Kings xviii. 3, 12. Joſiah, a brave and pious prince, began to reign at eight years of age, and ſoon after became zealous for the glory of God and the good of his people. See Chron. xxxiv. and xxxv. Towards the cloſe of Paul's ſecond epiſtle to Timothy, it is mentioned of him, that from a child he had been acquainted with the Holy Scriptures, which, the Apoſtle adds, were able to make him wiſe into ſalvation through faith in Chriſt Jeſus.—Now all theſe were young perſons of like paſſions and infirmities to your own: for Adam, as your Catechiſm tells you, was the original father of all mankind. May it therefore pleaſe God to incline and enable you to go and do likewiſe. His commands and invitations, my dear little daughter, are manifeſted, plain and poſitive. See Eccl. xii 1. Job. xxii. 21. Prov. viii. 17. 1 Sam. ii. 30. 1 Chron. xxviii. 9. and innumerable parallel paſſages.

It pleaſes me vaſtly to hear of your attending at———, to ſay your catechiſm. I hope your deportment among your young aſſociates was humble and becoming, and your anſwers to Mr. W. ready and diſtinct. In hope of this, and of your continuing to be a good girl, I will try to procure you an Otaheitan dreſs, and ſome other little curioſities of the South Sea iſlands. Farewell for the preſent. I long much to ſee you.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE is that power of our minds which compares our actions with the law of God, approving, that which is good, and condemning that which is evil. Too often it is dormant, unfaithful or defiled, and ſometimes callous, "ſeared, as it were, with a hot iron." Ignorance of the ſpirituality of God's law, hardneſs of heart, and habits of ſin, together with wrong notions of the way of reconciliation to God, keep the ſoul in a falſe peace. Nevertheleſs, when perſons commit atrocious actions, crimi-

nal even in the eyes of natural men, and deſtructive of the bonds by which human ſociety is held together, it is often found impoſſible to ſilence the clamours of an accuſing conſcience; and death itſelf, in its moſt dreadful forms, is preferred to the intolerable gnawings of this agonizing worm. Permit me to illuſtrate this ſad truth, by the following ANECDOTE, with which, probably, few of your readers are acquainted *.

"A JEWELLER, a man of good character and conſiderable wealth, having occaſion, in the way of his buſineſs, to travel at ſome diſtance from the place of his abode, took along with him a ſervant, in order to take care of his portmanteau. He had with him ſome of his beſt jewels, and a large ſum of money, to which his ſervant was likewiſe privy. The maſter having occaſion to diſmount on the road, the ſervant watching his opportunity, took a piſtol from his maſter's ſaddle, and ſhot him dead on the ſpot; then rifled him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large ſtone to his neck, he threw him into the neareſt canal. With this booty he made off to a diſtant part of the country, where he had reaſon to believe that neither he nor his maſter were known, There he began to trade in a very low way at firſt, that his obſcurity might ſcreen him from obſervation; and in the courſe of a good many years, ſeemed to riſe, by the natural progreſs of his buſineſs, into wealth and conſideration; ſo that his good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of induſtry and virtue. Of theſe he counterfeited the appearance ſo well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and by laying out his hidden ſtores diſcreetly, as he ſaw occaſion, and joining to all an univerſal affability, he was admitted to a ſhare of the government of the town, and roſe from one poſt to another, till at length he was choſen chief magiſtrate. In this office he maintained a fair chaarcter, and continued to fill it with no ſmall applauſe, both as governor and a judge; till one day, as he ſat on the bench with ſome of his brethren, a criminal was brought before him who was accuſed of murdering his maſter. The evidence came out full, the jury brought in their verdict that the priſoner was guilty, and the whole aſſembly waited, with great ſuſpence, the ſentence of the preſident of the court, which he happened to be on that day. Meanwhile he ap-

* *Related by Mr. Fordyce, in his Dialogues on Education, Vol. II. b.* 401, *and inserted in the Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. V. Part I. as a real occurrence which happened in a neighbouring state not many years ago.*

peared to be in unuſual diſorder and agitation of mind, and his colour changed often; at length he aroſe from his ſeat, and coming down from the bench, placed himſelf juſt by the unfortunate man at the bar. "You ſee before you, "ſaid he, (addreſſing himſelf to thoſe who had ſat on the "bench with him), a ſtriking inſtance of the juſt rewards "of heaven, which this day, after thirty years conceal-"ment, preſents to you a greater criminal than the man "juſt now found guilty." Then he made an ample confeſſion of his guilt, and of all its aggravations. "Nor can "I feel continued he, any relief from the agonies of an "awakened conſcience, but by requiring that juſtice be "forthwith done againſt me, in the moſt publick and "ſolemn manner." We may eaſily ſuppoſe the amazement of all the aſſembly, and eſpecially of his fellow-judges. However, they proceeded, upon this confeſſion, to paſs ſentence upon him, and he died with all the ſymptoms of a penitent mind.

Dear Reader, let this remarkable diſplay of the power of conſcience, remind you of what will happen in the great day. In the proceſs of eternal judgment, *the books will be opened.* Probably, the book of God's holy law—the book of God's remembrance, and *the book of conscience;*—this will prove an exact counterpart of the former. The writing in this book is faint, ſeldom reviewed, and ſcarcely legible; like that, ſays one, which is written with the juice of lemons, not to be read till brought to the fire. That fire, which ſhall try every man's work, will render this writing legible to all the world, and the operation of conſcience, in every unpardoned ſinner, ſhall be as mighty as in the inſtance juſt related.

Happy believer, who, convinced of ſin, and ſelf-condemned, haſt already known the power of conſcience, haſt had the moſt lively feeling of ſin and its fatal deſert; who, in conſequence of this, haſt fled to the croſs for refuge; whoſe "heart is ſprinkled from an evil conſcience" by the blood of Chriſt; and who can liſten to "the anſwer of a good conſcience by the reſurrection of Jeſus from the dead."

Reſolve, by divine grace, with Job, that thine heart ſhall not reproach thee with allowed ſin as long as thou liveſt; and labour, with Paul, to maintain always a conſcience void of offence towards God and man.

G. B.

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

To the Editor of the Evangelical Magazine.

SIR,

I HAVE lately met with a diſplay of ſuperabounding grace, in reclaiming and converting a man totally ignorant of religion; and what rendered the mercy the more remarkable, the wife of his boſom, who had been his partner in the ways of ſin, was caught at the ſame time in the goſpel net.

It is now above twelve years ſince I was called to preach at W. when multitudes came to hear, and ſome, awful to relate! came to oppoſe, perſecute, and even to break up our aſſemblies. Among theſe laſt was a deſperate young man, who came with ſome other diſſolute youths like himſelf, each mounted upon a horſe, in order to ride full ſpeed into the congregation, and by ſo doing, to ſpoil their devotion and diſperſe the worſhippers. They came as Saul did to Damaſcus, "breathing out threatenings againſt the diſciples," but more particularly againſt the miniſter. A little before they arrived at the place, where I was preaching from Luke xiv. 23. ("Go out into the highways and hedges," &c.) the night being very ſtill and ſerene, and my voice naturally ſtrong, they heard me preach at a conſiderable diſtance: this put them rather to a ſtand, and they began to deliberate upon their mode of attack. Fear and ſhame now ſeized them; they deſiſted from their firſt project, and, at ſome diſtance, employed themſelves in leaping their horſes over the hedges during the time I was preaching. The young man above mentioned went home much diſappointed and chagrined, but ſoon forgot it. Two or three years paſſed on without his thinking any thing, either of oppoſing or eſpouſing the goſpel, but, being a ſpendthrift, his temporal circumſtances became critical, and he fled to the aſylum which numbers have recourſe to in ſimilar circumſtances, namely, the keeping of a public-houſe, which happened to be cloſe adjoining to the pariſh of R. This ſeemed an unlikely ſtep to lead to converſion, but the Lord can and does accompliſh his purpoſes by occurrences not of man's deviſing, but of his own decrees. A man was taken very ill in the

pariſh of R——, very near to this public-houſe, and as there is no reſident clergymen in the pariſh, and the prayers of a Miniſter were deemed neceſſary, the parents of the dying man thought a Diſſenting Miniſter would be better than none at all, and accordingly ſent for me. When I came near the houſe where the dying man lay, to my great ſurpriſe, there were not fewer than ſixty or ſeventy people collected together, to pay their laſt viſit to him. The ſight of ſuch a number gladdened my heart, as I ſuppoſed it would afford me a favourable opportunity of preſſing the great and weighty matters of religion home upon their ſouls. The poor creature I went to viſit was ſtretched forth upon his bed, the pale meſſenger of death had ſeized him, he was all perturbation, and filled with anxious ſolicitude concerning the conſequences of death. To him I immediately addreſſed myſelf upon the moſt important articles of Chriſtianity. The nature and neceſſity of the new birth was the firſt ſubject of diſcuſſion; the evidences of ſuch a ſtate upon the mind of the perſon thus regenerated, and the fruit which would flow from the life and converſation of the man. I endeavoured to prove that the word of God repreſented man, while in a ſtate of nature, to be in a ſtate of enmity againſt God; hence a change of heart as well as life became neceſſary to fit him for communion with God on earth, and to prepare him for the realms of glory above. I then ſupplicated the Throne of Grace, that the Father of Mercies would be gracious to the dying man, by working powerfully, ſavingly and effectually, previous to his departure into the eternal ſtate. After this I turned myſelf to the ſurrounding people, and addreſſed them in the moſt ſolemn manner I was able. I endeavoured to prove the neceſſity as well as importance of an acquaintance with God, a devotedneſs to his ſervice, and an habitual readineſs to meet God either in the ſtrokes of his providence, or in the diſſolution of nature, which muſt ſhortly take place. The man who had publicly come, about ſeven years before this period, to oppoſe my preaching, and had then taken a public-houſe in the vicinity, was there. As ſoon as he ſaw me he was diſmayed, and immediately ſkulked into the midſt of the crowd, ſuppoſing by that means to ſecret himſelf, as he was chagrined at ſeeing me, and filled with a ſort of dread and confuſion, at the ſame time, determined to maintain hoſtilities againſt the truth to the very laſt, and never to ſubmit ſo long as he could oppoſe. In order to this he got behind a partition, and put his fingers into his ears, in order to prevent the ſound of my voice from entering. In this poſition he was,

in his own eſteem, ſecure; the word, however, reached not only his ears but his heart, and when he could now ſecret himſelf no longer, he came as a penitent, confeſſed his guilt, his former ignorance, and with all his perſecuting ſpirit. The man alone was not the only trophy of victorious grace on that night, but the Lord was pleaſed to work upon his wife at the ſame time, which was a circumſtance as ſingular in its nature as it was merciful in its deſign. The Lord ſent them both home mutually filled with ſorrow; they now bewailed their ſtate of wretchedneſs, and as grace is always operative, now ſupplicated that God againſt whom they had ſo often tranſgreſſed, to be merciful and forgive their numerous offences. The next Lord's day they both appeared at our place of worſhip; the language which was uſed by all who knew them in their former ſtate, was ſimilar to that uſed concerning the firſt King of Iſrael, "Is Saul alſo amongſt the prophets?" The ſituation of theſe poor creatures was now become very trying, (as they kept a public-houſe) as well as inſnaring; but that power which preſerved Joſeph at Pharaoh's court, was their ſtay and defence. They were ſeverely tried for five years before Providence opened a door for their reception; now the Lord has proved himſelf a prayer-hearing God, having provided a comfortable place of reſidence for them, where they can view the diſplays of God's parental goodneſs in keeping them while in temptation, and can admire the wiſdom as well as the faithfulneſs of Jehovah, in accompliſhing his own purpoſes of grace and mercy towards them.

PLACABILIS.

THE OCULAR TREATY.

A FRAGMENT.

Thoughts on JOB XXXI. 1.—*I made a Covenant with mine eyes.*

IT was a proof of thy wiſdom, venerable ſage, that thou didſt ſo! O that I had done the ſame, thirty years ago! I had then eſcaped many a ſnare, the recollection of which covers me with ſhame. I ſtill find the need of a ſimilar precaution; and moſt heartily recommend Job's ocular treaty to my dear young friends.

Our nature is totally corrupted by ſin, and every ſenſe is the port of evil. The eye is an organ of exquiſite workmanſhip, its mechaniſm beyond meaſure marvellous, its power amazingly extenſive!* O my God, that ſo diſtinguiſhed a branch of thy creation ſhould ever be perverted to purpoſes that debaſe my nature! It was formed to ſurvey thy glorious works, and thence deduce the demonſtration of thy infinite wiſdom and goodneſs; but, ah, how ſoon was it proſtituted to baſe and deſtructive uſes. The firſt ſin, that fatal act of rebellion, which ruined us all, found admiſſion to the heart of Eve by this organ. The interdicted tree was beautiful to the eye; ſhe was captivated with its pleaſing hue, and raſhly ſnatched the poiſonous fruit. The univerſal tragedy, the deluge of the world, owed its origin to the ſame ſource: the ſons of God beheld the daughters of men, were ſmitten with their exterior beauty, and loſt ſight of their idolatrous deformity. Unhappy Achan too, periſhed in conſequence of one unbridled glance of the eye.

The renowned Achilles, it is ſaid, was invulnerable, ſave in his heel. Of how many is the eye the only vulnerable member.† Here David, the wiſe, the valiant, the pious, received that wound, in the agony of which he vented the mournful groans of the fifty firſt pſalm, and which, no doubt, made him go ſoftly all his days. O my ſoul! how many ſtrong and good men have fallen down wounded, the miſerable victims of one unguarded ſally of the eye.

* "*High in the head, bright and conſpicuous as a ſtar in the brow of evening, is placed the* eye. *In this elevated ſituation, like a centinel poſted in his watch tower, it commands the moſt enlarged proſpect. Conſiſting only of ſimple fluids, incloſed in thin tunicles, it conveys to our apprehenſion all the graces of blooming nature, and all the glories of the viſible heavens. How prodigiouſly wonderful, that an image of the hugheſt mountains, and a tranſcript of the moſt diverſified landſcapes ſhould enter the ſmall circlet of the pupil! How ſurpriſingly artful, that the rays of light, like an inimitable pencil, ſhould paint out the optic nerves; paint in an inſtant of time; paint in their trueſt colours, and exacteſt lineaments, every ſpecies of external objects!*"

Hervey's Dialogues. XII.

† *An excellent puritan writer, referring to the motto of Cæſar,* veni, vidi, vici, *I ſaw, I came, I overcame; obſerves that,* "*many will have cauſe to ſay,* we came, we ſaw, we were overcome." *The drunkard, the covetous, the adulterer, will all have occaſion to adopt that motto.*

How prudent, then, to imitate the patriarch, and make a treaty with a power ſo able to hurt us. I find a noble heathen preſenting us with an example. Scipio would not venture to behold his fair captive, but in the preſence of her mournful huſband, to whom he honourably reſtored her. Even that raſh madman Alexander, called the Great, would not ſee the beautiful daughters of Darius, leſt the conqueror of the world ſhould be tempted by their charms. Zaleuchus, the Locrian legiſlator, ordained that the crime of adultery ſhould be puniſhed with the loſs of the offender's eyes. But a greater than theſe has enjoined us to pluck out our own eye if it offend; that is, to reſtrain and mortify its ſinful luſts. Let a ſolemn treaty, then, be inſtantly ratified; let my eyes, let every member of my body, be "holineſs unto the Lord." So ſhall I, one holy day, ſhut my eyes to all the vanities of this enſnaring world, and open them to behold the unveiled beauties of my glorious Redeemer; to whom, be univerſal and everlaſting praiſe!

ABSTINENTES OCULI.

MEDITATIONS ON DIVINE PRESENCE.

A powerful Antidote againſt Fear.

TO what exceſs in folly and diſſipation would man run, was he not now and then reſtrained by affliction or diſtreſs? and into what labyrinths of fear and anxiety would he involve himſelf, did not the joys of religion ſolace the heart, and the promiſe of God ſhed forth ſome rays of hope? Into what depths of diſtreſs, O my ſoul, wouldſt thou have been plunged, had not God ſaid, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not diſmayed, for I am thy God; I will ſtrengthen thee, yea, I will help thee with the right hand of my righteouſneſs?" This was the word that was my comfort in my trouble, and in my ſtraits I was revived by it. When ſickneſs had laid my clay tabernacle low, threatened its diſſolution, and made my nights wearieſome, how comfortable to hear the voice of God ſaying, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee?" Now though earth and hell combine to lay a load of trouble on me, I will not fear, while "the eternal God is my refuge, and underneath is his almighty arm."

Conſider, O my ſoul, that the promiſe of God is expreſſed in language the moſt engaging and comfortable; and though waters of affliction ſwell and rage, they ſhall not overwhelm you; "God is a preſent help in the time of trouble." And why ſhould you ſhrink, or be afraid in the proſpect of trials to come? Shall not the deliverance from the houſe of bondage, and the paſſage through the red ſea, in the preſence of God, encourage you, that all the hardſhips of the wilderneſs, and the paſſage through Jordan, will be light when God is with you? But when I look forward to old age, thoſe evil days in which I ſhall ſay I have no pleaſure, how do I fear poverty and diſtreſs? But why need I fear? for though I have not where to lay my head, yet, in having God I am richer, than if I had treaſures at command; and who can be poor, when God over all bleſſed for ever is his portion? In having God with me I ſhall never want a friend. Who can be deſtitute when the God of mercy and compaſſion ſuccours him? He is the beſt of friends; one who knows when and how to adminiſter comfort; one who loved me before I loved him—who loved me with an everlaſting love; one who loved me when I hated him; and who is more deeply concerned for my happineſs than I can be myſelf; and (oh how precious!) one who will never, never, never leave me nor forſake me; for "though all ſhould forſake me, the Lord will take me up." "The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but my loving kindneſs ſhall not depart, neither ſhall the covenant of my peace be removed, ſaith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." This ſhall ſupport me alſo, and whatever gloomy and diſtreſſed proſpects open on my view as I advance towards the valley of the ſhadow of death, I will not fear, for "When I walk through it, God will be with me; he hath promiſed, ſaying, "be not diſmayed, for I am thy God, I will ſtrengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteouſneſs."

How often have I been afraid to contend with principalities and powers, but my God ſaid, "I will ſtrengthen thee, I will help thee;" I will now "be ſtrong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. His righteouſneſs ſhall be a ſhield and buckler unto me," which all the weapons of earth and hell will never penetrate. When God is with me who can be againſt me? The moſt formidable force which hell can muſter, is to his power like chaff to the wind, or dry ſtubble to the flame. "The Lord is my light and ſalvation, whom ſhall I fear? The Lord is the ſtrength

of my life, of whom ſhall I be afraid? The Lord is my rock, and my fortreſs, and my deliverer; my God, my ſtrength, in whom I will truſt, my buckler, and the horn of my ſalvation, and my high tower." And ſtronger is he that is in me than he that is in the world. Nay, I will not fear either the number, or the ſeverity of my trials; for let diſtreſs be ever ſo tedious or ſevere, it cannot over-balance the happineſs that is enjoyed in communion with God. There is no evil I can fear, or ſorrow that I can feel, that will ſhut out divine comforts from my ſoul. God, the fountain of living waters, is always with me. Though Iſrael was in the wilderneſs of Sinai, when they could find no food to eat nor water to drink, they need not have been diſcouraged, their God was with them, his bountiful hand gave them bread from heaven to eat, and by his power he turned the flint into a water-ſpring. When the three children were caſt into the fiery furnace, God was with them, ſo that the flames did not kindle upon them, neither did the ſmell of fire paſs upon their garments. I will take comfort alſo, for the ſame God ſays to me, "When thou paſſeſt through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they ſhall not overflow thee; when thou walkeſt through the fire thou ſhalt not be burnt, neither ſhall the flame kindle upon thee." And is not God a faithful God? He will remember his covenant and will not ſuffer his faithfulneſs to fail. He will not caſt off his people, neither will he forſake his inheritance: the Lord taketh pleaſure in them who hope in his mercy." All this encourages me againſt fear, for "God is not man, that he ſhould lie, nor the ſon of man that he ſhould repent; hath he ſaid it, and will he not do it? hath he ſpoken, and will he not make it good?" The Lord hath ſaid, "Fear not, for I am with thee, be not diſmayed, for I am thy God." I will then rejoice that whatever I loſe, I can never loſe my portion. "I will ſay of "the Lord he is my God; the Lord is my portion ſaith my "ſoul; happy is that people that is in ſuch a caſe as this, yea, "happy is that people whoſe God is the Lord." I will now ſing, "Behold God is my ſalvation; I will truſt and not be "afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my ſtrength and my ſong, "he alſo is become my ſalvation." I will go now truſting in his inviolable faithfulneſs and everlaſting love. All that is worthy of enjoyment is to be found in God, and there is no evil I can ſuffer, but my God can remove, and however much I may ſuffer here, all will be more than overbalanced by that "exceeding and eternal weight of glory," which I ſhall have in his preſence above, where "there is no more

" death, neither ſorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain." I will now go on ſinging, in the faith of their fulfilment, the following promiſes :

" Fear not I am with thee, O be not diſmay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will ſtill give thee aid;
I'll ſtrengthen thee, help thee, and cauſe thee to ſtand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

When thro' the deep water I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe ſhall not thee o'erflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bleſs,
And ſanctify to thee thy deepeſt diſtreſs.

When thro' fi'ry trials thy pathway ſhall lie,
My grace all-ſufficient ſhall be thy ſupply;
The flame ſhall not hurt thee; I only deſign
Thy droſs to conſume, thy gold to refine.

The ſoul that on Jeſus hath lean'd for repoſe,
I will not, I will not deſert to his foes;
That ſoul, tho' all hell ſhould endeavour to ſhake,
I'll never, no never, no never forſake." Rip. Coll. 128.

D.

ON PUBLIC SINGING.

ADDRESSED TO MINISTERS.

AS the conduct of public worſhip is a branch of miniſterial duty, permit me, brethren, reſpectfully, to ſubmit to your ſerious conſideration a few remarks, in reference to the performance of that part denominated *ſinging*.

In ſome congregations, the words to be ſung are always given out: in others, this cuſtom is varied at the caprice of the clerk; which is, in my judgment, very reprehenſible, and inconſiſtent with the deſign of ſocial worſhip.

That the end of public worſhip, with regard to man, is public benefit, is a poſition that needs no proof; and of this worſhip, praiſe, as well as prayer, is moſt uudoubtedly an important branch. But how, I would aſk, is this deſirable end to be accompliſhed, in reference to ſinging, if the words to be ſung are not audibly expreſſed?

It may be ſaid, that the parties concerned muſt furniſh themſelves with books. But it ſhould be remembered, that there are individuals in almoſt every congregation who are unable to purchaſe books; others, who, through want of education, are incapable of reading them; ſome who, by reaſon of age or infirmity, are blind; or their ſight ſo much impaired, as to derive no advantage from optical aſſiſtance; together with a very conſiderable number of caſual hearers, unacquainted, or unprovided with the compoſitions uſually ſung; all of whom, however devout their hearts, or however ardent their deſires, are excluded from joining in this delightful part of worſhip!

Permit me to aſk, brethren, what you would ſay of the man who ſhould ſtop the ears of half, or of a third part of the auditory which, in preaching, you were labouring to inſtruct?—Would you think yourſelves reſpectfully treated?—Would you not view it as an unwarrantable attempt to fruſtrate your benevolent intentions?—But if ſo, by what kind of reaſoning can you vindicate a practice that excludes ſo many from uniting in the worſhip of Him whom all creatures are commanded to praiſe, and in compariſon of whom, the beſt of men are unimportant as the duſt on the balance!

Surely this branch of religious duty is equally momentous, and may be equally uſeful to the diſciple of Jeſus, as thoſe diſcourſes in which you are yourſelves immediately engaged! In the ſong of praiſe, the underſtanding and the heart of the real Chriſtian are in union: they have but one object to purſue; but this is not the caſe while liſtening to ſermons delivered by the moſt eminent preacher, whom it is my duty to hear with caution and with candour; and afterwards to inquire, like the noble Bereans, whether the things ſpoken comport with the oracles of truth.

Now, if the end of public worſhip, in reference to man, be public benefit, this end, in the caſes to which I advert, cannot be anſwered: the purpoſes for which the people meet, or ought to meet, are defeated. But is this, brethren, to do all things for the edifying of the body of Chriſt? Is it not, with regard to thoſe on whom ſilence is impoſed, like ſpeaking in an unknown tongue? The ſound is indeed heard, but the words are not known, nor is the edification of the mute ſpectator attempted to be promoted.—Whether this be right, judge ye.

Whether, brethren, theſe curſory hints deſerve your notice or not, permit me to ſay, That if I know my own heart, they proceed from the beſt motives. The writer has, with

many others, been long grieved by the practice he wiſhes to correct; and if that excellent apoſtolic maxim follow after the things wherewith one may edify another, be attentively regarded, he flatters himſelf that it will not be found he has written in vain.

PHILENOR.

A WORD TO THE DISCONSOLATE.

In a Letter to a Friend.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your kind letter on Saturday laſt, for which I return you my ſincere thanks. But why does this diſmal gloom overſpread the pages of your epiſtle? Why do you manifeſt this ſorrowful ſpirit, in every line? You anſwer, "Becauſe it is not with me, as in days that are paſt.—But though this be the caſe, I would not have you caſt down, nor plunge yourſelf into new diſtreſſes, remembering that Chriſt is the ſame, however you may change. His love is now the ſame, as when he left his Father's throne, and the praiſes of angels, to take up his abode in a ſordid ſtable. And his mercy is as great now, as when he cried, "It is finiſhed, and gave up the ghoſt." Why then, my dear friend, will you diſtruſt his providence, or ſay within yourſelf, "He has forgotten to be gracious?" "Can a wo-"man forget her ſucking child, that ſhe ſhould not have com-"paſſion on the ſon of her womb!" "Yea," (ſays the prophet) "they may forget;" there may be ſuch monſters of inhumanity, "Yet," (mark the expreſſion!) "will I not forget "thee!" What a precious promiſe is this, to a weak believer! Though billows roll over him, and the daſhing waves are ready to ſink him in the ocean: though tempeſts riſe, and ſtorms invade his ſoul, yet God does not forget him, but will be his preſent help in every time of need. When the bleſſed Redeemer chaſtiſes his children, it is only in love and pity to their immortal ſouls; he never does it in wrath and anger nor will he ever lay upon them more than they are able to bear. Sometimes he withdraws the light of his countenance, and lets us go mourning all the day long. But why this? it is to humble us at his footſtool, to let us ſee what poor weak mortals we are, to bring down our pride, and to make

us love a Saviour more.—In your kind epiſtle, you tell me, "That you are carried about with every wind of doctrine, and are ready to fear that you have embraced principles which are not true." To give you my ſentiment, in a few words, I would ever unite with thoſe who place man upon his knees, and exalt a crucified Redeemer. This, my dear friend, is the ſentiment of the Bible, the ſentiment of the Apoſtles of Jeſus, and therefore the ſentiment which I would ever recommend.—You afterwards affirm, "That on the other hand, you feel ſo much of the power of ſin within you, that were it not for the promiſes of the Goſpel, you would utterly deſpair." But why do you caſt yourſelf into a deſponding frame of mind? Is there not a fountain opened for ſin and uncleanneſs? Is not Jeſus the ſame yeſterday, to-day, and for ever? Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no phyſician there? Is there not a door of mercy, which ſtands open night and day to admit the poor and deſtitute? And is there not a Lamb which was ſlain for rebels, ſitting at the right hand of God, ever pleading his own merits for guilty ſinners? Yes, there are all theſe bleſſings, and innumerable more, which I could mention, if it were neceſſary. Therefore cheer up your drooping ſpirits, let not the tempter have ſuch an aſcendency over you, as to perſuade you that God will forſake you, or give you up. Now, Sir, ſhould this encourage you more boldly to approach a throne of grace, let me entreat you to remember,

Yours, &c.

VERMIS.

HINTS

To such as take the lead in Meetings for SOCIAL *Prayer.*

SUCH meetings have ever been formed and attended by a ſpiritual perſon, as means of procuring ſpiritual bleſſings, eſpecially the Divine preſence in ordinances, and a more extenſive ſpread of the glorious goſpel; for which reaſons we ſhould *thus pray for the peace* and proſperity of *Jeruſalem*, for *they ſhall proſper who love her.**

Decency and order, requiſite in every religious inſtitution, are peculiarly ſo in this. It were indeed a great pity that an ordinance ſo adapted to general advantage as that of

* *Pſal. cxxii. 6.*

Social Prayer, ſhould be diſeſteemed and neglected, in conſequence of any diſguſting inadvertency in thoſe who *vocally* engage therein. Let ſuch candidly ſuffer the word of exhortation.

It is common to diſtinguiſh between the *grace* and *gift* of prayer.

The FORMER comprizes *reverence* of the majeſty of God.*b* deep ſenſe of our own *unworthiness*,c *Necessities* d and *sins* ; e with *penitent*, f *thankful*, g and *enlarged* hearts ; *h* with *understanding*, i *faith*, j *sincerity*, k *fervency*, l *love* m and *perseverance*, n therein *waiting* upon God *o* with holy *submission* to his will. *p*

The latter, refers to the moſt intelligible, agreeable, and edifying mode of expreſſing our deſires in prayer.

Superior attention muſt ever be paid to the *grace* of prayer ; but, for the purpoſes of edification, &c. the *gift* muſt not be neglected, but treated with ſerious, though ſubordinate regard.

None but perſons of irreproachable characters, acceptable gifts, of ſteady and uniform walk in the obſervance of Divine ordinances in general, ſhould be permitted to exerciſe *vocally* in meetings, for Social Prayer. To ſuch the following hints are humbly offered.

1. Uſe *comprehensive brevity* in prayer. *Let your words be few*, *q* for much may be ſaid in little compaſs. Prolixity encroaches on time, occaſions unneceſſary repetitions, fatigues attention, and thereby diſguſts the hearers.

2. The *voice* ſhould be neither too *low* nor too *loud*, but adapted to the ability of the moſt diſtant perſons to hear, if attentive. The pronunciation ſhould be diſtinct and deliberate, and free from unnatural tones.

3. If the Royal Preacher *ſought to find out acceptable words* in addreſſing men ; *r* ſurely ſome degree of regard is due to our words in addreſſing God. Repeat not unneceſſarily the Divine names. It is a ſpecies of taking them in vain. Avoid preaching in prayer, impertinent familiarity of expreſſion, eſpecially all *affectation* and every approach to *bombaſt*, as the abominable ebullition of a proud and pre-

b *Ecc. iii.* 1. c *Gen. xviii.* 27. *and* xxxii. 10. *Luke xv.* 17—19. d *Luke xviii.* 13, 14. e *Pſal. li.* 17. f *Phil. iv.* 6. g 1 *Sam. i.* 15. h 1 *Cor. xiv.* 15. i *Mark xi.* 24. j *James i.* 4. k *Pſal. cxlv.* 18. l *James v.* 16. m *Tim. ii.* 8. n *Eph. v.* 18. o *Mich. vii.* 7. p *Matt. xxvi.* 39. q *Eccl. v.* 2. r *Eccl. xii.* 10.

ſumptuous mind. The moſt beautiful ſtyle for prayer is that of Scripture, as Mr. *Henry* on the ſubject fully exemplifies.

4. Carefully guard againſt that flutter of ſpirits, and conſequent confuſion of mind, which painfully obſtruct the proper exerciſe of both gifts and graces. In order to this, regard God more, and men leſs. Know before the ſervice begins your turn to exerciſe vocally, and let your mind be ſo engaged with your intended petitions, &c. as to allow you neither leiſure nor inclination to contemplate what your brethren are thinking of you. Value popular applauſe leſs, and you will leſs fear the want of it.

5. When intervening exhortations are given in Meetings for prayer, the ſucceeding prayer ſhould correſpond to the obſervations made, and to the matter of the hymns ſung. The hymns ſhould be moderately ſhort, judiciouſly choſen, diſtinctly read, and ſung in tunes well known.

Lastly. Let the propoſed times of beginning and ending the ſervice be punctually obſerved, that excuſes for non-attendance drawn from encroachments on family obligations may be effectually obviated.

Thus, brethren, endeavour to proceed, as valuable helps to God's miniſters, their *Aarons* and *Hurs*, to hold up their hands.* And, as uſeful members of the reſpective churches of Chriſt, to which you belong, co-operate with the glorious deſign of the goſpel for the converſion of ſinners and the eſtabliſhment of ſaints; and, ſhortly, as good and faithful ſervants, you will be received to the joy of your Lord, where prayer ſhall be exchanged for eternal praiſe.

T. B.

To the Editor.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

THE following is a copy of a letter from Mr. J. D. of G—, formerly writing-maſter in my ſchool to Mr. P. my French teacher. When Mr. D. lived with me, he was very ſober and induſtrious; but ſtrongly inclined to Deiſm; and Mr. P. being of the ſame way of thinking, they became very intimate, I now believe, however, that Mr. D. is a veſſel of mercy, and as the circumſtances attending his converſion are ſomewhat ſingular, if you think the whole, or any part

* *Exod. xvii.* 10—12.

of the letter deſerving a place in your periodical work, you are at liberty to make what uſe of it you pleaſe, only taking care to ſuppreſs the names of perſons and places. I remain, dear Sir, your's

21ſt *June*, 1798. T. L.

CONVERSION OF A DEIST.

G——, May 22, 1798.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I returned from London to my native place, I openly profeſſed myſelf an advocate for the religion of nature, in oppoſition to Revelation, which I, like other Deiſts, reckoned contradictory and abſurd. Theſe opinions I believe I had adopted when you knew me, and my reſidence in London rather confirmed than altered them. On the 7th of laſt November, as I was taking a ride to Edinburgh, I was accoſted by a deiſtical acquaintance, who told me he had been the Saturday before to our paſtor, in order to get his child baptized; that the Doctor ſaid he underſtood that he was a great friend of mine, that I was a profeſſed Deiſt, and that he meant once more to converſe with me on that ſubject. To this I replied, that ſhould the Doctor enter on the ſubject with me, I ſhould, as I had always done, declare my ſentiments and argue the point with him; not diſſembling the matter like him, who received the ordinance of Baptiſm merely to keep quietneſs with his wife, and avoid ſingularity. I told him I hoped to ſee the day when there would not be a prieſt; I added, that *I would not believe the Chriſtian religion while I had my ſenſes.* An expreſſion which I hope I ſhall ever remember with horror, as conſcious I am, that it has coſt me dear.

With this ſentence I bade him farewel, proceeded on my way, and, (what was very remarkable) although I was then in a good ſtate of health, I had not parted from my friend above a mile or two, when I found my head ſtrongly affected, my ideas confuſed and incoherent, and in ſhort, I was poſting faſt to a ſtate of inſanity. Providentially I took care of myſelf till I got to my ſiſter's, who lives in Edinburgh. There I grew worſe and worſe, an eminent Doctor in the town adviſed my friends to have me taken to the country, leſt I ſhould commit extravagances in ſo large a city; to keep me

quiet and indulge me; but above all, to keep a ſtrict eye upon me. In the laſt particular they happened one day, about a week after I was taken ill, to be negligent, I took the opportunity, and in an inſtant mounted a ladder that was ſtanding againſt my father's chimney, two ſtories high, from whence I threw myſelf to the ground, with an intention to put an end to my exiſtence.

Though in general deranged, I was at particular times much concerned about my ſtate. The vaunting expreſſion I had made to my friend often recurred to my mind; and I thought frequently I heard the voice of ſome inviſible being, as it were, compaſſionating my ſituation; but at the ſame time telling me, that there was no ſalvation for me: that by ſaying I would not believe till I had *lost my senses*, I had put it out of the power of the Almighty to ſave me; for if I even ſhould believe, by my own aſſertion, I ſhould be out of my ſenſes; and that God would never accept of ſuch belief; likewiſe, that it was determined in the council of Heaven, that I ſhould not be ſaved; but live for many years a ſad ſpectacle to the world, aud to Deiſts in particular.

This you will eaſily perceive was a moſt dreadful ſtate of mind. In my horror I attempted ſeveral times to put an end to my life. A knife happened one day to be left in my way, with which I made a ſmall inciſion in my throat; but not having much ſtrength at that time, happily it was not deep enough to be effectual. By the fall from the chimney my back was broken in three places, however, by the bleſſing of God, it is now ſtrait and ſtrong as before. Soon after it mended, I watched an opportunity, and ran to the water to drown myſelf; but a townſman ſaw and prevented me. My wiſh at theſe times was to be in hell as ſoon as poſſible, for the longer I was out, I thought it was heating the more for me. My friends were obliged at laſt, to confine me in a ſtraight jacket, and being thus kept quiet, I came gradually to my recollection and ſenſes. I was viſited occaſionally by Chriſtian friends, from whoſe converſation I found much comfort. They told me that Jeſus Chriſt came into the world to ſave the greateſt of ſinners, and why not me? It pleaſed God to give me faith to lay hold of this, and reſt all my hopes of ſalvation upon him. This contributed, more than any thing elſe, to the reſtoration of my health; from this time I mended daily, though all my phyſicians (three of whom attended me) had a ſhort time before been of opinion, that I ſhould never regain my ſenſes.

From the perusal of this, you will see what reason I have to bless God for all his mercies to me. I ascribe it to his free grace, that I now believe in the Christian religion in the fullest extent, and expect salvation and eternal happiness, on no other footing but through the merits of a crucified Saviour; and I now find more comfort in conversing with my God for one hour, than formerly I had in the ways of sin for years. I could delight in dwelling on this subject to you, and recommending it to your serious consideration; it is certainly of the utmost importance. Happy you are in being with my religious friend, Mr. L. Often do I regret having paid so little attention to his religious discourses and advice. Have the goodness to remember me to all friends.

I am, &c. J. D.

ON ETERNITY.

HAVING in my last, made some remarks on the rapid *flight of time*, I would now lead my reader's attention, and my own, to a subject which those remarks will naturally suggest—a subject the most solemn and important that can occupy the mind of man—I mean *Eternity;* but where shall I begin the unbounded theme? or how presume to launch into that unfathomable sea, in which the most enlightened understandings have been lost in admiration? Limited as thy prospect is (O my soul) by the narrow bounds of time, thou canst form no adequate ideas of a period that after millions of ages shall have rolled away, will be no nearer to a conclusion; nor canst thou, enclosed in a body which stands in need of almost hourly supplies of food and rest to sustain it, well conceive how thou art to exist when thou hast dropt into the grave, this feeble covering of clay, and appearest as a disembodied spirit, freed from all those wants and cares upon which thou art now obliged to bestow so large a portion of thy precious time. But although thou art incapable of discovering these sublime mysteries—incapable of gratifying that thirst for knowledge which would prompt thee to penetrate into futurity. It is nevertheless as certain, that there is a future state of being, and that thou must enter that unknown world, and spend an eternity in undescribable happiness, or insupport-

able miſery; as it is that thou now inhabiteſt a body of ſinful clay. This ſolemn truth cannot indeed be certainly diſcovered by the light of nature, and therefore the greateſt philoſophers of the heathen world could only reaſon from the probability of that hope which they wiſhed earneſtly to aſcertain: but now the day-ſtar from on high hath viſited the earth, and the lip of truth itſelf hath declared, that when the corruptible bodies of the children of Adam ſhall mingle with the duſt of the earth, from whence they at firſt were taken; then the ſouls that once animated them ſhall return to the God who created them, and receive from his unerring juſtice their irrevocable ſentence. Nay more, we learn from the volume of inſpiration, that even theſe vile bodies which are ſubject to corruption, and muſt moulder in the grave, ſhall, at the laſt great day, be raiſed in a ſpiritual and immortal ſtate; and, reunited to their former partners, ſhall ſhare with them in their eternal puniſhments, or rewards. If then theſe things are ſo, how is it poſſible to account for the conduct of many, who profeſſing to believe, can yet live and act in a way that proves they are wholly uninfluenced by them? It is recorded of the great Philip of Macedon, that he appointed one of his pages to awaken him every morning by exclaiming, "Remember, Philip, thou art mortal:" and ſurely it might be equally uſeful to many a child of folly, and diſſipation, if, when they are engaging in ſcenes of what they call (but how falſely!) pleaſure, ſome kind friend was to whiſper in their ear, "Remember Eternity!" Surely the awful ſentence would rouſe them from their lethargy, and force them to conſider that the hour is coming, and they know not how ſoon it may arrive; when, willing, or unwilling, they muſt meet their Judge, and hear from his lips the righteous ſentence that ſhall decide their eternal ſtate.

And haſt not thou, Chriſtian reader, haſt not thou, O my ſoul, abundant cauſe to pray that this conſideration may hereafter impreſs thy mind more deeply than hitherto it has done? If we could always look upon eternity as near at hand; always remember that, for aught we know, the next ſtep we take may plunge our bodies in the ſilent grave, and land our ſouls in a world unknown, and ſhould we not refrain from many trifling occupations which inſenſibly rob us of our time? Should we not be more aſſiduous in running our Chriſtian courſe more courageous in conflicting with our ſpiritual enemies, and more conſtantly employed in meditating on the company, and enjoyments of that world into which we hope ſo ſhortly to enter; in adoring the good-

neſs of that Redeemer who, by his own blood, has atoned for our tranſgreſſions, and provided for us an houſe not made with hands, eternal in the heavens? It is only by a frequent contemplation on theſe important themes, that our ſouls can be enabled to riſe ſuperior to all the ſeducing allurements that the world would perſuade us to place our happineſs in; and enjoy a ſweet foretaſte of Heaven, even while we are here below. Conſiderations like theſe will aſſure us complete victory over our laſt enemy, Death; and lead us to look forward with joyful expectation to the moment when we ſhall throw off theſe rags of mortality, and take full poſſeſſion of thoſe ſublime delights which the mind of man can never fully conceive, but which we are aſſured our covenant God has prepared for all thoſe who wait with humble confidence for his appearing.

E. TATLOCK.

REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

To the Editor of the Evangelical Magazine.

REV. SIR,

SHOULD the following narrative of a ſingular Providence meet with your apppobation, I ſhould eſteem it a favour if you give it a place in your uſeful Magazine,

H. U. May 21, 1798. Your's, J. F—R.

About three years and a half ago, having obſerved the drawer in which I keep my caſh to be unlocked, or the bolt ſhot, and having no ſuſpicion in the leaſt of any of my family, I was willing to believe it muſt be owing to my not locking it up. But after repeatedly finding it ſo, and ſome loſs of caſh, it was ſtrongly impreſt on my mind, that it muſt be my maid-ſervant who opened it; yet no plain proof appeared that ſhe was the perſon, till a few days before the diabolical plot was diſcovered. The day before, I took an opportunity to charge her privately with the crime, not without great hope ſhe would confeſs it. I told her the conſequence if it was proved on her, and offered forgiveneſs if ſhe would confeſs it: I alſo pointed out to her the dreadful condition of a future ſtate if ſhe lived in the practice of

ſuch ſins; but all was in vain. I at laſt ſaid to her, M—a, you may depend upon it, if it is proved to be you, I ſhall *ſhew you no mercy*, and be *ſure your ſin will find you out.*

After having ſaid ſo much, and ſhe perſiſted in denying it, I reflected on myſelf, that I had ſaid any thing to her. This was much on my mind all the evening, and firſt the next morning, which cauſed me to be earneſt at the throne of grace, that, if I had accuſed her wrongfully, that the harſh words above, (I will ſhew you no mercy) might be forgiven me; but that if ſhe was guilty ſhe might confeſs. After returning thanks for the favours of the paſt night, I recommended myſelf and family to the Divine protection.

This morning, as uſual, I went into the fields, and after returning home, breakfaſt not being ready, I took a book to read, and as it is my euſtom when reading, not to ſtop to aſk a bleſſing until I get to a period, ſo it was this morning. Perhaps the breakfaſt might wait two minutes, which led to the diſcovery of the plot; my ſiſter, waiting for me, ſtirred her tea, and in a ſurprize ſaid, "My tea is juſt like poiſon, it has changed my ſpoon juſt like copper." At this I inſtantly ſtopt, and ſtirred up mine, and found it to be the ſame.

It ſtruck us both that ſomething muſt be put in the water, tea, or ſugar, which we found to be in the latter, and which plainly appeared to be mercury, broken ſmall, and mixed with it. For the proof of this, I picked out ſome of the largeſt pieces and put them into a cup. I broke about the ſame quantity of mercury and put it into another cup, then put a ſpoon in each, and filled them both with boiling water, which changed the ſpoons to the copper colour before mentioned. For further proof, I picked from the ſugar ſome more pieces and gave them to a hen, which ſoon put an end to her life.—The ſugar with the mercury in it I have now by me; which I keep as a token of the Lord's mercy. Reader, may this providence remind us of the wickedneſs of the human heart when left to itſelf, and make us watchful over leſſer ſins, which, if given way to, lead to greater; as an old divine remarks, "If the ſerpent wind in his head, he will draw in his whole body after." May it alſo encourage us to put our truſt in that God who hears and anſwers prayer!

THE BENEFIT OF RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

IT is obſervable of many houſes in the city of London, that they have ſuch weak walls, and are of ſuch a ſlender and ſlight building, that were they ſet *alone* in the fields, probably they would not ſtand one hour; which now ranged into ſtreets, *receive* ſupport in themſelves, and mutually *return* it to others. Such is the danger of *Solitude*, and the great benefit of *Society*, with good and godly company. Such as want ſkill or boldneſs to begin or ſet a pſalm, may competently follow tune in *conſort* with others; and ſuch are the bleſſed fruits of *good society*, that a perſon may not only be *preserved* from much miſchief, but alſo be *strengthened* and *confirmed* in many ſpiritual exerciſes, which he could not perform of himſelf alone. "Jeruſalem is builded as a city that is compact together."*

SATAN'S CHARGE, AND THE SINNER'S DISCHARGE.

AN old author mentions a ſtory of the devil's appearing to a dying man, and ſhewing him a parchment roll, which was very long, wherein were written on every ſide the ſins of the poor ſick man, very many in number. There were written the *idle words* he had ſpoken, which made up three quarters of the words he had ſpoken in his life; together with the *falſe words*, the *unchaste words*, and *angry words*; afterwards came in rank his *vain and ungodly words*; and laſtly, his *actions*, digeſted according to the commandments; whereupon Satan ſaid, "See here, thy virtues: ſee here what thy examination muſt be;" but the poor man anſwered, "It is true, Satan, but thou haſt not ſet down all; for thou ſhouldeſt have added, and ſet down here below, "the blood of Jeſus Chriſt cleanſeth us from all ſins;" and this alſo ſhould not have been forgotten, "That whoſo-"ever believeth in him, ſhall not periſh, but have everlaſt-"ing life;" whereupon the devil vaniſhed.

* *Pſalm cxxii.* 3.

Thus, if the devil ſhould muſter up all our ſins, and ſet them in order before us, yet let but Chriſt be named in a *believing* way, and he will yield, and flee from us with the greateſt ſpeed. The Captain of Salvation overcame the tempter, by ſaying, "It is thus and thus written;" and his ſoldiers may ſtill "overcome the accuſer of the brethren, by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their teſtimony."

THE LOSS OF THE SOUL IRRECOVERABLE.

ST. CHRYSOSTOME hath well obſerved with the anatomiſts, *Omnia Deus dedit duplicia*, God hath, in the frame of man's body, given him *two eyes*, *two ears*, *two hands*, *two feet*, and the like, that the failing of the *one* might be ſupplied by the other: *Animam vero unam*. Yet he hath given him, ſaith he, but *one ſoul*; ſo that if that be *loſt*, there is no ſupply to be had. Nebuchadnezzar may loſe his kingdom, and it may be reſtored. Job, his health and wealth, and they may be recovered. Lazarus, his life, and he may be revived. But for the *loss of the ſoul*, no means can repair it; no price can redeem it; all the world cannot recompence it; being once loſt, it is loſt irrecoverably.

SELECT SENTENCES.

THE Spirit is Chriſt's Adminiſtrator by the Father and Son's appointment, and will be ſure to give every ſoul what Chriſt has left them in his will and teſtament.

A perſon may get into a church without Chriſt, but he cannot get into heaven without him. Heaven is a believer's end and holineſs his way.

A true Chriſtian may be in a ſpiritual lethargy; ſenſeleſs of ſin, when he is not dead in ſin.

Some true Chriſtians may commit thoſe ſins which a wicked man doth not, and yet go to heaven; and a wicked man may do ſome good which every godly man doth not, and yet go to hell.

ON THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

"*For a Day in thy Courts is better than a Thousand.*"—*Pſalm.* lxxxiv. 10.

OF all the inſtances of Almighty Love which ſwell the heart, and attune the tongue of the real Chriſtian, there are few that call more loudly for his gratitude than the divine appointment of one day in ſeven on which he can retire from the buſy ſcenes of life, in which the ſupport of a feeble body obliges him to engage, and enter into the ſacred temple: and into the more immediate preſence of Him, "whoſe loving kindneſs is better than life itſelf."

In the common intercourſe of civil ſociety, he is often under the painful neceſſity of mingling with thoſe who love not his God, who are ſtrangers to the refined delights of religion, and feel no deſire after the enjoyments of that country for which he pants, and towards which he is conſtantly advancing. With what rapture then ought he to behold the dawn of that bleſſed day which gives him an opportunity of withdrawing from ſuch connexions, and ſpending his time in ſweet communion with the God who is, indeed, (to uſe the animated language of a poet, whoſe memory will ever be dear to the chriſtian world)

"The ſource of all his joys,
"The life of his delights." WATTS.

Now he finds in the houſe of the Moſt High an anticipation of thoſe ſublime delights which he truſts he ſhall enter into the full enjoyment of, when the ſtream of time ſhall have conveyed him into the boundleſs ocean of eternity: and, while every faculty of his ſoul is employed in contemplating the wonders of redeeming love, its tumultuous paſſions are huſhed into ſilence, and tranquility; and he enjoys in a copious meaſure that peace to which the breaſt of the worldling is a total ſtranger. He ſerves not his God with the fear of a ſlave, but he bows before him with the reverential love of a dutiful child, to the beſt of fathers; and therefore he feels the truth of the aſſertion that the ſervice of the Lord is perfect freedom.

And can it be that any who profeſs to be diſciples of the bleſſed Jeſus, can voluntarily conſent to loſe any part of this joyful day? Will they not think that perſon one of their worſt enemies who would rob them even of one of theſe bliſsful hours? Thus, indeed, ſhould we conclude, if ſad experience did not teach us that ſuch concluſion would, in too many inſtances, be wrong. When we take a view, on the morning of the ſabbath, of many places of public worſhip, both in the eſtabliſhment, and out of it, does not truth oblige us to ſay that the thinneſs of the congregations indicates a ſpirit very different from that of the pious Pſalmiſt, when he cried out "my ſoul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord?" How is it that ſo many ſeats are to be ſeen vacant, ſo many whole pews empty on that part of the day, when the body, after the refreſhing repoſe of the night, is certainly beſt fitted for action, and the powers of the mind moſt in frame for the lively exerciſes of devotion; and when the protection which we have received during the ſilent hours of darkneſs ought to inſpire our hearts with gratitude and our lips with praiſe? My fellow chriſtian, my brother, my ſiſter in the goſpel, let me call upon you to be careful that you are never, in future, chargeable with ſuch blameable negligence; be it your ſtudy to improve every moment of the ſabbath, which, for ought you can tell, may be your laſt, to the glory of your God, and the benefit of your immortal ſoul. While numbers pervert this ſacred ſeaſon to the indulgence of the moſt criminal indolence, may you be enabled early in the morning to direct your prayer unto God for a bleſſing upon yourſelf and friends; and for divine aid, and ſupport for the paſtor whom Providence has placed over you: then, ſummoning your children, or families together, chearfully ſay to them, "Come and let us go up unto the houſe of the Lord;" ſo ſhall your ſouls be ſweetly prepared to praiſe and magnify his name; to ſupplicate his mercy, and attend with ſerioufneſs to his word. And you will prove to all that you are not among the unhappy number who give ſad evidence that they love their bodies more than their ſouls; but they would do well to think before it is too late, whether the excuſes with which they pacify their conſciences now, will ſtand them in ſtead when they appear at a future day before the tribunal of a righteous Judge.

O Thou who art the Shepherd of thy people, and the delight of all who truſt in thee, vouchſafe to liſten to the ſupplication of the unworthieſt of all thy ſervants. Ariſe, O thou Sun of righteouſneſs! Ariſe, and ſhine upon thy church, and melt into love the ſupine and lukewarm affections which

thy people have too much cauſe to lament. Haſten, O Lord! the happy time, when the mountain of thine houſe ſhall be eſtabliſhed upon the top of the mountains, and all nations ſhall flow unto it. Then ſhall the morning of thy day behold thy worſhippers flying to thine houſe as doves to their windows, entering thy gates with thankſgiving, and thy courts with praiſe; and anticipating with rapturous exultation the dawning of that eternal ſabbath, when they ſhall have an abundant entrance into thy kingdom above, and join the angelic hoſts in aſcribing glory and honor, dominion, and power to God and to the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen. E. T.

Sandwich.

"*We would see Jesus*" John xii. 21.

[A FRAGMENT.]

I *WOULD see Jesus* in *prosperity* that her faſcinating light, may not lead me to a dreadful precipice; but that his good Spirit may whiſper to my heart the noble inducements chriſtians have to deviſe liberal things; that I may ever be ſaying, "What am I, O Lord, that thou ſhouldſt put it into my heart to do theſe things, when the earth is thine and the fullneſs thereof? It is but thine own which I return unto thee."

I *would see Jesus* in *adversity*, becauſe he is a friend born for ſuch a ſtate: becauſe when all the fallacious props of happineſs give way, his ſingle name alone ſupports the building. I would ſee Jeſus in adverſity, that I might order my cauſe before him, for he has all power in heaven and on earth, and eaſily can arrange future events, ſo as to throw luſtre on the darkeſt circumſtances.

I *would see Jesus* in *health*, that I may turn at his gentleſt reproof; that I may not be full and forget God, but be devoted body as well as ſoul, to his praiſe.

I *would see Jesus* in *sickness*, becauſe he healeth all ſad diſeaſes; he alone diſpenſes the balm of Gilead, he alone be the phyſician there.

I *would see Jesus* in *ordinances*; for what are or that God deſtitute of him? As the body without the ſpi you are his ſo are ordinances without Chriſt. He ſhews him me, and be the lattices, he appears in his beauty, he is ers, nor in my

Yours, &c.

Iſrael, as the ſhadow of a great rock in a weary land: his people ſit under its ſhade with great delight; his fruit is pleaſant to their taſte. They ſay continually in ordinances, "Make haſte, O my beloved, be thou like a young hart upon the mountains."

I *would see Jesus* in *social intercourse*.—For what are the charms of friendſhip? What the refinements of taſte? What the pleaſures of converſation? Are they not all unſatisfying, and deluſive, unleſs ſanctified by the grace of this Redeemer?

I *would see Jesus* in my own *heart*, as Lord of its affections, of its purpoſes, of its pleaſures—as the grand mover of its hopes, and fears, the author of its exiſtence and happineſs.

I *would see Jesus* in *death*, as the Sun of Righteouſneſs, whoſe beams in the darkeſt moment can ſpread light, and healing. I would liſten to his voice ſaying, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life." "Fear not, I have the keys of hell, and of death." Ariſe, O thou wearied follower of thy crucified Lord, and enter into thy reſt.

I *would see Jesus* in *glory*, for what is heaven itſelf without him? But when we ſhall ſee him as he is, *then shall we be like him*, and be for ever happy in his preſence.

J. R.

THE ADVANTAGES OF PIETY.

[IN A LETTER FROM A GUARDIAN TO A YOUNG OFFICER GOING TO SEA.]

DEAR ——, *June* 9, 1798.

I AM obliged to you for your attention to my requeſt. Your letters will always give me pleaſure; as I feel more intereſted, perhaps in your behalf, than any perſon upon earth does beſide, except your mother.—I was ſorry you took leave of me ſo unexpectedly; as I intended to have given you ſome books that might be uſeful. Don't fail, however, to read well thoſe you have, eſpecially your bible. Whether you are by ſea or land, you are under the eye of God, and accountable to him for all your thoughts, words and actions. In his favour is life, and miſery unavoidably attends his anger. You ſhould therefore ſeek, with your

whole heart, his mercy and grace; and never be satisfied till you know that he has accepted you in Christ Jesus, the Son of his love, and given you the earnest of his Spirit. Consider, my dear A——, what an awful state you would be in, should death come upon you unawares, before your sins are blotted out; and before you have experienced the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Many of your companions, may, perhaps, think there is no danger. But you, who have had the advantage of sitting under the Gospel, and living with religious people, must know that you could not enter into heaven, till this blessed change has taken place. You know that it will be too late when death arrives to seek God; and that dying in sin, you must be banished from his presence, into endless punishment.

Consider also the blessings and advantages of a holy life. They who are reconciled to God through Christ, and believe on the adorable Saviour, have all their sins forgiven; have peace in their conscience; access to God in prayer; have the assurance of his favour, the Holy Ghost witnessing with their spirits that they are his; have exceeding great and precious promises to animate and support them in life and death; and have a prospect of a blessed eternity always before their eyes. Their time is spent in pleasure and in peace. They live to the glory of God their Saviour, and endeavour to do good to all men. Consequently they are free from the trouble in which transgressors are involved: whose wicked conduct does mischief to others, and pierces through their own souls with many sorrows. But if in this life, the righteous have the advantage, by enjoying purer pleasures and feeling fewer sorrows, what will be their superiority in the world to come? When life draws near to a close, God shines upon their souls with peculiar tenderness and care. They sleep in Jesus, and with Jesus shall they appear in glory, when he cometh to judge the world. They shall stand before his seat with boldness. They shall be openly acknowledged as his redeemed people, before an assembled universe. And when the wicked shall be driven away into everlasting fire, they shall be triumphantly admitted into everlasting glory and felicity.

Read, therefore, your bible. Learn to know Christ, and him crucified. Pray often; and pray earnestly. Never be satisfied, till your sins are forgiven; and your soul is renewed by the Holy Ghost; till you can be assured that God is your reconciled God and Father, and that you are his adopted child. And cease not daily to pray for me, and be assured I shall never forget you in my prayers, nor in my affections. Yours, &c.

REFLECTIONS ON THE GOODNESS OF GOD IN THE LATE HARVEST.

ACTS xiv. 17.

"*Nevertheless he left not himself without witness; in that he "did good, and gave us rain from heaven and fruitful sea-"sons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.*"

WHEN we look back on the late harveſt, theſe beautiful words of the Apoſtle Paul appear to be exceedingly applicable to the preſent period. Such abundant crops, corn of ſuch excellent quality, and weather ſo favourable for the in-gathering of the fruits of the earth, have ſeldom been known. And now, "what ſhall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" Surely we ſhould render him praiſe, and acknowledge with grateful affection his paternal kindneſs. It is "the living God who giveth us richly all things to enjoy." *a* "He did good ſays the Apoſtle. Were we to enquire *when* he did good; the anſwer would be, he did good always. There never was a year, a month, a day, an hour, in which the great Creator did not do good to his creatures. He has been doing good continually, and he is not yet weary of manifeſting his kindneſs. He doth good ſtill, nothing but good, abundance of good. The goodneſs of God is a boundleſs ocean, an inexhauſtible ſpring, a fountain ever-flowing and over-flowing. When we conſider the conſtancy of Jehovah's care, the number of his favours, the magnitude of his bleſſings, may we not exclaim with the Prophet, *b* "How great is his goodneſs!" And then ſurely we may add, "How great is his beauty!"

He did good; but to *whom?* Let David the ſweet Pſalmiſt of Iſrael give the anſwer: *c* "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." Let Jeſus alſo, the faithful witneſs, reply: *d* "He maketh his Sun to riſe on the evil and on the good, and ſendeth rain on the juſt, and on the unjuſt." Our Lord informs us in another place, who are the objects of the Divine goodneſs, in theſe ſtriking words, *e* "He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil." Unparalleled is the goodneſs of God! The objects of it were previous to the reception of his favours, entirely un-

a 1 *Tim.* vi. 17. b *Zech.* ix. 17. c *Ps.* cxlv. 9.
d *Matt.* v. 45. e *Luke* vi. 35.

worthy of them; yet, notwithſtanding their unworthineſs, *he did them good.* And after they partook of his bounty, they *a* "rendered not again according to the benefit done them," but were *unthankful*; yet, the Lord *continued* to do them good. When we meditate on theſe two parts of the character of thoſe on whom the bleſſed God confers his kindneſs, how greatly is the divine benignity enhanced thereby. *He is kind to the unthankful, and the evil!*

But let us ſurvey the particular inſtances of Almighty goodneſs on which the Apoſtle dwells in this paſſage. "He gave us rain from heaven and fruitful ſeaſons, filling our hearts with food and gladneſs." It ſhould never be forgotten that the rain which comes from the heavens, or deſcends from the clouds, is the gift of God; of *that* "God who made heaven and earth, the ſea, and all things that are therein." *b* And his giving rain, is an evidence of his divine power and providential care. This is one proof, among many others, of his glorious Deity. *c* "Are there any among the vanities of the Gentiles that can cauſe rain? or can the heavens (of themſelves) give ſhowers? Art not thou He, O Lord God? Therefore we will wait upon thee; for thou haſt made all theſe things."

"When clouds diſtil in fruitful ſhowers,
"The Author is divine." WATTS.

In ſending rain upon the earth, the Lord manifeſts his *free* and *unmerited* kindneſs. This thought is expreſſed by the word "gave." He *gave* us rain from heaven. He might juſtly have withheld his rain, we did not deſerve it; but of his ſovereign pleaſure and free bounty he gave it us. Therefore, "let us now fear the Lord our God that giveth rain; both the former and the latter in his ſeaſon: he reſerveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harveſt." *d*

When the Apoſtle ſays, he gave us rain from heaven, he adds, "and fruitful ſeaſons." Here is an additional diſplay of Jehovah's bounty. We might have had rain without fruitful ſeaſons. But when, together with rain, the earth was bleſſed with the ſun's fructifying rays, by their concurring influence, the corn was ripened, and the various fruits brought to perfection. Thus by providing food for the ſupport and refreſhment of our bodies, the Lord hath filled "our hearts with gladneſs." Let this joy terminate in God: And let us unite in praiſe to him.

a 2 *Chron. xxxii.* 25. b *Acts. xvi.* 15. c *Jer. xvi.* 22.
d *Jer. v.* 24.

" Whoſe bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
" And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives." THOMSON.

After conſidering the account given in this verſe of the divine conduct towards men, we may truly ſay, he left not himſelf without witneſs. All theſe works of his are witneſſes for him. They are teſtimonies of his Almighty power, unbounded goodneſs, and paternal care. And does not every ſeaſon of the revolving year manifeſt his *wisdom* and his *faithfulness* too? He hath ſaid, *a* " While the earth remaineth, ſeed-time and harveſt, and cold and heat, and ſummer and winter, and day and night, ſhall not ceaſe." And while we are every year beholding the fulfilment of this promiſe, let us adore that inviolable truth and faithfulneſs to which we owe the accompliſhment thereof. The wiſdom of God is diſcovered in that beautiful harmony, which ſubſiſts among the works of nature, and in regular ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons;

" A ſimple train,
" Yet ſo delightful mixed, with ſuch kind art,
" Such beauty and beneficence combin'd:
" Shade, unperceived, ſo ſoftening into ſhade;
" And all ſo forming an harmonious whole;
" That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill."
THOMSON.

All the creatures around us have a voice; and how inſtructive is their ſpeech, did we but hear it! What then do they ſay? They are all witneſſes for God, and this is their language,

" The hand that made us is Divine."

How pleaſing, thus to contemplate nature till we are led up to nature's God! How delightful to ſurvey the effects of divine wiſdom, power, and goodneſs! How refreſhing to behold the manifeſtations of divine faithfulneſs and care, and then to riſe in our thoughts and affections to the great Author, and firſt Cauſe of all, ſaying in our hearts, " He hath not left himſelf without witneſs!"—God is ſeen in all his works. *b* " The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament ſheweth his handy-work: Day unto day uttereth ſpeech, and night unto night ſheweth knowledge." Winter and ſummer, ſpring and autumn ſpeak his praiſe.

" Theſe, as they change, Almighty Father! theſe
" Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
" Is full of *thee*."

a *Gen. viii.* 22. b *Ps. xix.* 1, 2.

But the Lord hath nobler witneſſes far than the works of creation, or the bounties of Providence. If we ſurvey the wonders of *Redemption*, we ſhall find God hath done good in a more eminent way than in giving us rain from heaven and fruitful ſeaſons.* "God *ſo* loved the world, that he *gave his only begotten Son*, that whoſoever believeth in him ſhould not periſh, but have everlaſting life." † "Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and ſent his Son to be the propitiation for our ſins." Here is a witneſs for God, here is a teſtimony of his goodneſs, which infinitely ſurpaſſes all the reſt. While then we praiſe him for our creation, preſervation, and all the bleſſings of this life; let us chiefly give him thanks for his "*inestimable* love in the Redemption of the world by Jeſus Chriſt; for the means of grace and the hope of glory." May every reader of this, as well as the writer, know Jeſus Chriſt and him crucified! May the Father of lights and of mercies "reveal his Son in us," and "lift up the light of his countenance upon us! That will put more gladneſs into our hearts than the increaſe of corn and wine." We ſhall then know by *experience*, as well as by *observation*, that God hath not left himſelf without witneſs; for "He that believeth hath the witneſs in himſelf."

ANTONIUS.

CONVERSION AND DEATH OF A SOCINIAN.

To the Editor of the Evangelical Magazine.

SIR,

THE Lord has been pleaſed lately to exerciſe me with an awful and affecting diſpenſation in a certain perſon, a hearer in my congregation, juſt on the point of admiſſion into church-fellowſhip! who, to the great aſtoniſhment and grief of both church and congregation, renounced the Faith, and embraced Socinianiſm. So eagerly did he drink in the doctrine of Socinus, that he ſoon forſook the means of grace, and became a warm diſputant, reaſoning with all that he judged capable of improvement, as he ſtiled it, with a view to bring them into his error; but the gracious Lord

* *John iii.* 16. † *John iv.* 10.

prevented him from ſeducing any; I laboured much to recover him to the truth, but in vain: at length the Lord caſt him on a bed of affliction, and I felt a ſtrong impreſſion of mind to converſe with him. I accordingly made ſeveral attempts to gain acceſs unto him, but without ſucceſs.

Being on my Miſſionary ſervice in the country, one night I was much diſturbed in my ſleep, and awaked many times with ſtrong imaginations that ſome perſon wanted me; I reſolved to return home in the morning, and when I got to my door, a meſſenger from the above-mentioned perſon came up to me, requeſting my attendance at his houſe immediately, and I found this meſſage had been repeated at my houſe for three or four days ſucceſſively. Accordingly I went, and upon my entering his room he cried out, "Oh! Mr. S. I have thought you long in coming to ſee me, but why, how could I expect that you would come at all?" He ordered the chamber to be cleared of the company, and entreating me to ſit down by him, thus addreſſed me: "Oh! Sir, what muſt I do? Can there be hope for ſuch a ſinner as I am!" In the multitude of my thoughts within me, to know whether the Lord was in this or not, I was at a loſs what to reply; but he ſoon diſcovered my agitation, and prevented me, by entering into a clear and full confeſſion of his ſin, and making an humble recantation of his error; aſſuring me that his mind had never been at peace, ſince he forſook the houſe of God; and that the notions he had imbibed had dried up his ſoul, and made him now miſerable. "Oh! my wicked, my fooliſh and vain heart, (ſaid he) to believe that book, which undervalued my Lord, and fed the pride of my heart! I was not content with divine Revelation, but greedily ran after the carnal reaſoning of men of corrupt minds, therefore, I am brought into this awful ſtate, becauſe, I have renounced the Goſpel, forſaken the houſe of God, and denied the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. After all this, can there be any hope for me? do you, Sir, find any light, or any comfort for me?"—Here, the Lord opened my mouth, and I ſpake the word of God; alſo in prayer, I found great liberty and hope in his ſalvation, all which he received with ſuch lively emotions of joy and ſorrow, that convinced me the Lord was at work with his ſoul. After much converſation on the nature of his ſin, the infinite precioufneſs of Jeſus Chriſt, the efficacy of his blood, the ſufficiency of his righteouſneſs, and the grace and glory of God in accepting ſinners, backſliders, and even deniers of his Son, when brought to a juſt ſight and ſenſe of themſelves; and who by faith and repentance, ſeek unto God for

ſalvation through Jeſus Chriſt alone, he appeared much comforted, and here I left him; but it was not long before he ſent for me again, as he could not be ſatisfied without ſome further converſation on the ſubject of his acceptance with God. On my return, he cried out, "Oh! Mr. S. be not offended at me, for ſending again ſo ſoon for you, how muſt I be ſaved? Will God accept of me, indeed, in this way which you have mentioned?" I replied, "Yes;" I did not doubt but that the Lord had accepted him. "Oh! (ſaid he) I have found him—I have got ſome hold of him, but want more; Oh! I do, I do believe in Jeſus Chriſt as the true God, and eternal life. Can you, ſir, with your views of me, adminiſter the Lord's Supper to me? Oh! I wiſh to take it, and thus to ſeal in my death, that Jeſus Chriſt is God, and that he loved me." On my intimating to him my fears, that many perſons when they apprehend themſelves in a dying ſtate, wiſh for the Sacrament, as a qualification for heaven; he immediately replied, "Yes, I know it; but Jeſus is my qualification alone, and as I have ſo ſhamefully denied him before men, I muſt retract all, and ſhew the world, that I do believe in Jeſus Chriſt, and rely upon him alone for eternal life."—I gave him the Ordinance, and it was a good time indeed; he cried with a loud voice, "Lord Jeſus, I come unto thee, I flee unto thee, I embrace thee; I eat, I drink this bread and wine in remembrance of thee; come Lord Jeſus come." Being now almoſt exhauſted, he bowed himſelf in his bed, and fell aſleep in Jeſus, a few hours after my departure from him.

N. B. This perſon was a man of good natural abilities, and of becoming morals among men. May the Lord ſanctify the relation of theſe facts unto his glory, and to the reclaiming thoſe who have fallen from their ſtedfaſtneſs, is the prayer of your humble ſervant,

W. S.

THE PROGRESS OF THE METHODISTS, IN THE ISLAND OF MAN.

(From Feltham's Tour, recently published.)

"THE progreſs of the Methodiſts (ſays the Author) in this iſland, has been no leſs rapid than in other countries. In moſt pariſhes, there is a place of worſhip. Here I heard an Engliſh ſermon delivered with an animated elocution; and one in Manks by a native, no leſs fervent and devout. No other denominations of Diſſenters exiſt in the iſland.

"Their progreſs here was owing to a Mr. Lowry,* a native, who prevailed on Mr. Crook firſt to viſit it in 1775. Mr. Crook preached to numerous audiences, and after ſome violent oppoſition from turbulent ſpirits, eſtabliſhed many ſocieties. Mr. Weſtley viſited it in 1777, and was well received. Preachers ſprung up, who preached in Manks and Engliſh, and all oppoſition died away. Mr. Weſtley remarked, "that they had no ſuch circuit, either in England, Scotland, or Ireland; it is, ſaid he, ſhut up from the world. There are no diſputers, no diſſenters of any kind. The Governor, Biſhop, Clergy, oppoſe not. They did for a ſeaſon, but they grew better acquainted with us."

At preſent (1798) there are in the ſocieties in the iſland, two thouſand ſeven hundred perſons; three travelling preachers, ſixty Manks preachers, and fifteen meeting-houſes. In 1797, William Savary, a quaker, of Philadelphia, with Mr. Farrel, George Binns, of Liverpool, and Mr. Foſter, of Warrington, viſited, and preached in the iſland, and were treated with attention and reſpect. The two former had been through Europe to examine the ſtate of the religion of Jeſus Chriſt. They remarked, that at Berlin and here, they perceived more apparent marks of religion than at moſt other places.

Mr. Crook viſited the iſland again in 1798. This diſtrict is now annexed to the Whitehaven circuit, and is regularly viſited.

* *Vid. Dr. Coke's Life of Mr. Westley*, 8vo.

"The zeal with which the Methodiſt teachers diffuſe their doctrine, is exemplary.* It exhibits every appearance of ſincerity. Early and late, in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon, they are ready to exert their beſt abilities in prayer, and in all acts of charity."

I conclude with hoping, in the language of a pious foreigner, "That the ſyſtem of Chriſtianity, may not be a ſyſtem of ſpeculation, a barren theory, a mere external diſtinction, much leſs a ſubject of controverſy, diſpute and diviſion, between us and our brethren; but let it be the conſtant rule of our conduct, a principle of action, our inſtructor and guide."†

EXTRACT FROM CHARNOCK.

To the Editor of the Evangelical Magazine.

SIR,

A SURVEY of the ſtate of the heathen world, is calculated to fill the mind of a Chriſtian with the moſt affecting concern, at the ſtrange notions and horrid practices, which are found among them, even in what bears the appearance of their religious ſentiments and worſhip. And yet, ſuch is the wiſdom and mercy of God, who can tell but that even theſe circumſtances may be over-ruled, that they may be a kind of intermediate ſteps to prepare the Heathens for the reception of the great truths of the Goſpel, which our Miſſionaries may proclaim amongſt them?

In peruſing Charnock's excellent diſcourſe on Divine Providence, I have lately met with a paſſage to this purpoſe. Perhaps its inſertion in your Miſcellany, may be acceptable to thoſe of your readers, whoſe thoughts are engaged on Miſſionary ſubjects, and will oblige Yours, &c. J. J.

Baſingſtoke, Sept. 5, 1798.

"I do not much queſtion but thoſe very principles, which "the Devil had inſtilled into the Gentile world, of ſhed-"ding human blood in ſacrifices for expiation of guilt; and "the Gods converſing with men in human ſhapes; and the

* *Dr. Knox's Winter Evenings, Vol. III.* † *Zollikofre on Piety, translated by the Rev. Mr. Manning, of Exeter*, 8vo. 1796.

" imagination of the interceſſion of *Demons* for them; the " firſt out of rage againſt mankind, and both that and the " other to induce them to idolatry, might facilitate the en- " tertainment of Chriſt, as the great expiatory ſacrifice, and " the receiving of him, as the Son of God, though in an " human ſhape, and the belief of his interceſſion. God over- " reaches the Devil, and makes him inſtrumental for good, " where he deſigns hurt and miſchief."

Oct. Edition, P. 226.

ON THE INFIDELITY OF MR. GIBBON.

To the Editor.

SIR,

I HAVE been lately reading the memoirs of Mr. Gibbon, as I hope to my edification, and confirmation in the truth of Chriſtianity. From the beginning to the end of his life, there is not one noble, generous ſentiment expreſſed. The higheſt pitch of virtue, is to the following effect: " If I had got into Parliament (at a particular time) I might have been of ſervice to myſelf, and my friends, and *perhaps to my country.*" Let him have the praiſe of urbanity of manners, of rendering himſelf agreeable to his friends by his talents and his wit, of paying an attention to his relatives, and expreſſing himſelf with kindneſs and ſympathy to them in his letters. But if we paſs from theſe inferior things to the grand principles of conduct, which reaſon and revelation conſpire to enjoin, we then ſee a man utterly deſtitute of all principles of religion, and regardleſs of an hereafter; diſcovering no anxiety for the happineſs of mankind; eagerly purſuing literary fame; intoxicated with learned pride; panting after the admiration of the great world, and conſtantly endeavouring to ſecure to himſelf as large a portion of gratification and enjoyment as he poſſibly could.

In his Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, he always ſneers at Chriſtianity, and endeavours to bring it into contempt. It was at that time the faſhion among the literati and philoſophers on the Continent, and in France eſpecially, whoſe praiſe he coveted and ſecured thereby. When he ſaw the effects of the French Revolution and the deſtruction which followed, both of Church and

State, he was dreadfully confounded; and, in one of his letters makes a kind of apology for his conduct. "Chriſtianity (ſays he) at the period to which my hiſtory refers, was a *new* religion; now it is *old*; and the ſame motives which led me to oppoſe it then, would have influenced me to defend it now." Such (for the book is not before me) are his ideas; and according to this rule, ſyſtems are to be judged of, not as being true or falſe, good or bad; but as being new or old. Could any thing more unprincipled be expoſed to public view? In ſhort I never read a life where the hero was more abſorbed in ſelf, and felt leſs concern for the happineſs of his fellow creatures: reverence for God is entirely out of the queſtion. Such publications as this, ſhew us the hearts of infidels. They lead us into their tempers, their views and purſuits; and teach us fully what manner of men they are. The reſult is glorious for the goſpel of Chriſt. When we read the life of a poor diſciple of Jeſus, perhaps a labouring man, we ſee him mourning over evil thoughts and diſpoſitions; aiming at greater purity of heart; conſtantly deſiring to pleaſe God and be entirely devoted to him; praying earneſtly for the happineſs of the whole human race; and doing every thing in his power to promote it. When we attend his death-bed, we hear him with gratitude acknowledge the love of his heavenly Father; and praiſe him for the numberleſs benefits he has received in the courſe of his earthly pilgrimage; with grief lament the iniquities and unprofitableneſs of his paſt life; with humble joy expreſs his hope of eternal bleſſedneſs, and his deſire to depart and be with Chriſt, which is far better. Let us turn from this edifying ſcene, to the ſplendid remains of Edward Gibbon, Eſq. the infidel. The fine poliſh of manners, and the enchanting brilliancy of ſtyle may dazzle a ſuperficial obſerver; but examine him by the ſtandard of moral rectitude and goodneſs, all is low and mean, defective and rotten at the core. There is nothing to be found but a vaſt aſſemblage of ſelfiſhneſs, vain glory, pride, deſire of admiration, contempt of the poor, and adulation of the rich; no fear of God; no regard for the welfare of the human race. He is all wrapped up in ſelf. As old age advances upon him, he becomes more depreſſed; and when death is in ſight, his great conſolation conſiſts in calculating how many years he may yet probably live. Not a pious, nay, not a benevolent, nor a dignified ſentiment iſſues from his lips. He leaps diſmayed into the dark abyſs. Juſt before his death, he confeſſed that "when he conſidered all worldly things, they were all fleeting; when he look-

ed back they had been fleeting, and when he looked forward, all was dark and doubtful." Let any man of judgment and impartiality now determine whether he would prefer the life and death of a chriſtian, or of an infidel. He will not accuſe me of unfair dealing, for I have not taken a man out of the obſcure maſs of the votaries of infidelity, but have ſelected one of its moſt famous champions, and have formed my judgment of him, not from the pen of an adverſary, but from his warmeſt admirer—*himself.* D. B.

UTILITY OF THE BIBLE.

AS I was walking along the town ſome days ſince, I met ſome ſailors, who when they ſaw me coming, ſaid, "That's he! that's he!" But inſtead of meeting me on the pavement, they ſtepped into the road, took off their hats, made very low bows, and ſaid, "God bleſs you Sir! God bleſs you Sir!" At firſt I thought that, ſeeing me in black, they were diſpoſed to make me the object of a little pleaſantry, and was paſſing on; but being ſtruck with the ſerioufneſs of their countenances and the propriety of their deportment, and recollecting the face of one or two of them at my place of worſhip, whoſe attention and tears remarkably attracted my notice at the time, I ſtopped and ſaid, "Well, my lads, do you know me?"—"Yes Sir," ſaid one, "and love you too."—"Love me! for what?"—"Becauſe you love my maſter."—"Your maſter! who is he? King George?"—"Yes Sir, and a very good one too; but King Jeſus, I mean." "I am very happy you conſider *him* your maſter; but how did you know me?"—"Becauſe ſeveral of us heard you yeſterday three times, and I never had ſuch a day ſince I was born. About two years ago I was as wicked a fellow as any in the ſhip, but when we put into ——, I went to ſee an aunt of mine, who talked to me about my being ſuch a great ſinner—told me what would be the conſequence if I continued ſo, and gave me a bible, which I promiſed to read. When I went on board I read it, and ſoon began to feel I was a vile and á loſt ſinner: I then read it to ſome of my ſhipmates, and you cannot think what views we had of our loſt ſtate, and of ſalvation by Jeſus Chriſt, and that without any of man's inſtruction.

"When we came into port, having been out near two years, we aſked to ſpend our Sunday on ſhore, and the Captain gave us leave. We came to hear you three times, and you cannot think how I wondered that you ſhould know all I had felt, and ſometimes I wonder how I ſhould have felt all you ſaid. You was deſcribing how a renewed ſoul pants after holineſs. O how ſweet that was to me! (ſmiling and weeping) I am ſure I do as ſincerely long to be holy as I do to be happy; do you not think it muſt be the Spirit of God that made me feel this?"—I replied, "I hope ſo, eſpecially if your conduct correſponds with this profeſſion."—One of them anſwered, "The Lord knows we have nothing to boaſt of; but bleſſed be God, I believe neither our officers, nor ſhipmates, have any thing to accuſe us of. They would not ſend us on ſhore of errands for them, if they did not know we were honeſt and ſober."—"I am very much pleaſed with your converſation. What ſhip do you belong to?" "The —— frigate, Captain ——." "Are there any more on board, of the ſame opinion with yourſelves?" "Yes, Sir; there are ſeveral of us, when opportunity offers, meet for reading and prayer, and we hope there are ſix of us who are truly born again, who were all vile ſinners two years ago, but have been taught to love God by reading the *Bible*."—What an encouragement this, to give away bibles and good books!

TERRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

AFTER I had been preaching one evening, a ſailor came, wiſhing to have ſome converſation with me, ſaying "My heart is very heavy; I am ſuch a ſinner, I am afraid the Devil will have me."—"But what makes you think he will have you?"—"Becauſe he is after me every day and night."—"How do you know?" "Bleſs you, becauſe I heard him the other night, juſt as I got into my hammock; I heard him againſt the ſhip's ſides and afterwards upon deck, and you muſt needs think I trembled alive, Sir, for I made ſure he was come for me: but as God would have it, I had part of an old prayer-book with me, and I put it next to my heart, I then heard him plunge overboard, and he ſhook the very ſhip's ſide for madneſs. But when we came into port I was forced to leave the ſhip (a coaſter), for I was afraid if

I ſhould go aloft without my prayer book, he would throw me from the maſt head into the ſea, and take me to hell. So I ran from the ſhip, and as I was walking along, trying to read my prayer book, an old man came and talked with me, who told me he would have me come and hear preaching, and while I was hearing you, I thought I would make bold and come and talk with you. I am afraid every hour the Devil will come for me, only I always carry my prayer book next my heart, (taking it from his boſom) but I am ſtill afraid of him; what ſhall I do Sir?"—"*Read your Bible.*"—"Is that better than my Prayer Book, Sir?"—"Yes, ſurely: but what makes you ſo much afraid? You have done ſomething that terrifies you."—Sighing and looking frightened, he ſaid, "How do you know that, Sir?"—"From your being ſo unhappy."—"I am the greateſt ſinner in the world. O pray for me, I am afraid I ſhall go to hell."—"But tell me what makes your heart ſo heavy."—"Sir I never killed any body outright."—"But who have you injured?"—"My wife was one of the beſt women in the world, but I have been the death of her."

I now began to think the man was deranged; but from further converſation, I found he had almoſt ſtarved a wife and three children, and had behaved to her in other inſtances ſo cruel, that her life was in imminent danger when he put to ſea. The guilt of his conſcience was ſuch as to render him miſerable. I endeavoured as much as poſſible to impreſs on his mind the heinouſneſs of ſin in general, and of that ſin in particular, and the danger he was in; explaining the neceſſity and nature of a new heart; and pointing him to the Blood of Chriſt, as ſufficient to atone for the vileſt ſinners. He heard with aſtoniſhment, ſaying, "But will he pardon me?"—I offered to buy him a bible; but he ſaid he would buy one himſelf, as he had plenty of money. I directed what chapters he ſhould read firſt, and preſſed the neceſſity of cloſe attention to the ſcriptures.

He came to me the next week; but appeared very different; informed he had heard that his wife was alive and getting better. As ſoon as he heard from her he ſent her all the money he had, and promiſed to be a kind huſband in future. He thanked me for my advice, ſaid he had read the chapters I recommended, and hoped he ſhould be a better man.

How awful are the effects of ignorance! How neceſſary is inſtruction! How tormenting a guilty conſcience! How valuable the ſcriptures and the blood of atonement!

Portsea. G. G.

THE UNION OF KNOWLEDGE AND PRACTICE.

IF ye know these things, ſaid our bleſſed Lord, *happy are ye if ye do them*. Knowing and doing, then, are diſtinct matters, though too often ſeparated by profeſſed Chriſtians. Knowledge is neceſſary to practice, and there are ſome who never attain it, however advantageous the means they enjoy. There are others well informed in judgment, "they know thoſe things," but they forget to *do* them; they are however, *not happy*, if the opinion of Jeſus may be taken; for holineſs and happineſs are inſeparably connected.

The genuine influence of divine truth on our minds, with its proper and viſible effects in our converſation, is a ſubject that deſerves our ſerious conſideration.

We profeſs that we know God, let us not "in works deny him." Is he Almighty? Let us dread his wrath; let us rely on his protection. Is he omnipreſent? How can we forget it, daring to ſin under his all-ſeeing eye, while the preſence of a mortal is a ſufficient reſtraint? Is he a ſovereign? So we think and ſay. Why then do we murmur at his diſpoſals, and why do we ſwell with rage againſt fellow worms, who are merely the inſtruments of his will?

We know that we are fallen, ruined, helpleſs creatures: How then do we conduct ourſelves towards God and man? Before the former we ſhould be all humility and contrition; and among the latter we ſhould be all meekneſs; but we ſometimes forget our principles, and are proud before our God, and haughty among men.

We know, and loudly maintain, that Jeſus is the only, the all-ſufficient Saviour; and we contend earneſtly againſt Arminian pride and popiſh merit: But at times, in the view of our dreadful guilt, we are ready to deſpair; or elated with our duties, frames and uſefulneſs, we begin to preſume. We ſay, that Jeſus is the good ſhepherd, and call ourſelves his ſheep; but in a dark and diſtreſſing ſeaſon, we are afraid to truſt him, and put far more confidence in an arm of fleſh.

We boaſt of our Chriſtian privileges. As children of God, we have liberty of acceſs to our heavenly Father; his word, we ſay, is ſweeter than honey; and communion with him, is heaven upon earth. All this is very true, and per-

ſons thus perſuaded, ſhould live very near to God, and be very happy in him. But practice fails. A worldly trifle keeps us from the cloſet; a human production, is frequently ſubſtituted for the ſacred pages; and the company of a mortal, debars us from the enjoyment of our God.

The Chriſtian, as depicted in the New Teſtament, is a lovely character; juſt what man ſhould be. He exhibits the meekneſs and gentleneſs of Chriſt. He forgives injuries, like his dying maſter. He puts a charitable conſtruction on doubtful actions. He earneſtly endeavours to be uſeful to the bodies and ſouls of men; and ſtoops to perform the moſt menial ſervice for the leaſt of his brethren. This is pure religion and undefiled. We *know* theſe things and approve them; but do we perform them? In anſwering the queſtion for myſelf, I heſitate—and bluſh—and pray, *God be merciful to me*

A SINNER.

ON THE ABUSES OF THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

AS it is the higheſt privilege of the Chriſtian to draw near to God, as his reconciled Father in Chriſt, it is a matter of much joy to him, that his Lord has appointed a ſtated portion of time to be ſet apart as wholly devoted to his ſervice. Was it not for this divine inſtitution, his heart would be ſo enveloped in the concerns of the world, as to leave very little leiſure for the conſideration of his moſt important intereſts; but this appointment of infinite wiſdom affords him opportunity to retire in ſome meaſure from the world, and leave its concerns at the foot of the mount. Whilſt he aſcends to meet his God, and hold communion with him by faith and prayer, he has ſome foretaſte afforded him of thoſe joys, which are the portion of glorified ſpirits in the houſe not made with hands. But it is not only his privilege, but his duty; the law of his God has enjoined it; in which law he delights after the inner man, and derives abundant advantage from its ſanctions, which procure him a peaceable, unmoleſted Sabbath.

To enumerate the abuſes of the Sabbath by thoſe who are *merely profeſſors* of Chriſtianity, would be an endleſs taſk; my preſent deſign therefore is, to conſider ſome which more

particularly appear in the conduct of those who are *partakers* of the grace of God, and ought therefore to shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life by a strict attention to every duty their divine Lord has enjoined upon them.

As every advantage the believer enjoys on the Sabbath, proceeds from communion with Jesus, he should be particularly watchful against whatever has a tendency to interrupt that communion; and, of course, should be very cautious in the choice of his companions, especially on the Lord's Day. Believers lose much of the benefit of the *word*, for want of attention to this particular; how many go from the house of God, without the least appearance of necessity, into communion with the world whose conversation, as an instrument in the hands of the wicked one, catcheth away the seed which was sown in the heart! Others, following the example, and joining the company of *mere professors*, seem to lose sight of the great end of hearing the word of God, and waste that precious time, which ought to be devoted to his glory, in useless discussions on the manner, gifts, or comparative excellence of different Ministers.

I would here offer a word of advice to young believers, who are distressed on account of their connexions with the world, which appear to lead them unavoidably into Sabbath breaking. If they are *single persons*, who are placed by Divine Providence in ungodly families, let them retire in the intervals of public worship, as much as possible into solitude, where they may enjoy communion with God uninterrupted by their earthly friends, and pray earnestly for those with whom they have to do, as well as for themselves; and they will not fail to come forth refreshed and strengthened to fill their respective stations, as becometh the Gospel of Christ. Others, who are *heads of families*, are perhaps complaining that they cannot avoid the intrusion of worldly company, who call to see them without invitation on the Sabbath day; but if they keep their Bible on the table, and entertain their visitors with reading the word of God, Family Prayer, and singing his praises, they will soon find that those who do not love to hear of Christ, will refrain from calling, and the fewer visits we receive or pay upon the Lord's Day the better, even among true believers; as our natural proneness to a worldly spirit, is too apt to lead us into such conversation, as drowns the word which we hear at the house of God.

Whatever may be said of Christian liberty from the restraints of the Jewish ritual, we never find our blessed Lord

engaged in any other works on the Sabbath, than thoſe of neceſſity or mercy; and his faithful followers find the whole of that ſacred day too ſhort a period for thoſe divine employments, which more immediately attach themſelves to it; and too often have to regret at the cloſe of it, that they are not a Sabbath day's journey nearer Zion; while we find many (of whom we could hope well) allowing themſelves in things, that are direct violations of the Sabbath.

We would here notice that inattention to the early duties of the Lord's houſe, ſo prevalent in the preſent day. Thoſe who *habitually* enter his courts when the congregation are conſiderably advanced in worſhip, manifeſt an indifference to communion with Jeſus, and give their brethren much reaſon to fear they are ſeeking the preacher rather than the Lord; for there is no doubt, but if they were appointed to receive a large ſum of money at a certain hour, they would take eſpecial care to be punctual in their attendance.

J. T.

BRIEF REFLECTIONS ON JOHN X. 16.

"*Other ſheep I have, which are not of this fold: them alſo I "must bring, and they ſhall hear my voice: and there ſhall "be one fold, and one ſhepherd.*"

THERE is a *richneſs* in the expreſſions of our divine Redeemer, the great Prophet of the Church, which is not to be found in any human compoſition whatever. "He ſpake as never man ſpake." The above verſe, is a ſmall ſpecimen. Let us mark the words, and weigh the expreſſions.

"*Sheep.*" The elect of God, are ſheep in the *purpoſe* of Jeſus Chriſt, when they are, as yet, wolves in *themſelves.* —"*Other* ſheep." This is a fine antidote againſt bigotry. An evil, which has long prevailed, and which we hope is dying apace. May it never have a reſurrection!—"*I* have." Chriſt hath them—in the *covenant*, where their very names are regiſtered: In his *thoughts*, though they have no thought of him: In his heart, having loved them with an everlaſting love. "I muſt *bring*:" Bring—out of *darkneſs* into marvellous *light*; from a ſtate of *ſin* into a ſtate of *holineſs*; from *ſelf-confidence* to confidence in the

Mediator and *Advocate* for ſinners.—"I *muſt* bring." Jeſus Chriſt *muſt* bring them—becauſe, it is his *Father's will* he ſhould:* Becauſe, they are the *purchaſe* of his blood. Every one is concerned to have his purchaſe; and it is but right he ſhould. *I* muſt bring." For if Chriſt bring them not, they never will come. They are *ignorant* and know not the way; *obſtinate*, and refuſe to come; *helpleſs*, and unable to come: Not only weak, but without ſtrength.

"*They* ſhall hear," &c. It is peculiar to Chriſt's *ſheep* to hear his voice. The *goats* hear others, but not him. "They *ſhall* hear: Chriſt will ſpeak to the *heart*, and cauſe them to hear, regard and obey.—"*My voice:*" As the voice of a *friend*, that is ſweet; as the voice of a *bridegroom*, that is ſweeter ſtill; as the voice of *God*, that is not only ſweet, but glorious and divine.—O! my ſoul, wait upon him in all the means of grace, liſten attentively to his voice. Hear his word and do it.—"There ſhall be *one fold.*" Jews and Gentiles ſhall be united into one church. No more parties, or party diſtinctions ſhall be known forever. "And *one ſhepherd.*" The bleſſed Jeſus will reign, the chief Shepherd, and the ſupreme Sovereign forever and ever. Amen.

DALETH.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

A VISION.

AS I was lately travelling in a waſte howling wilderneſs, where every ſtep was attended with difficulty and danger; I retired to a ſhady covert to ſeek that repoſe, which the fatigues of my journey had rendered deſirable; and no ſooner had ſleep with its refreſhing influences cloſed my eyes, than Fancy (ever on the wing) again conducted me to the ſcenes, in which I had ſo lately toiled.

Methought I ſaw two travellers, both in the full glow of youth and vigour, juſt entering upon a vaſt deſart, in which three ſeveral paths, preſented themſelves to their choice. For a time, they kept company together, and each of them was buſily employed in communicating to the other, the projects he had formed reſpecting the progreſs, the ſucceſs,

* *John. vi* 27, 40.

and final end of the journey. It was not long, however, before their views and desires began considerably to vary; and finding themselves unsuitable companions, they mutually agreed to separate; and severally to follow that path, which appeared to each most likely to lead to the object of their pursuit, viz. happiness.

The first took a winding path, which was every where adorned with the most beautiful flowers; at once charming the eye with the variety of their tints, and regaling the smell, with the richness of their perfume. Here he was at no loss for companions; a prodigious multitude of people being collected, who were all walking in the same path, and engaged in the same pursuits. At one time, they amused themselves by forming nosegays of the finest flowers to decorate their bosoms, or adorn their brows; at another, they lay reclined in the enchanting arbours, which art had formed; and, in all the indulgence of the most effeminate indolence, listened to the warblings of the birds, who carolled in the surrounding trees. Here you might see a party of nymphs and swains, who danced in concert to the softest music; and there a group, who were pampering their appetites with all the delicacies they cold invent. I could not, however, help observing that our traveller and his gay friends, were frequently surprised in the midst of their delights, with an unexpected misfortune; sometimes while they were encircling their temples with chaplets of the finest roses, the thorns which environed them would pierce their flesh, and occasion the most agonizing smart; at others, dangerous serpents, which lay concealed among the flowery meadows, would fix their envenomed stings in the most vital parts, and cause excruicating tortures, and, sometimes instant death.

These disastrous events at length made our adventurer grow weary of scenes, which exposed him to such painful accidents; and he turned aside, about the middle of the desart, into another path, which, though not so pleasant as that he had forsaken, was nearly as much thronged with passengers as the former; but they appeared in general farther advanced in years, and of a graver cast than his late associates. Here he employed himself in common with his new friends, in collecting together immense quantities of shining dust, or curious pebbles; and, strange to tell, each seemed to value himself in proportion to the load of these encumbering trifles which he carried with him; though as their strength continually decreased as they advanced towards the end of their journey, they were often ready to

ſink under the weight of their burdens. I perceived, too, that this path was every where covered with two noxious weeds, called Care, and Suſpicion, which ſpread a peſtilential vapour through the air, and ſoon injured the ſtrongeſt conſtitution.

Here I left him for a while, and turned to take a view of the youth, with whom he at firſt ſet out. I obſerved, that he was walking in a very narrow path, (which he had entered by a ſmall gate) which, though at intervals it preſented a few flowers, was ſo over-run with briars and thorns, that his progreſs was rendered extremely difficult and inconvenient: there were likewiſe ſeveral bogs and ſloughs, into which he was in great danger of falling; dark clouds often intercepted the rays of the ſun, ſo as to occaſion almoſt total darkneſs; and the diſtreſs and perplexity occaſioned by all theſe circumſtances received no ſmall addition from the ſcorn, and contemptuous uſage of thoſe who were walking in the pleaſant paths before deſcribed; who, being within ſight and hearing would frequently ridicule him in the moſt cruel and inſulting terms, for what they called his folly, and madneſs in chooſing a road ſo beſet with hazard and inconvenience. It is true, he met with ſome companions, who endeavoured to encourage him in his arduous undertaking; but theſe were very few when oppoſed to the multitudes, which were travelling the other roads; and, as they were all expoſed to the ſame trials as himſelf, they could do little more than ſympathiſe, and condole with each other. Notwithſtanding, theſe diſcouragements, our traveller continued to advance, and though he met with frequent trips from the roughneſs and unevenneſs of the way, he ſpeedily roſe again, and purſued his journey. At firſt, I was aſtoniſhed at his perſeverance; but I ſoon perceived that a hand, which before I had not ſeen, was conſtantly reached from above to ſupport him in all his trials; when he met with an accidental fall, this hand quickly lifted him up; when he ſlackened his pace, it urged him forward; and when (as was ſometimes the caſe) he was ſo worn out by the fatigues he had to encounter, as to be ready to turn aſide; it inſtantly caught his arm, and kept him in the right path. I ſaw, likewiſe, that he had a map of the country to which he was going, which he often conſidered with great delight; and, he eagerly embraced every mean in his power of improving himſelf in the language ſpoken by its inhabitants. The deſart too was not wholly deſtitute of enjoyments, and I obſerved, that theſe appeared more abundant, the farther he advanced. He frequent-

ly met with ſtreams of the pureſt water, at which he would drink, with a ſatisfaction that ſeemed infinitely to exceed that of the travellers in the other paths, even when they were rioting in all the profuſion of luxurious indulgence. Sometimes the very briars, contrary to nature, would produce the moſt exquiſite fruits; and I particularly remarked, that when a little group of theſe ſcattered pilgrims happened to meet, they converſed together with ſuch affection; and deſcribed the land to which they were travelling with ſuch tranſports, that all their troubles were forgotten: and thoſe very perſons who derided them, could not help envying the happineſs which was depicted on their countenances.

In this manner our traveller continued to proceed till he came within ſight of the farther ſide of the deſart, which was bounded by a river, whoſe tide was amazingly rapid; when he arrived here, I looked to ſee whether there was any bridge, but found none; and was quickly informed that every perſon, when they reached this ſide of the deſart, was under an unavoidable neceſſity of fording the river. Our traveller accordingly prepared to enter it, but I could plainly ſee that the courage he had manifeſted by the way began here to fail, and he heſitated as irreſolute: when inſtantly a form more lovely than any of the ſons of men, appeared on the other ſide of the river, and, caſting on him a look of divine benignity, ſaid, "Fear not, for where I am, there ſhall you be alſo." Animated by this ſweet promiſe, he looked upwards, with a tranquil ſmile, and inſtantly plunging into the water, the ſame ſupernatural hand that had guided him in his journey, held him faſt till he had got quite through the river. How great now was my aſtoniſhment at the change, which appeared in him the moment he ſet his foot on the oppoſite ſhore! His countenance ſhone with angelic luſtre, his garments were whiter than ſnow, and more glorious than the beams of the meridian ſun; millions of heavenly forms came to welcome his arrival, and the light which emanated from their refulgent glory was ſo dazzling, that I was no longer capable of ſupporting the ſight. I therefore, turned my eyes back to the deſart, and ſaw the man who had originally been the companion of the happy ſpirit I had juſt been conſidering, drawing near the banks of the river. He had accumulated ſuch a weighty burden of duſt and ſtones, that he was ſcarcely able to crawl under it; and inſtead of advancing willingly towards the river, he tried by every poſſible means to get back into the wilderneſs. While I

looked, a meagre and terrific form, caught him by the hand, and, in ſpite of all his reſiſtance, plunged him in the waters. Stunned by the violence of the motion, he fell head-long in; but, alas! no ſhining form appeared for his aſſiſtance, no hand was ſent to his ſupport; he ſhrieked in wild deſpair, and was immediately born away by the violence of the ſtream; his ſcreams ſtill reiterated in my ears, and I awoke. Reader, thou haſt followed our adventurers to the end of their journey, haſt thou conſidered the conſequences that enſue? The deſart is the wilderneſs of life, the paths are called Pleaſure, Riches and Religion. You and I are among the number of the travellers; and the application nearly concerns us; if all our time is ſpent in either of the former paths, the end will be miſery and endleſs ruin; if the latter is our choice, we ſhall meet with trials by the way, but it will conduct us to the ſhores of immortality; from whence, by a gentle aſcent, we ſhall reach the Paradiſe of God.

Sandwich. E. T.

THE GAIN OF DEATH.

THE fear of God on the heart of man generally begins with deep and powerful impreſſions reſpecting the eternal world, and the felicity of the immortal ſoul. Whatever may be the means of it, this great object is the thing which occupies the thoughts, and engages the attention of the mind: How am I to be happy in the world to come? What is neceſſary to prepare me for a bleſſed change, that I may die comfortably, and enter into the kingdom of God? Nor does this prevailing deſire leave the Chriſtian all the way through. He knows that life is uncertain, and he feels many difficulties in his paſſage; and, therefore, the great concern of his ſoul is to familiarize death to his own mind, and to cheer his ſpirits with lively proſpects of a future and better ſtate. How evidently does this principle prevail in the views of St. Paul! The felicity of dying, the evils he would be delivered from, and the tranſcendent happineſs he would enjoy thereby, run through all his writings. And no wonder, a man who is in perils of various kinds, who experiences the powerful oppoſition of avowed enemies, and the vibrating felicity of uncertain friends, who is ſometimes in want and often in priſon, will certainly look forward with cheering hopes to an happier world, where ſorrow and ſighing ſhall flee away. "To die is gain."

But what gain can it be to die if there is no future ſtate? If a man is not in exiſtence when he leaves this world, the idea of gain is entirely loſt. Whatever be our ſituation in life, we have ſome enjoyments, and when we die theſe muſt be given up; but if there is nothing to counterbalance this loſs, if there is not ſomething ſuperior to be obtained, death could not be gain, but a diſadvantage. To be with Chriſt is far better than any thing here, and this is the felicity the ſaint enjoys as ſoon as he leaves this world. The body returns to the duſt, but the ſpirit goes immediately to God who gave it. It was ſaid to the penitent thief, "This day "ſhalt thou be with me in paradiſe." Chriſtianity, in this reſpect, has the advantage of every other ſyſtem. Probability of future happineſs is the very utmoſt of what philoſophy can pretend to give; but the Goſpel realizes future glory even while we are in this world, and removes all fears from the mind reſpecting the certainty of actual poſſeſſion. "Faith is the ſubſtance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not ſeen."

If death is gain, the future world muſt be better than this. If a man leaves one country to go to another, if he does not obtain ſome advantages by his removal, he gains nothing. In the preſent ſtate, there is much difference among the inhabitants of the world in point of poſſeſſion and enjoyment. Providence ſmiles upon ſome who are raiſed to the higheſt pitch of earthly happineſs; while others have to encounter complicated miſery in every poſſible form: even among good men there is this difference, for it is of theſe alone we ſpeak. But whatever be their circumſtances, they have to die; death is common to the happy and the miſerable, in the palace and the cottage; but if a man dies a happy death, though he was here in the very higheſt degree of worldly greatneſs, and if to this be added all the felicity of religion itſe'f, with the higheſt attainments and enjoyments in it, death will be gain even to him above all calculation or computation. A man muſt have a very poor idea of Heaven who conceives of it only as being on a level with human bliſs. Indeed, its grandeur, and the various ſcenes which conſtitute its felicity, are generally repreſented to us by figures taken from worldly things, ſuch as kingdoms, poſſeſſions, and whatever is great and glorious among men; but theſe images are in conformity to our grovelling conceptions. We are incapable, in our preſent ſtate, of forming ideas of things purely ſpiritual and heavenly. But, ſurely, it is no great ſtretch of thought to imagine that Heaven is better than any thing here, either as a place or as a ſtate. Recall to mind any

place of which you have read, let all the excellencies of that place be preſented to full view, and compare theſe with Heaven, and how great will be the difference! Paradiſe, with all its ſpreading trees, its winding rivers, its flowery meads, and bending walks, claims the preference of any other. Here was not only the top of worldly bliſs in the beauties and productions of nature, but innocence ſipped the draught, and the ſmiles of Deity bleſſed the enjoyment. But the ſoil of Paradiſe was groſs, its productions were from the earth, the bodies of the inhabitants were of the earth, earthy, their delights were chiefly ſenſual, and what rendered Adam's garden ſo much inferior to Heaven was, danger dwelt therein, and there was a poſſibility of loſing all. After this, I need not mention Canaan, Piſgah, or even the Mount of Transfiguration.

As a *state* Heaven infinitely exceeds. Thoſe with which it is moſt worthy to be compared, are the Goſpel ſtate, a ſtate of grace, and that in which the Church will be, in the time of the latter day glory. The former things are done away, and behold new things are created. The diſpenſation, attended with pomp that charmed the eyes, is ſucceeded by a ſolid and ſpiritual glory which far excells. A ſaint of the Old Teſtament had, perhaps, ſuch views of the Goſpel ſtate as we have of Heaven; for his means of underſtanding them were much the ſame, by predictions and figures. But what believer at that period would not have died to obtain a full view and feeling of what the Goſpel affords, and thought he would have gained much by the change? We enjoy all this felicity. "Bleſſed are your eyes," &c. but what is all this to Heaven? The progreſs of religion is like the ſcale of gradation in the creation, the higher you advance, the more refined and excellent is the ſcene, till you arrive at the third Heavens, the ſummit of all perfection. A ſtate of grace is Heaven begun, but in Heaven the bud will be full blown. In this wintry ſtate, the ſap is in the root; the tree is alive, but, alas! how unpleaſant is the ſight! It ſtands its ground indeed, and the branches point towards Heaven, but where is its foliage and ſpreading beauty? But it ſhall be tranſplanted. Its native ſoil is Heaven: "there everlaſting ſpring abides." In theſe happy regions it ſhall flouriſh in eternal bloom. There is a time to come infinitely preferable to any thing which has been. In the latter day the Chriſtian ſtate will be at its higheſt pitch. Who would not feel the pain of dying a thouſand times over, and all the ſenſibility of ſeparation from all the deareſt friends upon earth, to ſee the Church

in this moſt bleſſed ſtate? And yet, after all, it will be in this world. Even at that time death will be gain, yea, infinite gain to a believer.

In any enterprize, it is deſirable, if poſſible, to aſcertain how much will be gained thereby; becauſe views of advantage ſweeten labour, and ſmooth the rugged paths of difficulty. But in all human purſuits this is next to impoſſible. Diſappointments are unforeſeen, and ſchemes the beſt laid, and the moſt vigorouſly proſecuted, may prove unſucceſsful. In the gain of death, indeed, the mind labours under ſome difficulties, but theſe difficulties are not ſuch as ariſe from fears of diſappointment, if we are certain we belong to God; nor about the degree of it, but becauſe we cannot comprehend the whole of it, nor ſpeak of all its extent of excellency. Yet we may be certain of ſome parts of it, and this will encourage our minds till we obtain the full poſſeſſion.

At death the Chriſtian gains his wiſhes in their full extent: He has long deſired to depart. However agreeable his ſituation and connexions are, he would not live always. A perſon whoſe concerns oblige him to live for ſome time in a foreign country, among ſtrangers, often thinks of his native place, and anticipates the happy time when he ſhall embrace his friends, and be filled with their company. His mind is reconciled to a further continuance in ſome meaſure, becauſe it is neceſſary to accompliſh the object of his voyage; but even to ſuggeſt an idea of remaining there would give him ſenſible pain. Having finiſhed his work, and freighted his veſſel, with what pleaſure would he bend his courſe to his native ſhores! "Now, Lord, what wait I "for? my hope is in thee."

A ſaint by death gains a complete releaſe from every enemy, and from all evil. The day when he drops his mortal body will be the day of his emancipation. In this tabernacle he groans earneſtly, deſiring to be clothed with the robe of celeſtial glory, when all the cauſes of his preſent grief will be finally removed. The body will then loſe all its infirmities. The pains which it has felt, and the ſickneſſes to which it is expoſed, will for ever flee away. If we were in priſon, as many good men have been, and expecting the fiery trial every day, this thought would be peculiarly comfortable. But what is more, death will be our grand releaſe from ſin. When the walls are taken down the leproſy will be totally removed. Of this evil we have moſt reaſon to complain. It is ever active and inceſſant in its operations. Being an enemy within, it has many advan-

tages which are always improved againſt the peace of the ſoul. But then the war ſhall ceaſe: God ſhall bruiſe Satan under our feet; with the laſt enemy we ſhall be freed from our worſt enemy, from whom we ſhall find no further moleſtation for ever.

Death will be found to be gain in a compariſon of profit and loſs. Properly ſpeaking, gain is a word of trade. To aſcertain it, the merchant caſts up his accounts; and what reſults from a fair compariſon of profit and loſs, he calls gain. This idea may be applied here. The Chriſtian certainly loſes ſomething by dying, yea, many things which have been highly pleaſing and profitable. He will loſe the company of his friends, which he has often found ſo edifying to him. It is not without ſenſible pain that he takes his laſt farewel of the men who were his delight. But he gains more, for he is introduced into the company of all the redeemed: He ſits down with Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob. The ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, are his companions; and he is with Chriſt, which is far better. If he loſes the opportunities of prayer, and other religious worſhip on earth, it is becauſe he will now have no further need of them; and ſurely this loſs will be much more than counterbalanced by the enjoyment of the Divine preſence, and fellowſhip in the praiſes of heaven. Whatever he loſes upon earth he ſhall gain in heaven an hundred fold, yea, everlaſting life.

The gain of death cannot be fully aſcertained while we continue in theſe tenements of clay. We are neither capable of comprehending, nor deſcribing it. "Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God has laid up for them that love him." We now labour to attain as much of it as we can, both in knowledge and poſſeſſion; but we fall infinitely ſhort. If ever we arrive in the heavenly glory, we ſhall have in perfection what now the holieſt and beſt have only in part. Our knowledge, which is now attained with unwearied application, and is at beſt limited in its objects, and very inadequate in degrees; will then be perfect. Then ſhall we know even as we are known. Holineſs will attain its higheſt excellency. Being in the preſence of God we ſhall be fully aſſimilated into his likeneſs. No impure thought, unholy expreſſion, or unſanctified action ſhall ever diſturb our felicity. Our zeal will be unclogged, and our love flame in all its ardour. The godly man in his progreſs leaves the ſtorm behind. Every ſtep he takes brightens his

proſpect. At the end of the dark valley, the light and glory of the celeſtial hills chear his ſoul. He enters into reſt: all his wiſhes are now attained, and his happineſs ſhall be eternal.

EUMENES.

LETTER FROM A SAILOR.

Ship Belleraphon, Mediterranean, Sept. 14, 1798.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE now, with pleaſure, taken up my pen to inform you of the Lord's goodneſs in ſaving my life, when ſo many of my fellow-creatures have fell by the enemy's ſhot. I ſuppoſe, before this time, you have heard of the engagement between the Engliſh and French fleets off Alexandria (Egypt). I ſent to you from Syracuſe, the 20th of July laſt, which letter I hope you have got, and now I wiſh to inform you of the Lord's mercy to me.

We left Syracuſe harbour, July the 25th, after getting wine, water, and bullocks, for the fleet, and went again in ſearch of the enemy, the 20th July. The 23d we received intelligence that they were ſeen off Alexandria, unto which place our fleet immediately ſailed, and on the 1ſt of Auguſt made the land of Egypt. At three o'clock in the afternoon we ſaw them at anchor and in order of battle, being 13 ſail of the line and four frigates. Our Admiral made the ſignal to prepare for battle at anchor, and our ſhip cleared for action. At a quarter paſt ſix o'clock beat to quarters; the enemy at this time hoiſted their colours. At half paſt ſix began to engage, and ſoon after the van ſhip of the enemy's line was diſmaſted, our ſhips ſtill engaging as they run down their line. At ſeven o'clock we let go our anchor alongſide, and came within half piſtol ſhot of the L'Orient of 128 guns, the French Admiral's ſhip. Now a very heavy fire commenced between that ſhip and ours, they firing prodigious quantities of grape and muſquetry ſhot, which wounded and deſtroyed a great number of our men. Now our main and mizen maſts were ſhot away. At nine o'clock our antagoniſt began to ſlacken his fire, which encouraged us to double ours upon them, though a force ſo greatly ſuperior to us. At this time our Captain and Maſter were both

wounded; the firſt, ſecond, and fifth Lieutenants were killed, and moſt of the ſeamen and marines on the poop or quarter deck were either killed or wounded, beſides a number on the main and lower gun decks. At ten o'clock, perceiving the L'Orient on fire in ſeveral places, we cut our cable and ſet the ſprit-ſail, the only remaining ſail we had. Here I would wiſh to declare the Lord's goodneſs, for at this time our wreck being part overboard, which prevented our way through the water, we muſt have drifted down to ſome of the French ſhips, which at this time had not been in action, and to all appearance, we muſt have been ſent to the bottom; but God was with us, for the wind at this very juncture came in our favour, ſo that we were carried from them. I never was more reſigned in my life, and can ſay, unworthy as I am, the Lord was with me.

Our foremaſt at this time going over the larboard bow, the enemy in the mean time keeping a very heavy fire upon us from their rearmoſt ſhips, raked us very much, as the light from the L'Orient, which was now all in a blaze, gave them a full view of our diſabled condition: but the wind being now favourable, we ſet what ſail we could upon the ſtumps of our maſts, and cut the wreck away from the ſhip, as that prevented our way through the water. Our ſhip had now caught fire in ſeveral places, by the enemy's firing carcaſe ſhot into us, which we happily got out without doing much damage. At eleven o'clock, the L'Orient, which we had been engaging was blown to atoms, with a moſt dreadful exploſion. Two of her men we took out of the ſea, and ſaved their lives, but we find that eight hundred men periſhed when ſhe blew up. At two o'clock on Thurſday morning we came to anchor in ſeven fathoms water, and then buried our dead which were not thrown overboard in the time of the action. We were now fully employed in clearing our ſhip of the wreck of the maſts and boats which were all ſhot to pieces. At eight o'clock this morning one of the enemy's frigates coming to us and ſeeing our diſabled condition, we beat to quarters and cleared our main lower gun decks for action. The quarter deck guns were diſabled by the engagement in the night, but one of our ſhips came to our aſſiſtance, upon which the frigate run back to the reſt of her ſhattered fleet. The two fleets were in action the whole night, though ſtill at anchor: we were at anchor two leagues from them.

Soon we ſaw a ſhip of 74 guns and a frigate of 40 guns ſet fire to and blown up, and a frigate of 36 guns run on ſhore by our fleet.—This afternoon two ſhips of the line and two frigates belonging to the enemy went to ſea; the Au-

dacious, a 74 gun ſhip came down and anchored cloſe to us, to give us what help ſhe could. We found our loſs to be 49 killed, and 148 wounded; and now we got up jury maſts and made the ſhip fit for ſea, but ſhe is very much damaged; it will be well if ſhe makes England. Eleven more men have died of their wounds ſince the action, which makes the killed liſt amount to 60.

We took and deſtroyed in all 11 ſail of the line and two frigates. Our fleet conſiſted of 13 ſale of the line, one 50 gun ſhip, and a brig. I have only ſent you particulars concerning our own ſhip, being what I ſaw, and the Lord be praiſed that I can give you this information, inſtead of being cut off!—Here, ſir, you may admire the goodneſs of the Lord to me, who am not worthy of the leaſt of his mercies: while I am from the Church of God, I hope the Lord will fulfil that promiſe to me, Ezek. i. 16. "Thus ſaith the "Lord God, although I have caſt them far off among the "heathen, and although I have ſcattered them among the "countries, yet will I be to them as a little ſanctuary in the "countries where they ſhall come." I can truly ſay, that I have ſeen as happy days in this ſhip as ever I have ſeen in all my life; for I have ſeen the Lord's goodneſs and mercy following me in all my troubles, ſo that I am obliged to confeſs, from experience, that God is good to Iſrael; and while I live I hope never to forget it, for he has fulfilled that promiſe to me, Pſalm l. 15. "Call upon me in the "day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." The Lord grant I may glorify him!

If I never come home, yet pray for me, for I ſee myſelf ſo weak, and feel myſelf ſo corrupt, that nothing but his Almighty arm can hold me up.—May the Lord of heaven and earth keep the younger members of the church from falling as I have done!—He is juſt in baniſhing me from his ordinances, but yet I hope he will fulfil his promiſe to me, Ezek. xxxiv. 11 to 16. "For thus ſaith the Lord God, "Behold I, even I, will both ſearch my ſheep and ſeek "them out; as a ſhepherd ſeeketh out his flock, &c.—I will "ſeek that which was loſt and bring again that which was "driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and "will ſtrengthen that which was ſick; but I will deſtroy the "fat and the ſtrong, I will feed them with judgment"—I truſt you will join me in your prayers for it, and I have ſome hope that the Lord will fulfil it in me, but he muſt be enquired of for theſe things. I ſhould be glad to have public thanks offered for me the next Lord's Day after you receive this, for my late temporal ſalvation, on the 1ſt and 2d of Auguſt.—Now the Lord be with you and yours, and the

houſhold of Faith! Pray give my love to our paſtor; am ſorry I have not heard from him, as a letter from him and you would be very acceptable to me and my brethren with me, who I believe are godly men, and have been of great ſervice to me; we are ſeven in number. Letters come often to this ſhip, but none to me: yours was the laſt I received, dated December, '97.—The Lord be with you and yours, and keep you in a land of liberty, there to enjoy the fruits of your labours, and to ſit under your own vine and fig-tree, none making you afraid!—You know I am brought here by my own raſh and inconſiderate conduct; but I hope I ſhall yet once more be brought to worſhip with you and my family around me, in my own land; mean time I beg to be remembered to all my friends; ſhall be glad to hear of their welfare, and that the Lord may be with them all is the prayer of

Yours ſincerely,

J. W.

P. S. I have ſent to none but you—therefore if you hear of my wife, or my father and mother, let them know I am yet ſpared as a monument of mercy. We put into St. Auguſtin's Bay, Sicily, September 16th and left it 21ſt, ſo here we got water and freſh beef, which we greatly wanted, as we were on ſhort allowance, and the wind not fair.

Dear ſir, my dear children coſt me many an unhappy hour; let me know where they are, and how they do: the Lord forgive me for leaving them!—Got ſafe into Gibraltar 18th October, after a very long and bad voyage; but the Lord, who orders all things, has brought us to port. We have been ſhort of every thing ſince the action, as you will ſuppoſe.

I believe this ſhip will come to England ſoon, as ſhe is a proper wreck.

ON UNION WITH CHRIST.

THE union of a believer with Chriſt is ſo intimate, ſo unalterable, ſo rich in privilege, ſo powerful in influence, that it cannot be fully repreſented by any deſcription or ſimilitude taken from earthly things. The mind, like the ſight, is incapable of apprehending a great object, with-

out viewing it on different ſides. To help our weakneſs the nature of this union is illuſtrated in the ſcripture by four compariſons, each throwing an additional light on the ſubject, yet all falling ſhort of the thing ſignified.

In our natural ſtate we are driven and toſſed about by the changing winds of opinion, and the waves of trouble, which hourly diſturb and threaten us upon the uncertain ſea of human life. But faith, uniting us to Chriſt, fixes us on the Rock of Ages, as a ſure foundation, where we ſtand immoveable, though ſtorms and floods unite their ſtrength and violence againſt us.

By nature we are ſeparated from the divine life, as branches broken off, withered, and fruitleſs; but faith ingrafts us into Chriſt, the living Vine, from whom, as the root and ſtock of all fulneſs, a conſtant ſupply of ſap and influence is derived by all the myſtical branches, enabling them to bring forth fruit unto God, and to preſerve and abound therein.

By nature we are hateful and abominable in the ſight of a holy God, and full of enmity and hatred toward each other. By faith, uniting us to Chriſt, we have fellowſhip with the Father and the Son, and joint communion amongſt ourſelves, even as the members of the ſame body have each of them union, communion, and ſympathy with the head, and with their fellow members.

In our natural ſtate, we were caſt out naked and deſtitute, without pity and without help; but faith, uniting us to Chriſt, intereſts us in his righteouſneſs, his riches, and his honours. Our Redeemer is our huſband; our debts are paid, our ſettlements ſecured, and our names honourably changed.

Thus the Lord Jeſus in declaring himſelf the foundation, root, head, and huſband of his people, takes in all the ideas we can frame, of an intimate, vital, and inſeparable union. Yet all theſe fall ſhort of truth, and he has given us one farther ſimilitude, of which we can by no means form a juſt conception, till we ſhall be brought *to ſee him as he is*, in his kingdom—"That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they alſo may be one in us!"*

Well may we ſay, what hath God wrought! How inviolate is the ſecurity, how ineſtimable the privilege, how inexpreſſible the happineſs of a *believer!* How much is he indebted to the grace of God! He was once afar off, but he is brought nigh to God by the blood of Chriſt; he was once

* *John. xvii.* 21.

a child of wrath, but he is now an heir of everlaſting ſalvation. How ſtrong, then, are his obligations to walk worthy of God, who has called him "to glory and to virtue!"

VIGILARIUS.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

"MY Kingdom is not of this world," ſays Chriſt; it is not like unto the kingdoms of this world, many of which ſhine in exterior grandeur. It is a ſpiritual kingdom. All things that belong to it are ſpiritual, not worldly, and have not much influence to ſtrike the carnal mind. Chriſt himſelf, who is the Sovereign of this kingdom, when in the world, was not arrayed with grandeur, nor ſurrounded with exterior pomp, like an earthly king; but on the contrary came clothed with humility, and ſurrounded with poverty: hence it is ſaid by one of the Prophets, "Rejoice "greatly, O Daughter of Zion; ſhout, O Daughter of Je- "ruſalem. Behold thy King cometh unto thee; he is juſt, "and having ſalvation, lowly, and riding upon an aſs, and "upon a colt the foal of an aſs." How unlike to an earthly king was the Lord Jeſus! "Though the foxes have holes, "and the birds of the air have neſts, yet he had no where to "lay his head." He appeared "without form or comelineſs, "as a root out of a dry ground," not to be deſired.

His throne is not an earthly one, like thoſe of worldly potentates, but divine and heavenly. "The Lord has prepared his throne in the heavens," and he is ſeated upon it, "to eſtabliſh it with juſtice and judgment, world without end;" and from thence he ſcatters his favours to the poor and needy.

His enſigns of royalty are not ſuch as the princes of this world wear; he has a ſceptre, but not like theirs. A ſceptre denotes power and authority, and theſe the Lord Jeſus poſſeſſes and exerciſes over his people with gentleneſs: he rules by a ſceptre, but it is the ſceptre of his word and Spirit. "I am not aſhamed," ſays the Apoſtle, "of the goſpel of "Chriſt;" Why? becauſe "it is the power of God unto ſal- "vation." This rod, or ſceptre, "the Lord has ſent out of "Zion," and to this ſhould we yield ſubjection.

The ſubjects of Chriſt's kingdom are not carnal and worldly men, but men of nobler extraction. They are born

from above, they are the children of God, who, ſays the apoſtle John, "were born, not of blood, nor of the will of "the fleſh, nor of the will of man, but of God: of his own will "begat he us by the word of truth, which liveth and abideth "for ever." Should not then all who pretend to be ſubjects of this ſpiritual kingdom, conduct themſelves as ſpiritual men, raiſing their affections to divine and ſpiritual things?

The mode of adminiſtration in Chriſt's kingdom, is different from the adminiſtration of the kingdoms of this world; it is a ſpiritual adminiſtration, not conducted with carnal policy: nor are the ſubjects thereof at any time forced to comply with its mandates, contrary to their wills, for the Lord makes his people willing as well as obedient "in the day of his power:" he works in them "to will" as well as "to do of his good pleaſure:" he draws them with "the cords of love as with the bands of a man: not by might nor by power, but by the ſpirit of the Lord," the adminiſtration of King Jeſus, brings every thing into ſweet ſubjection. The laws of this kingdom are alſo ſpiritual, and divine; human laws are neceſſarily imperfect; but "the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the ſoul; the ſtatutes of the Lord are pure, making wiſe the ſimple;" and they reach to the very thoughts of the heart, as well as outward actions.

The promiſes which Zion's King makes to his ſubjects are chiefly of a ſpiritual kind; they are exceeding great and precious promiſes; he promiſes pardon, juſtification, righteouſneſs and everlaſting life.

Who would not wiſh to be a ſubject of ſuch a kingdom, to ſerve the beſt of Kings, the King of heaven, who rules with juſtice and equity, who is juſt, merciful and kind, who preſerves good order in his kingdom, and who will protect and defend his ſubjects from all their enemies? Unto him be glory and honour for ever, Amen. E. Y.

REFLECTIONS ON ISAIAH. ii. 22.

"*Ceaſe ye from Man whoſe breath is in his noſtrils.*"

MISPLACED confidence, both as it reſpects things of a temporal and of an eternal nature, is, of all the miſtakes to which human nature is ſubject, perhaps the moſt common, and, in its conſequences, the moſt fatal.

Not to mention the truſt which is put in uncertain poſſeſſions, in things which are inferior to him that truſts in them; how ſtrong are the motives contained in the ſacred page againſt truſting in an arm of fleſh! A *curse* is denounced againſt all ſuch confidence. "Curſed is man that truſteth in man, and maketh fleſh his arm."

In the above paſſage we have a remarkable repreſentation of the frailty of man, as it reſpects his preſent duration, which ſeems to convey a cogent argument againſt human confidence, even in things of a terreſtrial nature.

And not only in this, but in many other parts of holy writ, the precarioufneſs and mutability of human exiſtence is ſet forth in the ſtrongeſt language. The days of man are compared to *grass*, and his glory to the *flower of the field*, which is ſwept away with every breeze. His life is conſidered as a *vapour*, which, ere it is ſcarcely obſerved to aſcend, vaniſheth away! And, as the weaver's *shuttle* paſſeth from hand to hand, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, ſo man paſſeth through time into eternity. And, perhaps there cannot be found a more ſtriking deſcription of the vanity of man, than in the above ſhort ſentence ſelected from the Prophet Iſaiah—"*whose breath is in his nostrils.*"

And yet, ſo myſterious are the ways of Providence, what a train of affecting circumſtances are often ſeen to follow the departure of the breath of a ſingle individual! The whole ſtate of a flouriſhing *kingdom* is ſometimes overturned at the death of its ſovereign, and thrown into anarchy and confuſion: *churches*, are often diſunited, if not diſſolved, by the loſs of their paſtor: *families*, are diſarranged and ſcattered at the departure of their head: and *individuals* are precipitated at once from comparative affluence into the abyſs of human miſery, by the deceaſe of a render relative.

So fleeting are ſurrounding things, that ſome of the moſt important concerns relative to the preſent life, ſeem pendant by Providence, upon a ſingle link, in a long chain of circumſtances; and, if once that link gives way, the whole chain falls to the ground.

This, then, is not the Chriſtian's reſt: it is polluted; it hath no foundations; it is always fluctuating; ever changing: Happy they who are heirs to an immortal inheritance! Thrice happy they

"——————— whoſe hopes ariſe
"Above theſe ruinable ſkies."

Man, then being in his beſt eſtate, altogether vanity and duſt, how cogent the argument to ceaſe from confidence in a Being ſo vain and uncertain! And, if to the uncertainty of his preſent exiſtence, we add, the mutability of his diſpoſition, that he is captivated one moment by an object, which the next moment he abhors, how little is he to be depended upon! He, and he only, is worthy our implicit confidence who knoweth no change; in whom is everlaſting ſtrength, and whoſe mercy endureth for ever. In him, we are encouraged to truſt with all the powers of our ſouls; and they who truſt in him ſhall never be confounded. But thoſe who live and die without faith in him, ſhall find all inferior confidences ſlip from beneath their feet, until they are overwhelmed in everlaſting ruin!

CHRISTOPHILUS.

LATE CONVERSION.

IN the year 1789, one Daniel Thornton, of Crowle, in Lincolnſhire, departed out of this world into the world of ſpirits, aged 85. He had through life maintained the character of an honeſt, induſtrious man, and he dwelt much on his old ſtock of civility in doing juſtly; but knew nothing in reality of loving mercy, and walking humbly with his God, until a few days before his death. He had been ſo deaf for ſome years, that it was quite troubleſome to ſpeak to him, and his wife was quite blind, and 87 years of age; ſo they were literally and ſpiritually deaf and blind; and what was more diſtreſſing, they were ignorant of their own ſtate: For he had been ſpoke to often concerning his ſelf-righteous and legal dependance; but could not be moved from ſuch a dead hope. It pleaſed the Lord in his Providence to ſend an itinerant preacher to be his tenant and next neighbour, who being moved with compaſſion towards this aged couple, felt a deſire to be made uſeful to their ſouls, eſpecially the old man's: of courſe he took the liberty as opportunity offered to converſe with him about ſpiritual things. About ten days before his death, he was laid on a ſick bed, and as they were carrying him into the houſe (for the laſt time) out of the garden, his friend (the preacher) was returning from his round in preaching, and followed him

into the houſe. When they had laid him on the bed, and he was a little recovered from his fatigue, and able to ſpeak, he looked earneſtly on his attendant and ſaid, "Sir, this is hard work." His friend ſaid little to him then, but went again the next morning, and ſpoke freely concerning the love of Chriſt to poor ſinners; and, as he was able, ſet him forth in his crucifixion as the only name by whom ſinners could be ſaved; obſerving how bleſſed the perſon was who could ſay with Paul "He hath loved me, and given himſelf for me." On this the old man ſaid, "Stop, ſir," and, after a pauſe, "will you pleaſe to repeat thoſe words again?" On their being repeated he cried, "O bleſſed words!" When aſked if he thought Jeſus died for him? he replied "Yes I believe, I hope, he did." "Then," ſaid his friend, "you ſee yourſelf a loſt ſinner and incapable of ſaving yourſelf." He anſwered "I am a guilty creature, not able to do any thing of myſelf to ſave my ſoul." From this ſight evangelical ſorrow flowed, and he was heard often to pray fervently to the Lord to have mercy on his poor ſoul; and at times, giving praiſe that he was viſited in mercy and not conſumed.

After this, whenever his friend went to viſit him, he uſed to be careful to have his wife brought in to hear him read and pray.—He ſaid that (many years ago) he had often read the 53d Chapter of Iſaiah but never knew the meaning until his laſt illneſs.—The laſt night he lived, the old man being aſked how he found himſelf, he ſaid "I am greatly oppreſſed," for he drew his breath very hard. His friend ſaid, "The Lord is able to let the oppreſſed go free;" to which he replied, "I know he is."—"Then with ſuch a hope you are not afraid to die?"—He ſaid "No, I look for the Lord's coming every day and every night, and with both his hands ſqueezed thoſe of the preacher, ſaying "may God bleſs you everlaſtingly!"—The writer of this narrative muſt obſerve three circumſtances in providence attending this ſubject: 1ſt. "That he was obliged to remove from Haxey to Crowle, becauſe it did not ſuit him to remain where his predeceſſors had always reſided. 2d. That finding an unuſual inclination to return home inſtead of going to another village to preach on that night, he by ſo doing had an opportunity, at the juncture of time, to ſee the old man, and follow him into the houſe. 3d. For the laſt week of his life he could hear as well as in younger years; ſo that his natural, as well as ſpiritual ears were unſtopped.

Reader, whoever thou art, reflect on the myſtery of divine providence in bringing the hidden ones of God, and

ſheep of Chriſt, to the knowledge of ſalvation : and remember that He who ſhed his blood on the croſs, laid in the grave, roſe again and aſcended into glory, is as able to ſave now as he was a dying thief and a perſecuting Saul in their days; and without an intereſt in him thou muſt be miſerable both in this world and that which is to come.

On the other hand, theſe inſtances ſhould encourage none to preſume on a late repentance, ſince we have no promiſe either of the opportunity, or of the grace in a dying hour. Beſide he that defers repentance till to-morrow, has a day more to repent of, and a day leſs to repent in. E. D.

REFLECTIONS ON 2 SAM. iii. 1.

"NOW there was a long war between the houſe of "*Saul* and the houſe of *David*: but *David* waxed "ſtronger and ſtronger, and the houſe of Saul waxed weak-"er and weaker."

Scripture hiſtory is highly intereſting and inſtructive; and, when accommodated with judgment to the circumſtances and characters of believers may be productive of the happieſt effects. We are informed by *Isaiah* that "The youths "ſhall faint and be weary, and that the young men ſhall ut-"terly fail, but they who wait upon the Lord ſhall *renew* "their *ſtrength*, &c.—"The righteous ſhall hold on his "way, and he that hath clean hands ſhall be ſtronger and "ſtronger."—The above hiſtoric paſſage may afford the following ſerious reflections, inaſmuch as Scripture hiſtory will always ſerve, more or leſs, to illuſtrate Scripture experience.

1. Grace and nature are as diſtinct and as oppoſite as was the houſe of *David* and the houſe of *Saul*. *Nature* is proud, paſſionate, ſelf-willed, and revengeful. *Grace* is meek, patient, reſigned, and devout.

2. The contention between theſe two principles is painful and powerful. Paul found it ſo. See Rom. vii.

3. Where there is no grace, there will be no ſtruggle, no victory, and conſequently no crown.

4. The ſide we take here, will determine our character *hereafter* : David or Saul : Chriſt or the world.

5. When a man is convinced that he is on the wrong ſide, it is right to change, and muſt and will be beſt in the end. O may my ſoul be found on the Lord's ſide !

6. When a poor ſinner revolts from Satan and flies to the Redeemer's ſtandard, angels in Heaven rejoice. "There "is joy in Heaven over one ſinner that repenteth."

7. Wicked men muſt weaken and come to ruin at laſt, as did *Saul*, *Pharaoh*, *Balaam*, and others. See Pſal. xxxvii. 35, 36.

8. The ſtrength of grace conſiſts in an holy confidence in God, attended with an unabating zeal for his ſervice and glory. This propoſition might be fully confirmed and beautifully illuſtrated by a ſtatement of the characters and conduct of *David*, and of *Paul*. But as *brevity* is my object, I forbear to enlarge.

9. The ſtrength of ſome men's profeſſion lies altogether in their connexions—worldly intereſt—or (what is ſtill worſe) in ſpiritual pride.

10. It is a matter highly promiſing, when we find ſin weakening, and grace gaining daily ſtrength.

11. The military have a method of *starving* an enemy to ſubmiſſion: thus we muſt ſtarve our luſts, and it will be *no* cruelty to do ſo. Our luſts will be our ruin if they are not ruined.

Reader, if the houſe of David, if divine grace, grows ſtronger and ſtronger in *you* it will be abundantly evident in the ſpirit of your prayers—the holineſs of your converſation—and the uprightneſs of your conduct.

OLIGOS.

SOUTH SEA MISSION.

THE following ſentiments of Capt. Cook, extracted from his life written by Dr. Kippis, point out to the public the benefit the natives of the South Sea Iſlands may hope to receive from the Miſſionaries.

"It is an obſervation of great importance, that the future felicity of the inhabitants of Otaheite, and the Society Iſlands, will not a little depend on their continuing to be viſited from Europe. Our Commander could not avoid expreſſing it as his real opinion, that it would have been far better for theſe poor people, never to have known our ſuperiority in the accommodation and arts which render life comfortable, than, after once knowing it, to be again left and abandoned to their original incapacity of improvement. If the intercourſe between them and us

ſhould wholly be diſcontinued, they cannot be reſtored to that happy mediocrity in which they lived before they were firſt diſcovered. It ſeemed to Capt. Cook that it was become, in a manner, incumbent upon the Europeans to viſit theſe iſlands once in three or four years, in order to ſupply the natives with thoſe conveniences which we have introduced among them, and for which we have given them a predilection. Perhaps they may heavily feel the want of ſuch occaſional ſupplies, when it may be too late to go back to their old and leſs perfect contrivances, contrivances which they now deſpiſe, and which they have diſcontinued ſince the introduction of ours. It is, indeed, to be apprehended, that by the time that the iron tools, of which they had become poſſeſſed, are worn out, they will have almoſt loſt the knowledge of their own. In this laſt voyage of our Commander, a ſtone hatchet was as rare a thing among the inhabitants, as an iron one was eight years before; and a chiſſel of bone or ſtone was not to be ſeen. Spike-nails had ſucceeded in their place; and of ſpike-nails the natives were weak enough to imagine that they had gotten an inexhauſtible ſtore. Of all our commodities, axes and hatchets remain the moſt unrivalled; and they muſt ever be held in the higheſt eſtimation through the whole of the iſlands. Iron tools are ſo ſtrikingly uſeful, and are become ſo neceſſary to the comfortable exiſtence of the inhabitants, that, ſhould they ceaſe to receive ſupplies of them, their ſituation, in conſequence of their neither poſſeſſing the materials, nor being trained up to the art of fabricating them, would be rendered completely miſerable. It is impoſſible to reflect upon this repreſentation of things without ſtrong feelings of ſympathy and concern. Sincerely it is to be wiſhed, that ſuch may be the order of events, and ſuch the intercourſe carried on with the ſouthern iſlanders, that, inſtead of finally ſuffering by their acquaintance with us, they may riſe to a higher ſtate of civilization, and permanently enjoy bleſſings far ſuperior to what they had heretofore known."

Dr. Kippis's Life of Capt. Cook. p. 405.

CONSIDERATIONS TO PROMOTE PEACE AND UNANIMITY AMONG CHRISTIANS.

"BE of one mind, love as brethren; and be at peace among yourſelves," were apoſtolic injunctions, which will ever be binding on all profeſſing Chriſtians. If they be what they profeſs, they have a participation of the Spirit of Chriſt, which was, and is, and ever will be, a ſpirit of peace and love. If Chriſtians ſtrive, if they contend earneſtly, let it not be about *words*, names, forms and circumſtantials in religion, in which the wiſeſt of men may, and do differ; but, let it be againſt the common enemy; let it be for the eſſentials, in which they are all agreed. Let them "ſtrive together for the faith of the Goſpel:" let them "contend earneſtly for the faith once delivered to the "ſaints." But let them not fall out among themſelves by the way, merely becauſe they cannot all think exactly alike concerning certain unimportant circumſtantials. To prevent their zeal from raging againſt one another; and to promote unanimity, peace and love among themſelves: let them conſider the relations in which they ſtand connected; the imperfections common to them all; the advantages given to their enemies by means of their own imprudent quarrels; and particularly, their own comfort, ſtrength and beauty, when they dwell together in love and unity.

By nature they are fellow-creatures, fellow-ſinners, and fellow-mortals; yea, they are children of wrath, and, of diſobedience; as ſuch it was no wonder that in times paſt, they ſerved divers luſts and pleaſures; and lived in malice and envy; but as Chriſtians, they are new creatures. They are begotten, born or quickened by one and the ſame Spirit. They partake of the ſame principle of divine and ſpiritual life; and are towards God, of one heart, and one ſoul. They have one Father, and as ſuch, are brethren. Collectively, they are the family and houſehold of God. They are fellows in many reſpects: fellow-citizens, and fellow-ſervants; fellow-travellers, fellow-ſoldiers, and fellow-ſufferers. They are fellow-heirs of exceeding great and precious promiſes; and, by and by, will be fellow-heirs of an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Ranſomed by the ſame precious blood, and regenerated by the ſame good

Spirit, they enjoy the ſame liberty ; they act from the ſame motives, by the ſame rule, and to one and the ſame end. They are connected and cemented together by the cloſeſt and ſtrongeſt ties. They are living ſtones, built up a ſpiritual houſe, an habitation for the living God. They are not only members of the ſame family, but even branches of one and the ſame Vine. They all derive ſap from the ſame root, that they may produce abundantly the ſame precious fruit.

If ſuch conſiderations will not preſerve unanimity among the ſaints, let us in the next place conſider, that they have no reaſon to be hard one upon another, becauſe there are many imperfections common to them all. Far be it from any of them to ſet up for infallibility : they know that in many things they all offend. The moſt diſcerning of them ſee only through a glaſs darkly. It is no uncommon thing for them to think differently at different times ; to live to alter their opinions of certain points, concerning which, they had before been far too confident. When fallible mortals exclaim, " The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we," and that an excluſion of all others, they do but proclaim their own arrogance. While ſo many imperfections remain, we muſt not expect in all things to ſee exactly alike. In little matters there will be ſhades of difference, but if our heavenly Father bear therewith, certainly we ought. There is no doubt but he permits theſe things, not with a deſign to excite contention about them, but to exerciſe our Chriſtian charity and forbearance. Are we not all encompaſſed about with infirmities? Then let us bear with one another's weakneſſes, and never more contend about trifles.

Conſider further the bad effects of all diſcord, and uncharitable contentions among chriſtian brethren. " Avoid fool-" iſh queſtions and contentions," ſays the Apoſtle, " for they are unprofitable and vain." Saints never do themſelves any good thereby, but on the contrary, each party receives injury. They injure the common cauſe and ſtrengthen the hands of the common enemy. Should parties of the ſame army meet in the night, and, by miſtake, fight againſt one another, cauſing mutual deſtruction in their contention for victory, how would they ſorrow when the light of the morning ſhould diſcover their miſtake! And, how would their enemies rejoice to hear thereof! The application is eaſy. The contentions of believers are the triumph of infidels. Our Saviour ſays, " A houſe divided againſt itſelf cannot ſtand." In all ſocieties, ſays the pious Matthew Henry,

"Common ruin is the conſequence of mutual quarrels. Diviſion ends in deſolation." Religious diſcord is alſo diſgraceful. If ſheep of a paſture, and birds of a feather, can agree to feed, and fold, and flock together; what a ſhame is it for the ranſomed of the Lord, the houſehold of faith, the peaceable ſubjects of the Prince of peace, to bite and devour one another? But

Finally, how pleaſing, how profitable, how beautiful, for brethren to dwell together in unity! The Pſalmiſt compares it to the precious ointment poured on the head of Aaron, and to the dew of Hermon, and the dew that deſcended upon the mountains of Zion. It is good in itſelf; it is pleaſing to God; it is ſweet to the ſaints. It is alluring even to ſinners. In a word, it is conformity to heaven itſelf. Surely there is ſomething weighty in theſe conſiderations! Under the influence of them, let us ſtrive to "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace."

S. B.

REGENERATION.

Thoughts on John iii. 3.

EXCEPT *a man be born again he cannot see*, he cannot underſtand, the things of *the kingdom of God*, ſo as to diſcern their nature and importance; to feel their influence, and to reliſh and enjoy their excellence. A true knowledge of theſe ſpiritual objects is communicated by the Spirit, accompanied with a taſte for them, and a delight in them. When a man has once obtained this kind of knowledge, it begins a new era in the ſyſtem of his experience, and in his life and conduct. It is written in the Prophets, *All thy children ſhall be taught of God*, in order, doubtleſs, that they may all know and underſtand the things which are freely given them of God, in ſuch a way as renders them precious and influential. It is evident that what in Luke viii. 10. is called *knowing* the myſteries of the kingdom of heaven, is the ſame that is here meant by *ſeeing* them. And what is knowing when applied to ſpiritual things, but the mind's perception of them, in that manner which gives them a due influence upon the mind? Something conſonant to this deſcription of mental viſion, is the Apoſtle's definition of faith in Heb. xi. 1. "It is the perception, or mental conviction of the reality *(elegchos)* of things not ſeen or inviſible;"

that is, of the things of the Spirit of God, and of the kingdom of heaven. It is a perception of these heavenly realities by the mind, illuminated by a supernatural influence; so viewing them as to choose, and love them before every thing, and to live under the influence of them in this manner. And this effect the Apostle particularly instances in verse 13th and 27th of the same chapter, by the use of the same word, *seeing*. In chap. viii. ver. 51, 52, of this Evangelist, the phrase, *seeing death*, is interpreted by *tasting death:* because, it is knowing it by experience. So, *seeing the kingdom of God*, may be tasting its blessings of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, by the feeling and experience of them in our understandings and hearts. It is to possess a relish for them, and a pleasure in them superior to any thing we habitually feel for the things of sense. They will then give a decided bias to the mind, and manifest their native tendency to holiness. They will form the heart and life anew. The word of Christ is, indeed, the word of the kingdom, and is described as a seed of a divine and incorruptible quality; and being introduced into the mind, by the agency of the Spirit, produces a creature like itself, holy and heavenly, which in Scripture is called *a new man*, and *a new creation*.*—Hence we may remark the truth and propriety of our Lord's application of this doctrine to the case of both Nicodemus and ourselves: *Ye must be born again.* The kingdom of heaven requires it, and the very nature of things suggests it. Our first birth is earthly, sensual, and perfectly unsuited to the enjoyment of a spiritual and heavenly kingdom. We must be born of the Spirit to be children of the kingdom, and children of God; to receive his likeness, and to delight in his service. In our first birth we are the children of *only* the first Adam, in his fallen depraved state; and in our second, we are the offspring of the second man, "the Lord from heaven." And as this birth is the production of heavenly truth, introduced into the mind, we must again become little children in simplicity, humility, and teachableness, that we may be capable of receiving a new mould or cast, in the spirit of our minds. This is the only temper of mind in which such a knowledge of the kingdom will take root, and it is the only soil in which it can be cultivated with success. It is thus Divine Truth gets the disposal of the whole mind, and organizes it after its own spiritual and heavenly nature. And in the measure in which we are thus self-emptied and made little

* 1 Pet. i. 23. Eph. iv. 23, 24. ii. 10. 2 Cor. v. 17.

children, it has a power of transfuſing its own native excellency, and imprinting the moral features of its glorious Author. We muſt become fools in our own eſtimation to be wiſe; we muſt become weak to be ſtrong, and lowly to be exalted. Without ſuch a frame of heart, we cannot enjoy the things of the kingdom of God: we cannot love, we cannot delight in them, neither can we exemplify them, becauſe we cannot know, we cannot receive them. Let the reader ſeriouſly enquire whether his profeſſed acquaintance with divine truth produces theſe effects; for without them, nothing is more certain than, that his faith and hope are only fatal preſumption and deluſion. May the Lord give us that knowledge of his will which produces the love of it; and which diſpoſes us to follow it as our guide, and to delight in it as our treaſure!

H. K.

THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF.

MAT. xix. 19.

THIS is the ſecond commandment, and includes in it the whole of our duty towards one another: for, as St. Paul ſaith, "love is the fulfilling of the law; for this, thou ſhalt not commit adultery—thou ſhalt not kill—thou ſhalt not ſteal—thou ſhalt not bear falſe witneſs—thou ſhalt not covet—and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this ſaying, namely, "Thou "ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf."* But alas! where ſhall we find the man whoſe conduct proves that he has thoroughly ſtudied, and impartially weighed this command? Shall we find him amongſt the men of the world, or amongſt the profeſſors of Chriſtianity? If any where, doubtleſs amongſt the latter. But in what claſs may he be found? Does the rich man who fares ſumptuouſly every day, while he ſees his neighbour, or his ſervant, by whoſe labour he is enriched, with a ſcanty allowance of bread, and a draught of water, and ſhuts up his bowels of compaſſion from him, does he love his neighbour as himſelf? Or does he, who condeſcends to pity his poor friend or neighbour, ſaying, "Be ye warmed, and be ye filled,"† but at the ſame time gives him nothing but his cold wiſhes, does he love his

* Rom. xiii. 9. † James ii. 16.

neighbour as himſelf?—Or can it be thought that the ſervant, who waſtes both the time and property of his maſter, has ever attentively conſidered this commandment? Quite as deficient is he in obſerving it, who inſtead of ſelling what he has, to give alms, withholds alms, in order that he might purchaſe more. But let us be careful that we impute none of theſe things to Chriſtianity; its profeſſors may be guilty in theſe matters, but they were never taught this conduct by Chriſtianity, nor its glorious Founder; they have never learnt it either from his precepts or his example; a proper attention to either of which would inſpire a very different conduct. Yes, the example of Chriſt teaches us to become poor, that others may be rich; and to "look every "man, not on his own things (only) but alſo on the things "of others;" and his precept ſays, "Thou ſhalt love thy "neighbour as thyſelf." Admirable rule! What miſeries are there in the world which thou art not calculated to remove? What maladies, which thy virtues are not able to heal? Were this precept attended to, we ſhould no more hear the voice of the oppreſſor, nor the cries of the oppreſſed; no longer would the rich wantonly grind the faces of the poor; "violence ſhould no more be heard in our land, "waſting nor deſtruction within our borders; but our offi-"cers would be peace, and our exactors righteouſneſs." An attention to this precept would calm the boiſterous paſſions of the mind, and ſubdue thoſe luſts from whence come wars and fightings; would turn "our ſwords into plough "ſhares, and our ſpears into pruning-hooks; and cauſe wars "to ceaſe, even to the ends of the earth." Our ears ſhould no more be afflicted with the cries of the bereaved, nor our eyes weep over the deſolations of war; but peace, with all its numerous train of bleſſings, would make this world a paradiſe.

Did men love their neighbours as themſelves, tyranny, cruelty, and ſlavery would ceaſe; the *wretched African* would no longer wear the galling yoke of bondage, nor helpleſs innocence groan beneath the cruel laſh of tyranny; the ſtate of ſlavery, and the infernal name of *ſlave-driver*, would both ſink into oblivion; and that moſt horrid and abominable of all traffics, the *ſlave-trade*, by which the nations have ſo long diſgraced themſelves, would have an end.

Were this principle predominant, not only would the nations be delivered from ſlavery, but they would be bleſſed with the Goſpel; all who know that joyful ſound, would, according to their ability, follow the example of thoſe benevolent ſouls who have ſo liberally communicated to promote

the noble deſign of ſending the Goſpel of Salvation to the *Heathens*. Miniſters alſo would not only *pray* for the ſpread of the Goſpel, and the enlargement of Chriſt's kingdom, but Miſſionaries would ariſe in every congregation, and ſay, "*Lord, here am I, ſend me!*" What a glorious proſpect would then be before the church of God! might we not hope that ſhe would ſoon "break forth on the right hand, and on the left, and become a praiſe in all the earth?" Were only ten ſouls converted in an iſland, or nation, by the inſtrumentality of the firſt Miſſionaries, thoſe ten might, through a divine bleſſing, be inſtrumental of the converſion of a hundred, and that hundred of a thouſand, and that thouſand of ten thouſand; and ſo on, till that time came, when "all ſhall know the Lord!"—And as a mean to ſtimulate us to ſo glorious a work, nothing is wanting but to feel the force of this plain precept, "*Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf.*"

TAU.

THOUGHTS ON PSALM xviii. 1.

I will love thee, O Lord, my ſtrength.

THE man is as his mind; for *as he thinketh in his heart ſo is he.* This rule of interpreting principles and deciding characters, is as much in favour of the true believer, as it is againſt the hypocrite and unbeliever. For into whatever weakneſſes the humble, upright, ſincere Chriſtian may be occaſionally betrayed, his real ſtate and character will be determined by the prevailing caſt and frame of his mind. He is, before God, what he purpoſes to be, what he ſeeks, and what he earneſtly and conſtantly prays to be. A prominent feature in his character is his love to Chriſt, or his deſire to love him. Theſe are the fruits of an enlightened mind, and ſanctified judgment. Chriſt has taught him, by his Spirit, what he has done for him; and he ſees it reaſonable, and feels it pleaſant to acknowledge him, with that meaſure of holy affection and love his Spirit has inſpired. His attachment, however, may be concealed from his own obſervation, and he may be reduced to the neceſſity, at times, of eſtimating his regard for his Saviour, only from the diſpoſition to ſerve and pleaſe him. But he cannot be ſatisfied with merely reſolving to love Chriſt; and perhaps he may

not know; that to love his ſalvation, his people, his cauſe, and his will, is ſufficient evidence that he loves the Lord. His purpoſes, however, are good, and theſe ſhew the ſtate of his caſe to be the ſame; but he wants the ſtrength of Chriſt to be made perfect in his weakneſs, that the holy deſires and intents of his heart may appear in his whole temper and deportment, and his Saviour thereby be honoured. Well, let him be thankful. David it ſeems, was once, if not more than once, in a frame which would only allow him to ſay to his God, "*I will love thee*, I mean, I hope, I deſire nothing ſo much as to be able to love the Lord." This was ſurely, a token he did love him, and the ſame language of the heart *muſt* be conſtrued in the ſame manner, in relation to the meaneſt Chriſtian now; for he would not part with his Saviour for ten thouſand worlds.

The Lord was David's ſtrength; and there were ſeaſons when he found him ſo, in ſuch a ſenſible and powerful manner, as to enable him to ſay, without heſitation or reſerve, "*I love the Lord.*" (Pſ. cxvi. 1.) This will be the experience of every true Chriſtian occaſionally, from the ſame cauſe: The Lord, by a gracious viſit, in anſwer to prayer, will lift upon him the light of his countenance: then his faith will be ſtronger than his fear; and the preference he has given to Chriſt to any thing elſe beſide him, will be kindled into a lively and vigorous paſſion of his heart. And although he can hardly expect to enjoy ſuch pleaſure without interruption here, he may, by ſtronger faith, much prayer, fear of ſin, and concern to pleaſe the Lord in every thing, enjoy, it may be, much more than he yet doth. And theſe occaſional viſits, with their pleaſant and happy effects, may be deemed certain pledges and foretaſtes of that bleſſed ſtate to come, when he ſhall love his Lord with inextinguiſhable and unabating ardor and delight. When his purpoſes, inclinations, and deſires ſhall be no more impeded from obeying the dictates of an underſtanding, replete with heavenly light and diſcernment, in all its vivifying and transforming influence. Then we ſhall be like him; for we ſhall ſee him as he is. Wherefore, ſeeing we look for ſuch things, let us give diligence, that we may be found of him in peace, and without ſpot.

W. H.

REFLECTIONS ON MATT. vi. 23.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

OUR dear Redeemer, conſtantly aiming at the grand deſign of his incarnation, always directed the minds of his followers to that kingdom which is not of this world, and to thoſe joys which are laſting as himſelf. In the chapter from which theſe words are ſelected, he had been informing the ignorant minds of the multitude around him. So conſtantly was he employed in this gracious work, that he ſcarcely allowed himſelf time for neceſſary refreſhment. Here, then is a divine exhortation by the bleſſed Saviour, to ſeek thoſe things which make for our everlaſting peace: how important is it for us to attend to his kind invitations, mingled with his tears and prayers of love for us! Jeſus came down from glory, arrayed himſelf in mortal fleſh, bore the infirmities and ſins of men, that whoſoever believeth in him ſhould not periſh, but have eternal life. He hath ſaid "Seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteouſneſs." It ſhould therefore be our firſt concern to make our title clear to heaven. It ſhould engroſs our chief and firſt care to ſeek his righteouſneſs and grace—to live a life of faith and holineſs, as introductory to the joys of heaven.

Our Lord proceeds—"All other things ſhall be added unto you." Here then is an eaſy choice. If we chuſe everlaſting happineſs in the world to come, God hath promiſed all other things ſhall be added unto us here: all things neceſſary either for life or death. Happy then is the Chriſtian; his Divine Maſter hath promiſed, even in this ſtate of trial, which cannot be of long duration, that not any good thing ſhall be withholden from him. But, as to the unconverted and impenitent, evil in this life, ſorrow, vexation, diſappointment, often are their portion; and in the world to come everlaſting miſery. Why then do men love ſin which is ſo dangerous, and why not love holineſs which is ſo advantageous? Why? becauſe the natural man loveth not the things which are ſpiritual—becauſe the carnal mind is enmity againſt things divine. Think then, fellow-ſinner, upon the glories promiſed to thoſe who ſeek firſt the kingdom of God and his righteouſneſs, and chooſe thoſe things which make for your everlaſting peace.

T. B.

REFLECTIONS ON COLOSSIANS ii. 10.

Ye are complete in Him.

IF, my ſoul, thou art a Chriſtian, in God's eſtimation, thou art in Chriſt, by a covenant and calling; and in Chriſt entitled to all that he hath provided for his people. Thou art united to him, and near his heart; whatever afflicts thee, he feels it in his love, and over-rules it by his wiſdom. If a ſting, almoſt inviſible, wound the meaneſt member of thy body, thy whole frame is affected: thine eye, thine hand, thy heart, are engaged to ſympathize and to adminiſter relief. Infinitely more ſo, thy Lord (who ſaith, that his people are members of his myſtical body), is alive to all thy ſorrows, thy ſoul conflicts and concerns. Their cauſes and tendencies may eſcape thy notice, but they cannot eſcape his. He, as God, hath omniſcience to ſuperintend, and an omnipotent power to ſupport the feebleſt of his members. He ſaw and marked thee for his own, or thou never couldſt have lifted up an eye of faith and confidence to him: and whom he hath thus loved will he not provide for? Did he give his life for thee, and can he forget what he hath ſuffered, or for whom? If he hath called thee by his grace, and given thee a deſire to ſeek him, canſt thou ſuppoſe that this was a matter of chance, originated from thyſelf? Such thoughts as theſe are diſhonourable to thy Lord and Saviour, and contrary to thy peace. Attend then to David's counſel, "My ſoul hope thou in God, from him cometh thy help." Let faith go after him and him alone. Remember and plead his promiſe. It is the carnal reaſoning of thy heart, that fills thee with doubts and diſhonouring thoughts of Chriſt. Pray thus for ſtrength and faith, in all thy trials and temptations, to look ſtedfaſtly to Jeſus, in whom alone thou art complete. He is the Author and the Finiſher of Salvation; looking to him, and leaning upon him, thy life and thy light will brighten and encreaſe, and conſequently all thy ſpiritual comforts, deſires, and evidences for glory will be heightened in proportion to thy experience of his grace. This experience concurring with his word, and ſealed by his Spirit, affords evidence of life eternal already begun. Within a little while thy light ſhall break forth into perfect day, and continue without night or cloud to all eternity: "the days of thy mourning ſhall be ended."

Tame, Oxon. J. B.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

BEING called to preach the word in a pariſh where there is no reſident Clergyman, it frequently falls to my lot to viſit indiſcriminately thoſe who are afflicted, whether of the eſtabliſhed Church, or Diſſenters.

A ſingular inſtance, both of ignorance and mercy, appeared in the character of a perſon almoſt unknown to me, till the following circumſtance took place. A poor woman, about the middle of Auguſt laſt, was taken very ill with a pleuriſy, and was much alarmed.—This being the Sabbath evening ſhe ſent for one of the people who uſually attend my preaching, to come and read with her; he accordingly went, and ſhe was much pleaſed with what he read. Before he left her, ſhe ſolicited he would aſk me to come and ſee her. Being out a preaching, upon my return home I met this perſon who told me the requeſt of the poor woman. I immediately went, and found her in a helpleſs miſerable ſtate, both as to body and ſoul. Her huſband being gone to harveſt, ſhe was left without money to procure any of the comforts of life; ſhe was ſhut up in the houſe with three or four helpleſs babes; the marks of poverty appeared in every part of the habitation, and the poor creature lay ſtretched out upon a bed of ſorrow, being in a languiſhing ſtate, through the violence of her fever. After condoling with her for a few minutes upon her external ſituation, I began to converſe with her pretty freely upon the more important affairs belonging to her never-dying ſoul.—The firſt topic of converſation was upon man as a ſinful creature, and the enmity of the heart in the unconverted. I endeavoured to ſhew that though ſome might be a little more refined as to groſs acts of immorality, yet by nature we "are all children of wrath even as others."—I next ſpoke of ſalvation by Jeſus Chriſt, that it was all of grace, and that there was no limitation as to perſon or ſtate. The woman liſtened to every word I uttered; the tears began to trickle down her cheeks; and at laſt ſhe ſaid, "I know nothing of *the man* of whom you have been ſpeaking;" immediately adding "I was never brought up in the way of religion; never taught to know a letter of a book, nor yet attend any place of worſhip." This declaration hurt my feelings exceedingly; and after I had engaged in prayer with her I left her.

The next day I made her another viſit, found the fever increaſed, the cough very troubleſome, and the pain in her ſide very acute. I began to diſcourſe upon the ſuitableneſs, the ability and willingneſs of Jeſus to ſave periſhing ſinners; and then ſhe put this queſtion, "And do you think, Sir, he will ſave ſuch a vile wretch as I am?" I obſerved the promiſe ran thus, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wiſe "caſt out," &c. Her knowledge of divine things rapidly increaſed, and her fervent devotions ſeemed now to be the perpetual breathings of her ſoul. The third viſit I made her ſhe lamented her former ſtate of ignorance and ſin, and expreſſed great fears leſt her ſin ſhould be too enormous to be forgiven. The poor woman continued in this ſtate about ſix weeks, ſoliciting the company of all Chriſtian friends to converſe and pray with her. The laſt viſit I made her produced a very affecting ſcene both to me and her; I talked to her as one actually dying, and, prayed for her as one who muſt ſoon appear before the Judge of all the earth. While I was engaged in prayer, ſhe repeated the words after me in the moſt affecting manner, and after I had finiſhed ſupplicating the Father of Mercies, ſhe added, "O Lord, hear! O Lord, forgive ſuch a wretch as I am!" A few hours after this, ſhe breathed her laſt without either ſigh or groan.

PLACABILIS.

Redham, Nov. 10, 1798.

ANECDOTES.

"*A good book is never lost.*"

THE truth of this common adage has been often exemplified, but ſeldom in a more extraordinary way than by the following fact, communicated to us by the Rev. S. Douglaſs, of Chelmsford. There lived in the town of C——, a perſon of the name of Johnſon, by profeſſion a painter, and much eſteemed in that line of buſineſs.—Notwithſtanding he had been privileged with a religious education, his connexions in the world led him into the company of ſome perſons of a deiſtical turn, by whom his mind was much injured, though he was not without occaſional checks of conſcience, and ſlaviſh fears of death. From this miſerable ſtate it pleaſed the God of all grace to deliver him, in

the year 1796, in the following ſingular manner :—His wife, in paſſing along the ſtreets, picked up, and brought home, three or four books, which had been loſt by one of the members of a book-ſociety in the town, among them, was the four miſſionary ſermons, with the portrait of Captain Wilſon, —being a painter by profeſſion, the picture firſt engaged his attention, and after dipping a little into the book, he reſolved, as illneſs confined him at home the following Sabbath, that he would read over the four ſermons; the bleſſed conſequence was, that the Holy Spirit ſet home the truths contained in them on his heart, and from that day he was a new man. For ſome time he attended the miniſtry of Mr. D. with much profit, and at length died full of faith, and of the Holy Ghoſt. Thus we ſee that circumſtances, very trivial in themſelves, may, by the application of the divine Spirit, be made effectual to the converſion of ſinners; and even the loſs of a book may prove, through his bleſſing, the finding of a ſoul.

The circumſtance above related, ſuggeſted an hint to our minds, which we beg leave to propoſe to the ſerious reader. May we not hope that much good might be done, if thoſe to whom the Lord hath given ability, were to purchaſe ſmall tracts, upon ſpiritual ſubjects, and, by dropping them as they walk, ſlipping them into the pocket of a ſtage coach, or leaving them at an inn on the road as they travel, induce ſome, from motives of mere curioſity, to look into theſe kind of books, which, otherwiſe, they would diſregard. There are ſome valuable tracts, ſuited to ſuch a purpoſe, publiſhed by the Religious Tract Society, at their Depoſitory, Stationer's-Court, Ludgate-Hill. "Caſt thy bread upon the waters, for thou ſhalt find it after many days."

THE Rev. Dr. R****, of Briſtol, was lately preaching from Eccleſiaſt. vi. 12. "Who knoweth what is good for "a man;" his text led him to diſcourſe upon Providence, in which he introduced the following anecdote, told him by his father, who knew the circumſtance to be true :

A gentleman in an extenſive line of buſineſs in a diſtant part of the country, left his houſe with an intention of going to Briſtol fair; but when he had proceeded about half way on his journey was taken with ſo violent a fit of the ſtone as to be detained ſeveral days at the place where he then was; and as the fair was by this time in a conſiderable degree over, he was induced to return home. Some years after the ſame gentleman happening to be on buſineſs at ſome place where the aſſizes for the county were held, was induced, from what motive I know not, to be preſent at the execution of a cri-

minal who was then about to ſuffer. Whilſt he was here mixed with the croud the criminal intimated a deſire to ſpeak with him, and ſignified that he had ſomething to communicate to him. The gentleman approached, and was addreſſed in language ſimilar to this: "Do you recollect having intended at ſuch a time to go to Briſtol fair? Yes, perfectly well. It is well that you did not, for it was the intention of myſelf and ſeveral others, who knew that you had a conſiderable ſum of money about you to way-lay and rob, and (if I miſtake not) murder you, to eſcape detection." Thus thoſe afflictions and croſs providences which in the experience of believers are ſo painful, are ſometimes ſeen in the event to have been intended by God for the moſt valuable purpoſes.

Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a ſmiling face.
Blind Unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcorn his works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Briſtol, Nov. 28, 1799.

END OF VOLUME ONE.

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